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VOYAGES,

Travels and Adventures,

OF

William Owen Gwin Vaughan, Esq;

WITH THE

HISTORY of his BROTHER

JONATHAN VAUGHAN,

Six Years a Slave in *Tunis*.

Intermix'd with the HISTORIES of

Maria, Clerimont, Eleanora, and Others.

Full of various TURNS of FORTUNE.

D U B L I N:

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THE
NOTES

OF THE
AMERICAN
REPUBLICS

BY
J. M. SMITH

NEW YORK
1845



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TO the HONOURABLE

EDMUND FITZGERALD, Esq;

KNIGHT OF THE GLINN.

S I R,

I OWN Addresses of this Kind, are generally like Panegyricks in Funeral Sermons, to display Virtues which their Patrons are utter Strangers to; but as you are *above* Adulation, I am *below* it: yet, I must confess, a prevalent Pride in me was a main Motive of my Presumption; for when a Gentleman of Rank, distinguished with Qualifications capable to instruct the greatest Prince, condescends to have any Connection with one so far beneath him, sometimes makes me imagine I have some small Portion of Merit, which your Complacency seems to give a Stamp of Currency: But if I strictly examine myself to search it out, I am Crest-fallen, and find myself mistaken. When I have taken some little Pains to convince myself

iv DEDICATION.

myself of my false Ideas, I attribute your Condescension to the true Motive, your innate Principles of Goodness, Pity, and Compassion.

THOUGH Families and Names in different Kingdoms may be intire Strangers to each other, yet Conformity of Minds and Dispositions may simpathize: Give me leave to assure you, Sir, that VAUGHAN is a Gentleman of an ancient Family, of strict *Honour* and *Probity*, with every manly Virtue, and therefore, I venture to introduce him to your Acquaintance, and, at the same Time, beg leave to subscribe myself your

Ever obliged,

obedient,

humble Servant,

DUBLIN, *March*
the 30th, 1754.

W. R. CHETWOOD

THE.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

I Take leave to inform the Reader, that the Facts and Incidents in the History of VAUGHAN, are founded upon strict Truth; therefore, if the very Marvellous is not to be met with, Truth is only to blame. The intercurrent HISTORIES have the same Blemish, and, therefore, perhaps, may not appear as entertaining as Productions founded on Fancy. Therefore, if you find *virtuous* and *vicious* Characters of both Sexes pencil'd here, be assured they are drawn from the Life, I have not any thing to answer for but the ill Choice of the Drapery.

I return my humble Thanks to all my generous *Subscribers*; but take this Opportunity to mention the particular Obligations I received from Mr. G. Ewing, Bookseller in *Dublin*, who so strongly recommended me to Mr. Hay in *Belfast*, that he influenced many of the Gentlemen and Ladies in my Interest, on more Occasions than this; and I hope neither of them will be offended that I make this public Acknowledgment of their Friendship and Good-nature.

Speedily

Speedily will be Publish'd,

Six NOVELS:

VIZ.

I. **T**HE Twins: or, The Female Traveller.

II. The Stepmother: or, Good Luck at last.

III. The Unnatural Uncle: or, Repentant Villains.

IV. The Virgin Widow.

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Hay at *Belfast*.

T H E



THE
VOYAGES, TRAVELS,
AND
MEMOIRS,
OF

William Owen Gwin Vaughan, Esq;

THE Day I was born, was the first of my Misfortunes; for the Moment that gave me Birth, robb'd my dear Mother of Life, and I came into the World an innocent Murderer, the last of five Sons.

Tho' my Father had a considerable Estate, yet, as I was the youngest of all, there was but little to expect for me; and ere I arrived to my fourth Year, a Mother-in-law was brought into the Family, that had one Son, and two Daughters; but she secured to my Father a considerable Estate while she lived, tho' after her Death it was to devolve on her own Children; and I am pretty well inform'd, that was the chief Motive of my Father's wishing her a long Life.

B

Sure

Sure Marriage must be an unfortunate State on such Conditions, especially on one Side; for every body agreed my Mother-in-law (from her outward Behaviour) was very fond of my Father; but she laid out her whole Portion of Good-Nature upon him, she having not one Grain left for any of his Children, and, between 'em both, good House-keeping was banish'd, that lived with us in my Mother's Days.

My Father, give him his Due, was raking enough to provide for *his* Children, and his Wife was not an Ace behind him in taking Care for *hers*.

My Mother-in-law's Son was much of my own Age, so to School we were sent together, which was the happiest Time of my Life; for my good Mother-in-law being over-fond of her only Son, allow'd him handsomely of every thing; and my Father, that there should be no Difference between us, did the like by me; so we both fared the better by their Emulation, and whatever Brother *Jack* had one Day, to be sure *Billy* (meaning myself) had the next: But, tho' it favours of Vanity to praise myself, yet I will declare, I was a better Proficient in Learning than my School-fellow, for I took a great Pleasure in my Studying; but, on the contrary, my Brother was very idle, and I often received good part of his Money for the Week, to make his Exercise for him; so by this Method, our Parents imagin'd him a better Scholar than he was.

Our Master, tho' a rigid one, was something deceived in him; for I was very cautious of letting any one understand the Helps I gave him, well knowing, if it was once discover'd, I should lose my Perquisites as I call'd 'em. But one *Christmas* it all came out.

The Parson of the Parish being at Dinner, and, as it proved, which does not always happen, a good Scholar, was desired to examine the Yonkers, as they call'd us, my Mother being gone out of the Room just before; *Domine* set upon me first, paying, as he thought, a Compliment to my Father, and I went thro' my Examination so readily, that my Father gave me a Crown-piece to encourage me; but, at the same time, whisper'd me to put it up before the good Woman, my Mother-in-law, came back again.

When

When the Parson had finish'd several elaborate Speeches on the Ripeness of my Genius, and what not, adding among the rest, He did not fear in time but he should see me a great Statesman; he took my School-fellow *John* to Task, who came to Examination like a Thief to his Trial: I stood just behind him and prompted him unheard by the rest of the Company; yet he made so many Blunders, that, like Sir *Martin* and his Man *Warner*, in *Dryden's* Comedy of Sir *Martin Mar-all*, we were both discover'd; at which I was very much grieved, for I soon apprehended such Care would be taken of Mr. *Dunce*, that I should finger no more of his Money, and all the Praises I received from the Company for the Aptness of my Parts, &c. could not extinguish the Thoughts on't. But, to mend the matter, my Mother-in-law, who happen'd to come in just as he was beginning his Fiery Trial, big with Expectation of her Son *Johnny* proving a Prodigy of Learning, and finding herself so much disappointed, could not contain her Temper, but flew out in a Manner little pleasing to the Company. She did not doubt, she said, but there had been much Pains taken with that Jackanapes (meaning my Worship) but she would take care for the future to choose a Master that was in her Interest, to instruct her Child; that it was much against her Inclination at first to let him go where all my Brothers had gone before, being the Teacher was in my Father's Interest, and a thousand such Speeches, which struck my Father into Amazement; altho' the Parson with a great deal of Reason (that perhaps you'll say is a Wonder) used many fine Speeches to qualify this Matter, yet they all proved like Words utter'd in a Desert; but when Brother *Jack*, in Tears, told her my Father had given me a Crown, she grew outrageous, and with a great deal of Dexterity gave me a handsome Box on the Ear, less gentle, I believe, than the Boor gives the Duke of *Carinthia* * at his Installation. My Father, to be even

B 2

with

* *Carinthia* is a Province of Germany, upon the Borders of Italy: Whenever the Ducal Coronet is vacant, the Person who is to be install'd, is seated in a Chair of great

with her, return'd my Brother *John* one as like it as a couple of Billiard-Balls. My good Mother-in-law perceiving it, was resolv'd to be even with him, and gave it me handfomly on both Sides my Ears, which was return'd smartly back upon the Chops of my Schoolfellow by my Father, till we got handfomly cuff'd between 'em.

My Father seeing his Wife's Rage rather increas'd, than diminish'd, laid hold of both her Hands; she struggling to get loose, and finding it impossible, spit in my Father's Face, who was so much confounded, that he let her go, and she waddled out of the Room like a Goose upon a Common.

When she was gone, my Father sat him down in his Chair without speaking for some time; but at last broke out with an exalted Voice. This is the first time I ever wish'd myself unmarried, and I am very much in fear it will not be the last; for when once Man and Wife have broke through the Respect they owe each other, continual Jars will succeed, and the first Quarrel will soon be follow'd by many others. I have no Notion (continued he) after this Breach, we can ever be properly reconciled.

The good Parson said many Things in order to excuse

great Antiquity, made like two great Chairs put Back to Back, with two Seats; in one the intended Duke sits, in the other a Boor of the Country, who is to offer two Oxen to the Duke, one the leanest, the other the fattest that can be got; but the Duke is to return the fat one to the Boor, which is to intimate he is to improve his Country or Dukedom (for sometimes it is the Emperor of Germany who is chose Duke of Carinthia) from the Poverty of the lean Ox, to that of the fat One. When that Part of the Ceremony is over, the Boor, or Countryman, rises up, comes to the Duke, who is sitting with his Face to the East, and gives him a gentle Box on the Ear; after that, he puts on his Feet a Pair of Shoes fill'd with the Earth of the Country, and that concludes the Installment; tho' the last Part of the Ceremony they omit when a Proxy is install'd, which often happens when the Title is conferr'd on the Emperor, or some other Potentate.

case both Parties, but my Father gave him no manner of Answer. He seeing Things in so much Confusion, took his Leave.

When he was gone, my Father began to examine me about my Brother *Jack*, and the Reason why my Master did not acquaint him with his Indocibility; I well knowing he abhorr'd a Lie, declared to him the whole Truth; but begg'd his Pardon, telling him, my young Apprehension could not conceive such Confusion wou'd follow.

Well, return'd my Father, I have Reason to believe you will never be guilty of such Inadvertencies again, therefore I freely pardon you; but for the future you must go to School by yourself, at least, 'till this Matter is blown over, and my Wife and I are thoroughly reconciled, if there is a Possibility of it. Upon saying this, he waved his Hand, that I might leave him to himself.

As soon as I got into the Courtyard before the House, my Brother *Jack* met me. Ah! said he, my Mother has given me a Crown, as well as my Father did you. I am glad on't, return'd I. I believe that's a Lie, said my Mother, who was coming out of the Garden, and had staid to listen, as I suppose. Madam, I have learnt, said I, to speak Truth, whatever may be the Consequence; and in most of the Books we are to learn, we are inform'd our Tongue and Heart shou'd always go together. Ha! said she, What, I suppose you are setting up for a young Philosopher! But I believe you have got a few Sentences by rote, as Parrots have, that you sputter out unseasonably. I told her, whatever I had learnt, I wou'd take care never to say any thing to offend her. No, said she, you will always be an Offence to me, silent, or speaking. I told her I was very sorry for't, and went back again, with the Tears running down my Cheeks, intending to go up into the Room where I lay, but was met by my Father, who seeing the Tears trickling down my Face, ask'd me hastily the Reason of my Grief? I told him, Nothing.

Come, said he, you know I will have the Truth, therefore tell me without Delay. I then, finding he wou'd be satisfy'd, told all that had pass'd between my Mother and me, though in as tender Terms as I cou'd:

When my Father had heard me out, he seem'd very much concern'd, and making a long Pause, at last cry'd, Well, I will have a Remedy! And to-morrow, continued he, you shall go to your Uncle's, who desires to see you, where you shall remain till the Time of your Breaking-up is over.

The next Morning I had Orders to prepare for my Journey. When I was ready to get on Horseback, I waited on my Father, who bid me go to my Mother and take my Leave of her. I went, but I must confess very unwillingly. When I came to her Dressing-Room, I kneel'd down as usual, upon which she said hastily, *Bless you! Bless you!* which I understood, by her Manner of speaking, was *Dammee! Dammee!*

I am come, Madam, said I, to take my Leave of you, by my Father's Command. Why, pray Sir, return'd my Mother, very scornfully, Where are you going? To my Uncle's, Madam, said I. Go then, said she, and a good Riddance. I made my Honours, and down Stairs I went again to my Father.

Well, *Will*, said he, what said your Mother to you? Did she give you any thing? No Sir, said I, she only gave me Leave to go about my Business. Well, said my Father, you shall never trouble her again, in the Mind I am in. Go, said he, get on Horseback, I'll ride before, and conduct you some Part of the Way.

When I went into the Stable, I heard my Brother *Jack* tell the Groom I must not have the Little Horse, for it was his, and he was to go abroad with his Mother: Brother, said I, I must have him, for my Father's gone before, and will wait for me. No matter for that, said he, you shan't have him. Many Words pass'd between us, and all the while he was endeavouring to get the Bridle out of my Hand, but finding he was not strong enough, he let go. Just as I had got one Foot in the Stirrup, with a Prong that he had got out of the Stable, he ran me into the Thigh with one of the Points, the other piercing the Horse in the Flank, who, feeling himself hurt, gave a Spring, and before I cou'd get upon his Back, he dragg'd me with one Foot in the Stirrup out into the Road, and wou'd have certainly beat me to Pieces, if my Father coming back, wondering at my Delay,

Delay, had not stop'd him. The Servant told him I was certainly wounded, for there were Streams of Blood upon the Ground: Examining my Hurt, they found my Boot was full of Blood. I was carry'd in again; though with Loss of Blood, the Violence of the Fall, together with the Dragging of the Horse, I was deprived of my Senses for some time.

A Surgeon was immediately sent for; yet my Father was not presently inform'd how I came by the Hurt: But when he knew the Truth of it, he was so very much provoked, that just that Instant meeting with my Brother *Jack* coming up Stairs, he kick'd him down again, and in the Fall he broke his Arm. I mention these little Circumstances, only as they were the Occasion of a downright Breach in the Family.

When the Surgeon came, he inform'd us there was no Danger but Loss of Blood; and, with a great many hard Words, told 'em what a narrow Escape I had; for if it had been an Inch higher, and touch'd such and such a Thing, all the World cou'd not have saved my Life to be sure.

When he had made an End of dressing my Wound, he went to the Assistance of my Brother. The Servants had taken him up, and brought him into the same Room where I was, for our Beds were together. I must own the Sight of him, instead of moving my Pity, stirr'd my Indignation, and I was inwardly satisfy'd with my Father's just Revenge. But while they were setting his Arm, my Mother came among us (alarm'd, it seems, with his Cries) like one of the Furies, with her Hair about her Ears, out of her Dressing-Room, not having been acquainted with the Matter through the Confusion of the Family. She cast many furious Eyes towards me, and I believe, if she had not been prevented by my Father, had made me feel the Effects of her Indignation. Madam, said he, I am sorry for the Accident that has happen'd to your Son, not but he deserves it for his young wicked Intention, though I don't doubt but he was instigated by his Mother. By me, thou barbarous Wretch, said she.—You are sorry for the Accident! What Accident? Did not you do it for the Purpose? with an Intention to break his Neck, I suppose: But I'll be

be revenged on your young Darling with all his Learning! Upon saying that she rush'd upon me in spite of them, and seiz'd violently upon me, endeavouring to tear me out of the Bed, notwithstanding my weak Condition. But my Father laid hold of her, and with a Pull, swung her to the farther End of the Room. Now, Madam, said he, since I see the Inveteracy of your Malice, and having broke the Bonds of Duty, Love, and Tenderneſs, I'll make you feel the Power of a Huſband; you ſhall be cloſe confin'd to your Apartment, never once to converſe with Me, or Mine. You ſhall want nothing, but your Liberty, where you will have Time enough to reflect upon your Conduct, and what it is to injure a Huſband by your violent Proceedings. So ſaying, he ſeized upon her, maugre her Strugglings, carry'd her to the Nurſery, and lock'd her in: The Reaſon of his putting her there, was, as he ſaid afterwards, to prevent her making any Attempts to get out of the Windows, being there were Bars fix'd for fear of any Accident among us, when we were under the Nurſe's Care.

Notwithſtanding her Violence of Temper, ſhe had certainly (at leaſt in every Body's Opinion) a tender Regard for my Father; and if he did not return it, he gave her no Cauſe to complain. He had too much Humanity to uſe any one ill, much leſs a Wife. I have often heard him ſay, While my Wife continues her Good-humour to me, ſhe ſhall never find me in the leaſt to blame in my Conduct to her; but whenever that alters, I ſhall have ſo much Regard to myſelf, to be eaſy.

During my Illneſs, my Father was hardly ever from me. I did not think it was proper for one of my Years to aſk him any Queſtions concerning his Matrimonial Warfare; but as he was ſitting upon my Bed, about the fifth Day of my Illneſs, my Mother's Maid brought him a Letter, which my Father peruſed, then read it to me, as follows:

S I R,

I Am ſenſible the Serenity of Temper you have often promiſed to yourſelf, if any Breach ſhould happen between us, gives you very great Satisfaction, whatever Uneaſineſs I feel:

I feel: But, as I have Cause to believe the Burden will be weightier, if you will not allow me one Favour, which I am almost assured you will comply with, that is, to have the Company of my hurt Son in my Confinement; besides Maternal Affections, I believe there is another Motive which convinces me I shall not be deny'd, you will get rid of an Object which cannot but be ungrateful to you, because it belongs to One who formerly thought it her chiefest Happiness to be call'd

Yours.

Confinement, I find, said my Father, is a good Mortifier; but I shall very willingly comply with her Request, upon your Account, for I can't suppose it is very pleasing to you, to have always before your Eyes the Cause of your Pain and Illness. Sir, said I, there is no Motive more prevalent with me, than the Satisfaction of my Mother; besides, I hope I have it not in my Nature to bear Malice, therefore I have long since forgiven my Brother, imagining it to be only the Heat of Passion, and Want of Years. My Child, said my Father, your Years are the same, both in your Thirteenth; and yet I am convinced he has not the Consideration that thou hast, which I am pleas'd with, not for his Want of Understanding, but that thine seems to exceed thy Years: Pray Heaven continue it! Sir, said I, 'tis all I ask, the Blessing of Heaven and You; in having them, I shall want nothing; but, possess'd with all the Gifts of Fortune, wanting them, I shall be poor indeed! My Boy, (said my Father, and kiss'd me) once more Heaven blefs thee! Grant that I may be able to provide for thee according to my Inclination!

By this time the Maid, who had retired while my Father was perusing the Letter, came in to expect an Answer. Tell your Mistress, said my Father, I shall comply with her Request, as I shall to all others that are reasonable. Upon this Answer, the Maid went out, and my Father gave immediate Orders to remove the Boy: Then, with a gentle Press by the Hand, took his Leave of me. I must own I was very much delighted at his Expressions of Kindness to me, being it was what I never received from him before: 'Tis true, he never us'd me harshly,

harshly, but he did not seem to me to have the least Regard, or playing and toying with Children, as I have known Parents do; his Manner of Behaviour to me before, begot Respect in me; it was enough if he did but look at me, to make me observe him; though I can't fancy it is a proper Carriage from a Parent to a Child, neither the Way to beget Obedience; there is a Kind of Indulgence to the harmless Follies of Children, that insensibly wins the Affections of the Child. I remember my own Brother, that was one Year elder than me, never cared to come in my Father's Sight, which proceeded from his stiff Behaviour to us. But I am not laying down Rules or Examples between Parents and Children, tho' really I think some Parents want as much Instruction that Way as their Children. Tho' I am well assured my Father had a tender Regard for his, notwithstanding his rigid Behaviour, for he punish'd severely for Faults openly, and, as I found afterwards, rewarded 'em secretly when they did well: But my Readers may with Reason say, this is but little to the Purpose.

In the next Visit my Father made me, he told me he fancy'd my Mother had a great Mind to be making her Peace; but, added he, *Will*, I'll take care, if it comes to that, you shall be included in the Treaty. I told him I should be pleas'd, let it go which Way it wou'd, if he wou'd be so. I have received another Letter since Morning, said he, with her Desire to speak with me; in the Evening I shall comply with her Request; and the Result of our Conference thou shalt know to-morrow Morning; for, added he, it will be late before I can go to her, for I expect your Schoolmaster this Evening, who is to stay all Night on purpose to see you, as he sends me Word. And, accordingly, before Night, the good old Man came to condole with me, and in some sort to chide me, in neglecting to tell him of my Brother's Want of Learning: However, said he, I forgive you, and have prevail'd on your Father that I may have you again; for I should be much concern'd to lose the Flower of my Flock; as he was pleas'd to call me: As for your Brother *Jack*, added he, I have advis'd with your Father, to prevail on your Mother to put him out to some creditable Trade, and not longer to lose his Time in fruitless

Endeavours

Endeavours to learn what he can never attain to ; for, continued he, I have just now been examining him in the Garden (for as he had the Use of his Legs, he cou'd go any where) but I am in the utmost Confusion to find him such a Dunce, and that I cou'd be so long imposed on between you.

I begg'd my Master to mention my Folly no more, for I assured him it was Want of Thought, and Tenderness to him, that occasion'd the Deceit ; I had sufficiently repented of it, and if it was to come over again, would sooner die than be guilty of any such Proceedings. I added, it was the greatest Grief I ever did, or ever should feel, that from so trivial a thing, as I thought, such Difference should be created between my Father and Mother. Rest contented, reply'd my Master : Thy Mother-in-law has proved what I always thought her, a turbulent-spirited Woman, only she had Art enough to hide it so long from your Father. Indeed her first Husband, Sir *Charles*, many Years ago hinted some such thing to me. I am pleas'd she has declared herself upon so slight an Occasion, that your good Father may be arm'd in time against her Contrivances ; for I am apt to believe, even her Affection to him is only counterfeited, and once Women can counterfeit Love, I give 'em lost to all virtuous Principles ; their Endearments are the worst of Crimes, and the greatest Affront they can put upon a Man. I have known some Women who have proved false to their Husband's Bed, yet have carry'd it with such a Tenderness and Regard to them, that if the World had not been convinced of their Baseness, 'twere enough to call Truth a Liar.

I interrupted my Master, by telling him, I thought there was no Grounds even for Suspicion of any such Thing concerning my Mother. I hope so too, reply'd my Schoolmaster.

After some other Discourse of the Weaknesses of Women, he left me to my own Thoughts, but I must own they were not very pleasing ones. I began to consider my Condition. If my Mother proved an ill Woman, as I had some Reason to suspect from the Hints and Discourses of my Master, I should certainly suffer in the End ; for if my Father was reconciled to her, through her Cunning, I did not doubt but she would improve it, and

and make me the Butt of her Resentment; and, notwithstanding my Father's good Sense, and Knowledge of the World, there was not an Impossibility but he might fall into the Snares of a subtle designing Woman: The Thought of this spread a melancholy Cloud over my Face, which was perceived by my Father, who enter'd in the midst of my Cogitations.

How now, *Will*, said he, does thy Wound pain thee, that thou lookest with such a sorrowful Countenance? No, Sir, said I, I was only enter'd into thinking of what may happen for the future; and the Fear of losing your Kindness, made me sad. Well, said he, as I am assured from your Behaviour, that will never happen, I hope your Concern will cease. I told you (continued my Father) when I parted with you last, that I would not let thee know the Result of the Interview till the Morning; but as we are reconciled, I could not so long delay thee thy Part of the Satisfaction. To-morrow in the Morning thy Mother, thy Master, and all of us, are to come into thy Room to Breakfast, where I hope all Animosities will cease. On my Side, Sir, said I, they were never begun, nor ever shall, without my Temper and Inclination should be inverted. I believe there's no Danger of that, reply'd my Father; and so, my good Boy, Good-night.

As soon as my Father was gone, my Master came in again: *Billy*, said he, I could not go to Bed without seeing you, to desire, since your Father and Mother are reconciled, to take no Manner of Notice of the Discourse you and I had together concerning her. I told him, without any Caution, it should have been as secret as if no one had known it but himself: I believe it, said he, yet I thought Caution might have been necessary; and so bid me Good-night.

When I was once more left alone, Reflexion began to be stronger than before, and weighing, according to my young Judgment, the Affairs and Condition of the Family, thought verily my Circumstances would suffer by it. I was in the midst of a thousand confused ungrateful Thoughts, when the Surgeon came in to dress me, and viewing my Wound, was very much surprized to see it look so angry: I am afraid, young Gentleman, said he,
you

you have met with something To-day that makes you uneasy, or have tasted something that you should not have done, which occasions this Alteration in your Hurt. Pray, said he, what have you had to eat To-day? When I inform'd him, That, said he, could never hurt you; the Alteration I perceive must proceed from some Disturbance of Mind, and I value my Patient so much, that I must know the Cause, that I may speak to your Father to have it remedy'd. I found him so pressing, that I was obliged to tell him, some Accidents in the Family had given me a little Uneasiness, which were now reconciled, and would soon be forgot. Yes, said he, I hear your Father and Mother are come to an Agreement, and I can't say I am over well pleased at it, for if she does not play him, and all of you, some Trick, I'll be hang'd! I have Reasons best known to myself for what I say.

I am sorry, said I, you have any secret Reason to suspect my Mother's future Conduct; and without you disclose 'em to me, I shall imagine they are Chimæras of your own Brain, that flow from your too much Drinking (for he was famed for a great Toper) or otherwise from her refusing you the Cure of my Brother *Jack*; for when my Mother-in-law heard he was my Surgeon, her Resentment run so high, that she would not employ him.

Nothing of all this, I can assure you, return'd the Surgeon; but I shall say no more at present, 'till I have observed her future Behaviour, and if she deserves it, I shall disclose some things that will be very surprising to all of you. I wish, said I, you had not mention'd it now, or would resolve to tell me what it is you know, for I fear, if you leave me in doubt, it will not at all help me in the Cure.

I am sorry, return'd the Surgeon, I have inadvertently said any thing to make you uneasy; but to reconcile you to your Rest to-night, be assured, whenever I disclose it, 'twill help you rather than injure you; and tho' I have many Follies, I have Discretion enough to keep this a Secret, till it shall prove advantageous to your Father and you.

I us'd many Arguments to persuade him to let me know this great Secret, but all to no Purpose; so after he had dress'd me, he left me with more Cause of Uneasiness than I had before, which I too plainly shew'd by my Countenance. The Maid who attended me in my Illness, who was one that lived with my Mother in her Life-time, and had the bringing of me up, told me I should not be uneasy at what the Surgeon said, he was nothing but a meer Rattle, for it was his usual Way to make People imagine he knew something concerning their Affairs, and when he came to be strictly examin'd, deny'd it all, or made an Excuse that he supposed he was drunk when he said so.

What the Maid said seem'd probable enough; yet I could not put it out of my Head, that notwithstanding his Character, there was something in his Knowledge concerning our Family.

The Thought of this, with other Affairs, kept me from sleeping many Hours, and when I did, it was broken, and interrupted with frightful Dreams. In one, I thought my Mother invited my Father and me to walk with her in a Garden, at the End there was a prodigious high Mountain, which we ascended with much Difficulty, and when we had gain'd the Summit, my Mother gave my Father a Push down the Brow of the Mountain, on the other Side, where my troubled Fancy gave him for lost. She then flew towards me, and violently thrust me down the same way we came up; I thought I fell to the Bottom much bruised, as also scratch'd by Brambles and Stones that lay in my way, that the Pain I felt awaked me. I told my Dream to the Maid that sat up with me; she reply'd, it was nothing but a disturb'd Fancy with the Pain of my Hurt, and begg'd I would compose myself to Sleep, which after some time I did.

I reassum'd my Dream where I left off. My sleeping Imagination represented my Mother on the Brow of the Hill, hurling Stones and Clods of Earth at me, yet I thought none of 'em came near me to do me any Damage; and as she was endeavouring to come down the Hill, in order, as I thought, to hurt me, she vanish'd away, but I could not perceive which way she went. Upon the Instant I awoke, in a very great Agony, when I told
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the Maid the Cause of my Uneasiness; she laugh'd at me, and said 'twas only form'd from my uneasy Thoughts. Whatever she could say to me upon the Invalidity of Dreams, I could not put this out of my Head, nor go to sleep again; and the rest of our Discourse till Morning was Stories of Dreams proving true, which I had oft heard repeated, but she call'd those Things *Visions*; I would have persuaded her mine was such, but she laugh'd me out of it, or at least I had Discretion enough to say no more to her concerning it, whatever were my Thoughts about it.

When the Time of Breakfast came, my Father enter'd the Room, and ask'd me how I had rested last Night; the Maid answer'd for me, that I had been disturb'd by frightful Dreams; my Father return'd, he had none of the best; but, continued he, Dreams were the only Work of a disturb'd Fancy, and were as far from Truth, as the Glow-Worm's dim Shine from Light and Heat; the Creatures of the drowsy Brain.

But, Sir, said I, many have been forewarn'd by Dreams of Accidents that have happen'd to 'em; witness *Calpurnia's* Dream of the *Butchery* of *Cæsar*, and *Cæsar's* Dream before he overcame *Pompey*, or that mention'd by *Valerius Maximus* of the two *Arcadians* *.

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* *Valerius Maximus, in his Account of Dreams, gives this particular one. Two Arcadians, Friends to each other, travelling together, came to the City of Megara, in the Province of Achaia, formerly a Dependence on the Athenians. One of 'em went to lodge at a Friend's House, the other at a Public Inn. The Person that lay at his Friend's, in his Sleep, fancy'd he heard his Companion call out for Help from the Violence of his Landlord; which awaked him, and stamp'd such an Impression on his Mind, that he rose and endeavour'd to find out the Inn. But Fortune not allowing him that Happiness, he went to his Lodging, and address'd himself to Sleep again, laughing to himself, that a Dream should so much disturb him. When Sleep had once more taken Possession of his Faculties, he dreamt that his Friend came to his Bedside cover'd with Wounds, who told him, That since Fate had not permitted him*

Meer Folly, Child, reply'd my Father, the idle Fancy of Poets and Historians, and I hope you have Understanding enough to slight 'em; 'tis nothing but superstitious Opinion that gives any Credit to Dreams and Omens; but, continued he, I would have thee put on a more pleasing Countenance, for thy Mother, Brother, and I are coming presently to Breakfast with thee, in order for a Reconciliation on all Hands, and if she perceives that Cloud upon thy Face, she will be apt to conjecture her Presence is irksome to thee. I reply'd, I would do my Endeavour to be compos'd, as indeed I had Reason; but I told him, I would ever have my Face the *Index* of my Heart, for I should find it a very hard Task to counterfeits any Passion. Well, said my Father, smiling, we shall be with you presently, and went out.

When he was gone, I resolv'd to rise, and put on my Gown, in order to receive such a Visit decently, tho' the Maid would have dissuaded me. I was but just dress'd, and set down in my Chair (for I was not able to stand) when my Father, Mother, and her Son, enter'd the Chamber. As soon as my Mother came in, she said to my Father, he had inform'd her I had kept my Bed: Indeed, my Dear, return'd my Father, I am something surpriz'd, for I left him in Bed not a Quarter of an Hour ago. I answer'd, that I thought it my Duty to come as near my Knees as I could, and I hoped my Mother would pardon the Posture I was in; but I threw an humble Heart at her Feet, and hoped she would give me her Blessing with her Pardon. Heaven blefs thee (said she) my Dear; and for Pardon, 'tis I ought to ask that of thee, who have really offended; but acknowledging a Fault is the Way to Repentance, and all my Hopes are that
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him to prevent his End, he hoped he would see his Death revenged. My Body, said the Apparition, is now carrying in a Cart, cover'd with Rubbish, out of the Gate of the City, by the Inn-keeper, who murder'd me for my Money. Arise! and bring him to the Punishment he deserves. The friendly Arcadian, at this Second Warning, arose, and taking Assistance with him, stopp'd the Inn-keeper with the Cart, where he found the bleeding Body of his Friend. The Man confess'd his Guilt, and was executed accordingly.

we shall bury in Oblivion past Transactions. She then brought my Brother forward, who told me with a cloudy Countenance, He begg'd my Pardon, and would do so no more. I told him I had long since learnt to forget every thing, for Forgiveness was not a Word became a Child's Mouth. We all kiss'd round.

When our mutual Caresses were over, I could perceive Tears of Joy stand in my Father's Eyes for this our Reconciliation, and I imagined my Mother's Countenance look'd with a pleasing Contentment in it. But alas! 'tis hard to know the Heart of Woman! A fair Face, with a smiling Countenance, often harbour Rancour in the Soul; and as they study to set off their Features, they also study to make their Face a Mask to their Mind.

They staid with me some time, nor perhaps had gone so soon, if Word had not been brought in, that the Surgeon was come to dress me. My Mother begg'd Leave to retire, telling me she had not Courage enough to support the Sight of my Hurt; so my Father led her out, and my Brother follow'd them.

Immediately after the Surgeon came in, Well, said he, I find all's right again; I met your Father leading your Mother through the Hall, as if he had just begun to court her. I wish it may hold on her Side. I hope there is no Fear of it, said I, but I can assure you, what you hinted to me Yesterday, has given me a great deal of Uneasiness.

Think on't no more, return'd the Surgeon, think on't no more, Master; I am very sorry I mention'd any thing to you, and beg you would speak of it no more. How, said I! do you endeavour to calumniate Persons out of a Whim of your Brain, and not expect to be call'd to an Account for it? I have been inform'd of your Temper, or rather the Villainy of your opprobrious Tongue, and can farther assure you, that the chimerical Aspersions you would endeavour to fix upon my Mother-in-law, shall not go unpunish'd, if my Father retains his usual Spirit, unless you this Moment tell the Truth, and either make out what you would insinuate, or clear her by asking Pardon for the Injury you would have done her.

The Surgeon seem'd very much in Confusion during my Speech to him, which I observing, did not doubt but it was, as the Maid said, his constant Custom to calumniate every Body.

I see, said I, by the Confusion in your Countenance, you seem to confess your Error; I'll give you my Word I will not mention what has past between you and I to any one, on condition, for the future, you'll leave off that vile Custom of aspersing the Characters of every Body you know; for it may prove of dangerous Consequence to other People, as well as yourself, and it's a Crime neither becoming a Christian, or a Man.

Sir, return'd the Surgeon, I must own to you, you have open'd my Eyes more by your Discourse, than all that I have ever had said to me upon the like Occasion; and the vile Trick has crept upon me through Custom, for come where you will, even all Sexes, Ages, and Degrees, are fond of hearing a little Scandal, and willing to know the Frailties of their Neighbours, not considering, the Parasite, to the next Company, makes as free with the last he came from; and I must own the Success I have met with, or indeed the Willingness of my Hearers, have often put me upon inventing Stories to please my Patients and their Families. But I now repent, and am resolv'd never to be guilty of the like again, and my Repentance is owing to your Advice. After this he ran on with many Encomiums of the Ripeness of my Understanding, and a long Rigmerole of nothing to the Purpose: But, said he, concerning your Mother, I know something that I am sure would cause great Uneasiness in the Family; yet I beg you would not insist upon knowing any thing farther, for the Character I perceive I have got in the World, would fly in my Face, and spoil my Evidence, till I can plainly prove what I say, which if I ever see there is a Necessity for it, I can in a few Days bring to pass. I strove many Ways to get something out of him, but it proved to no purpose, yet I verily believed he knew somewhat against the Reputation of my Mother-in-law.

When he was gone, I began to lose myself in confused Thoughts and Notions, as I had formerly done, which gave

gave me vast Uneasiness, that led me to imagine my Mother's Conduct to my Father and me, all an Artifice; this put me upon a Resolution of observing nicely her Carriage, that I might be able to form my Behaviour afterwards.

We lived very lovingly together a whole Year, and I began to bury all my Fears, imagining still the Surgeon had wrongfully aspersed my Mother: Therefore I apply'd myself hard to my Studies with my Tutor, for since the first Falling out, my Father would not let us go to School any more, but provided a Tutor for us in the House; tho' he could make nothing of my Brother *John*, for he was resolved to remain a Dunce, which did not a little grieve both my Father and Mother, but there was no Remedy. Therefore *John* was resolved for behind the Counter. The Time was fix'd to put him Apprentice to a Mercer, and me to the University. I could easily perceive this Resolution, tho' both Father and Mother-in-law seem'd to consent to it, was a great Grief to my Mother, and in a few Days I was confirm'd in't.

At the End of our Garden was a large Summer-House, which I frequently made my Place of Study; having just made an end of *Claudian*, I was going into the House to fetch another Book, but perceiving my Mother at the End of one of the Walks, in order, as I supposed, to come into the Summer-House, I step'd behind it, that I might not meet her. When she came near me, I could perceive by her Countenance she was mightily disturb'd: She staid in the Walk for her Maid, a few Minutes; when she came to her, they both went up into the Summer-House; I found they were deep in Discourse, therefore must own I had Curiosity enough to listen a while; but they spoke so low, that I could only hear now and then a Word, but yet enough to pick out it concern'd my Brother *John* and my Self.

I had left my *Claudian* above in the Window of the Summer-House, which my Mother perceiving, took it up. *Ha!* said she, *this, I suppose, is some of the Jackanape's Books! Ay, 'tis Latin, I believe, 'tis his. Well, I'll take care he shall have Reading enough, I'll warrant him.* And then spoke so low, that I could not hear the rest. I listen'd farther, but whether they mistrusted some-body

body was near 'em, or they were consulting something that was wicked, I can't tell, but they spoke so low, that I could not hear any thing but a continual Humming between 'em.

I went to my Study, but had no Inclination to read; my Head run too much upon what I had heard, and what I suggested; the more I thought, the more Reason I had to be uneasy. I sent a Servant to the Summer-House for the Book I had forgot; when he return'd, I ask'd him if there was any body in the Summer-House; he answer'd, There was my *Lady*, and Mrs. *Betty* in close Conference; and farther added, they look'd upon him with damn'd sour Countenances for disturbing 'em, as he supposed.

I found every thing concurr'd with my Thoughts, which added very much to my discontented Mind. When my Tutor came in, he perceived by my Looks my Spirits were discomposed, and pressing me to know the Reason, I told him I was not very well. At Supper (for my Tutor being a Gentleman of a good Family, that had suffer'd many Misfortunes in the World, my Father allow'd him the Privilege of eating with us) he desired my Father to order me a little Physick, for I had complain'd I was indisposed. My Father press'd me to take it on the next Morning, but I told him it was nothing but too much Reading, and I should be well presently; but if I found myself worse, I would take Physic in a Day or two. Ay, says my Mother, whether you are better or no, you ought to take Physic this Spring-time, and *Johnny* shall take some along with you. So it was agreed in two Days to take it, and Word was sent to the Apothecary's accordingly; tho' I resolv'd with myself not to take any, as believing I wanted none, mine being an Illness of the Mind. When the Time came, the Doses were sent us, but I convey'd mine away without taking it.

At Dinner, my Mother seem'd, as I thought, to look thro' me, and ask'd me many Questions concerning the Operation. I answer'd her as I thought proper. As she ask'd her Maid (who always waited on her alone) for a Glass of Wine, I observed she look'd upon her with an odd sort of a Countenance; the Maid seem'd to return
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her another Look, which plainly told me there was a Meaning between 'em. But the Discourse was turn'd on another Subject, as being not altogether so proper at Dinner; yet every now and then my Mother would come out with — *Sure Billy, you did not take your Physic!* I confidently told her I did, tho' I abhor a Lye. Many odd Looks pass'd every Moment between the Mistress and the Maid during Dinner. When it was ended, they both went up into her Dressing-Room; I could not help following 'em with my Eyes, and secretly wish'd I could have been near enough to hear their Conversation; but as that could not be, I was obliged to be contented without it.

In a little Time my Mother came down again; after some short Stay in the Dining-Room, my Father, Mother, Brother *John*, and I, as usual, went to walk in the Garden: *John*, as was his Custom, ran scampering before, and plaid many of his childish Tricks. Why, *Billy*, said my Father, why don't you do as your Brother *Jacky* does, 'twill make you strong and lusty; all Study will spoil you, weaken your Constitution, ay, and impair your Health. So it will, reply'd my good Mother, I don't think he has a good State of Health, for he seems to me as if he were in a Consumption; observe how pale he looks: Ay, but return'd my Father, that may be his Physic. I don't know but it may, says she; but, if I might advise, he should take more in a few Days, as well as *Jacky*, for I am assured 'twill do 'em good: Nay, further, my Dear (said she to my Father) I intend to see *Billy* take his, for it runs in my Head he made away with that he was to take in the Morning, for I know he hates Physic. I endeavour'd to convince her of the contrary, which she seem'd to believe.

The Time drew near that we were to take Physic again, and I was putting my Invention on the Stretch how to avoid it, for I found she had resolv'd to be by when we were to take it, which accordingly happen'd. When she gave me mine, I let it slip out of my Hand upon the Ground; this put her into such a Passion, that she gave me a Box on the Ear; but in a little time after she begg'd my Pardon, kiss'd me, put her Hand to her Purse,

Purse, and gave me half a Guinea, desiring I would forget it; I promised her I would, tho' I really could not.

When my Father came in, she told him in a merry Manner, I was resolved not to take any Physic, for the young Rogue, said she, let it slip through his Fingers, which convinces me he play'd the same Trick with that the other Morning. I told my Father it was purely Accident. Well, well, *Billy*, said my Mother-in-law, let it be what it will, we shall take care of the next, I warrant you. I don't know when that can be, my Dear, said my Father, for he must go to his Uncle's this Afternoon, who begs to see him, and I can't tell when he will return. My Mother made no Answer to it, but seem'd to be in much Confusion.

I was very well pleased to go to my Uncle's, not only to get rid of my Mother's Physic, but to see him, who was more indulgent to me than my own Father, and it was thought by every one that I should be his Heir, for he was an old Batchelor, and never intended to marry.

While I was in my Study, pleasing myself with the Thoughts of going to my Uncle's, my Father came in to me. *Billy*, said he, thy Mother has convinced me 'tis necessary you should take Physic before you go, so that I have sent an Excuse to your Uncle, and let him know you will wait on him in two or three Days at farthest. I was confounded at what he said, yet I answer'd him, what he pleased. I could not tell him what I thought of my Mother, and that I believed she intended to give me something to injure me, for as it could not be proved, it would look only like Fear, or Malice; so I e'en set my self to think how to avoid it.

At last I thought to get a Phial, the same Size of that she brought me in the Morning, and fill it with something near the Colour, which seem'd to me to be a dark Brown. But then the Difficulty would be, how to put the Change upon her. In the Morning I had prepared my Phial, and when my Mother was going to pour it into a Glass for me to drink, I begg'd she would be pleased to let me drink it out of the Phial, for the Sight of it in a Glass turn'd my Stomach against it. Ay, my Dear, with all my Heart; any how, so thou dost but take it, reply'd my good Mother. When I had got it, I put the Change
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upon her, and drank what I had prepared. My Mother seem'd mightily pleas'd, taking her Leave of me with a *It's a good Child; keep thyself warm, my Dear*. When she was gone, I went into my Study, and began to examine the Bottle my Mother would have had me taken. I found it had no ill Smell; but as I had not any Inclination to taste it, I had Thoughts of trying the Experiment upon some dumb Creature, but could not find in my Heart to be so cruel, yet had a vast Inclination to know its Effects. At last I resolv'd to give it to a Greyhound Bitch, whose Surliness had given me Occasion enough not to have any great Compassion for her. I did not think it proper to do it in the House, so took my Opportunity to wheedle her into the Stable, when no one was there; but going to open her Jaws to pour it into her Mouth, she flew at me, and ran away. In the Surprise, I let the Phial fall out of my Hand, which broke with the Fall. I was very uneasy I could not make Proof of what I design'd, for I knew it would be to no purpose to discover my Suspicions only.

When Dinner-time came I was call'd down, and observed the Confusion of Faces were increased between the Mistress and the Maid, insomuch that my Father could not help taking Notice of it. Pray, my Dear, what has *Betty* (said my Father) done, for you look at her as if she had committed some great Crime? What, I warrant, she has not wash'd your Headcloaths to please you, or some such Trifle. She knows what she has done, said my Mother-in-law, well enough; but I don't think it worth my While to be angry about it. Well, but don't give her such sour Looks then, (return'd my Father) but pardon her, you'll spoil her Stomach to her Dinner, Child. My Father went on in a jocular Manner all Dinner-time, yet notwithstanding now and then Looks pass'd between 'em, that no body could interpret but myself, or at least I thought I could. I see, my Dear, cry'd my Father, the Peace is not made up between you; give me Leave to be the Judge in this Matter; but first let me know the Case: Come, *Betty*, continued my Father, you seem to be the Offender, confess your Crime, and that's the Way to find Pardon the sooner. Why, Sir, return'd the Maid, I have forgot to wash my Mistress's

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Laced Pinnars, for which she has been angry with me all this Morning. And is this the full and whole History of her Crime, my Dear, said my Father to my Mother-in-law? Yes, return'd the good Woman. Why then I proceed to Judgment, said my Father.

You, Mrs. *Betty*, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, &c. (here my Father ran on with the whole Preamble that a Judge repeats to one arraign'd for Murder, and during the time of Speaking, I observed *Betty* to be very much startled) shall for your Punishment; before you sleep, wash and starch these same Head-cloaths, and in so doing, it shall remain as a sufficient Punishment for your heinous Crime, tho' you know you deserve much worse; and be sure, for the future, you are never guilty of the like. *Betty* promised, in a great deal of Confusion, to mend for the future.

The next Day was design'd for me to wait on my Uncle, and tho' I had a great Desire to go, yet I was not satisfy'd; I was in various Minds; sometimes I fully intended to inform my Father with my Suspicions, with all the Circumstances and Ground for't. But then again, I consider'd my Suspicions might strengthen my Opinion, and they might be really innocent. While I was wrapt in my Cogitations, I observed my Mother and her Maid were going into the Garden, and I did not doubt but they would get into the Summer-House, in order to another Conference. I slipt into the Garden, and got to my Hiding-Place behind the Jessamine-Hedge, before they came. As soon as they were up the Stairs of the Summer-House, my Mother ask'd her Maid if she were assured there was no one in the Garden; she told her, No, nor none could come in but she could perceive 'em from the Window where she sat.

What can be the Meaning, said my Mother, that this devilish Brat does not feel the Effects of what he has taken? I am afraid either the Apothecary, or you, have betray'd me. Madam, return'd the Maid, I can assure you we are both innocent of your Suspicion: As for his Part, he does not know who, or what it's for: Yet, Madam, I don't doubt but you'll be surprized at what I am going to say to you.

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I would not, continued *Betty*, be guilty of what before Dinner I made no Scruple of, for the whole World. If you had observed my Countenance, while my Master was judging my fictitious Crime, with the formal Introductions in Cases of Murder, you might have read my Guilt in my Face. I am assured Master *Billy* observed me most heedfully, and, to my thinking, his Eyes told me he knew my real Crime in the Intention. I was some time before I could recover my Confusion, and I then weigh'd in the Scales of Justice, the Reason of your Repentment to him, and found the Intention to be the utmost Wickedness, and I thank'd my God our inhuman Designs had not taken effect. You see Heaven is displeased, and shews the Abhorrence of the Fact, by hindring the Effect. I look'd in his Face during the latter Part of Dinner, and wonder'd how we could plot to take away the Life of so much Innocence, that never injured us. I thank Heaven, my Eyes are open'd, nor even the worst of Torments should make me once think of such a Deed. Therefore let me beg of you, my dear Mistress, to forget it, bury even the Thought of it: Consider the Crime; *Murder* is the greatest Sin against God; 'tis even striking at him, by murdering his Image. Let my Repentance be as the Alarm to yours. I am sure, if you will give yourself time to think, your Conscience must awake, and teach you to abhor the Crime. No one knows our wicked Intention, but all-seeing Heaven, which will pardon us on a sincere Repentance: We are obliged to keep each other's Counsel; therefore let me conjure you, by the Love you ought to owe your Husband! by your Duty to Heaven! which I should have mention'd first; by the Worth of your eternal Soul! by the Affection you ought to owe your Children! for those of your Husband's must be yours, since you are but One: Consider what it is to have a clear and quiet Conscience, 'tis the only Happiness on this Side the Grave, 'tis that which sweetens all the Ills of Life; the Innocent will be happy, let Fortune empty her Quiver of Malice on 'em. If the Weight of this will have no Consideration with you, think on the Welfare of this World, if you can lull to sleep your Conscience; Murder has many Tongues to speak, even things inanimate have divulged

the Guilty; and when once reveal'd, think on the Punishment that must follow. I beg, Madam, take some little time to ruminate on what I have said, before you answer me; weigh it well, for it is of the last Importance; for tho' a poor, ignorant, weak Woman, you'll find what I utter to be the Oracle of Heaven.

Here *Betty* paused, as expecting an Answer; and during the Interval of Speech, the Agonies I felt at the intended Wickedness, were next to Death itself. After about a Minute's Silence, my Mother spoke as follows.

Betty, Words can hardly speak the Torments of my Mind; yet I have this to comfort me, 'tis in Repentance to set my Soul at rest, and I do repent from the Bottom of my Heart. What a Fiend had I entertain'd in my Breast! How very near the Brink of Hell, his proper Habitation, had he brought me! Thou wert my Guardian-Angel, that saved me from Destruction! To Heaven and Thee I owe my Thanks. Now this Fury is gone forth my Bosom, I think, with thee, how it could be possible to harbour such a Hellish Thought against the poor Child; but, now I feel reviving Love, even equal to that of my own Son, I long to embrace and kiss him with a real Mother's Fondness.

The Joy I felt at this Declaration, had almost made me discover myself, and it was hard to keep my Legs from running to my Mother to accept the long'd-for Blessing; but Reason got the better of my Transport; That told me, I ought to conceal from all the World my Knowledge of the whole Affair. While I was in my Musing, I could hear *Betty* say, Madam, my Master's coming up the Walk, I beg you will compose yourself. I'll do what I can, reply'd my Mother-in-law, but no one can imagine what Torments I feel. Then sit here, Madam, said *Betty*, for here it's dark, and my Master cannot perceive your Disorder. My Mother, as I supposed, removed to the Place she desired her. Immediately after my Father came in, and ask'd 'em if they had seen me, for he had been searching me all over the House, but could not find me. My Brother's Man, said my Father, is waiting for him. My Mother reply'd, I had not been there, but must certainly be in the Study. No, said my Father, he is not there, neither can I ima-

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gine where he can be, and the not finding him makes me very uneasy.

Upon saying this, my Father went up and down the Walks calling me. When he had left the two Women, *Betty* cry'd out, I hope in Heaven my Repentance is accepted, and he has not now felt the Effect of the Poison. You fright me out of my Senses, return'd my Mother; let's run to seek him. Away they went. When I was certain they were out of Sight, I clamber'd over the Wall, and came in the Street Way, just as my Mother with her Maid came out of the Garden. As soon as my Mother met me, she clasp'd me about the Neck, and kiss'd me with as much Transport as if I had been her own Son; which affected me in such a manner, I could not help weeping with Excess of Satisfaction. What means these Tears, my Child, said my Mother? Madam, said I, be not offended, they are Tears of Joy, to see you so kind. Bless thee! my dear Boy, return'd my Mother, I hope always to prove so.

When my Father came in, he ask'd me where I had been; I told him, only to take a Walk in the Fields after my Physic. We thought we had lost you, said my Father, and were sending for the Cryer to cry a great Boy of Fifteen Years of Age; but come, continued he, mount! your Uncle's Man waits for you, and has done this Hour. Your Things shall be there to-morrow Morning. I begg'd Leave only to pack up a few Books, and I would wait on him instantly.

As I was in my Study, putting together what I intended to take with me, *Betty* came up to me. Well, Sir, said she, how do you find yourself after your Physic? Better than was expected this Morning, *Betty*, said I. I am very glad on't, reply'd *Betty*. I now believe you are, said I; but there's a great Alteration since Morning, and I hope it will continue. While I said this, I look'd stedfastly in her Face; she observing me, blush'd very much. Come, *Betty*, said I, 'tis never too late to repent. Repent, Sir! reply'd *Betty*, of what? Of doing Ill, I return'd, or even thinking Ill. I had but an ill Opinion of you this Morning; but I have Reason to think I have done you Wrong, and I ask you Pardon; be satisfy'd, I can sometimes read Peoples

Thoughts. Why then, said *Betty*, if it be so, you know you have no Reason to ask my Pardon, for I am sure you never offended me. But if I have ever offended you, I ask you, and Heaven, Pardon, and I hope I shall obtain both. Be assured you will, I reply'd. She seeing me ready to go down, took her Leave of me, modestly begging leave to kiss me. As I was going away; Sir, said she, if we both are alive ten Year hence, and I have the Honour to see you, I may make you acquainted with something very extraordinary. Nothing but what I partly understand already, I return'd; keep in the honest Path you are in, then Heaven will bless you.

I got on Horseback, after taking Leave of the Family, and observed *Betty* in much Confusion; I shook my Head at her with a Smile, and rid away.

When I arrived at my Uncle's, which was about fourteen Miles from my Father's, I was told by the Servants he was gone out a little way, not expecting me so soon; but he would return in a Quarter of an Hour. During his Stay, a Coach came to the Door with a couple of old Ladies, and a young one about thirteen Years of Age, the beautifullest Creature my Eyes ever beheld; I could not help gazing upon her, with a great deal of Delight. They came to visit my Uncle, but finding he was gone out, would not stay. I look'd after the Coach which carry'd this young Angel away, as far as ever I could see, and began to feel a certain Tenderness, which People, I thought, of my Years, had but little Knowledge of.

I was pleasing myself with the charming Idea, when my Uncle came in, who express'd a great deal of Satisfaction to see me. After the first Civilities were over, I told him there was a Coach with some Ladies to wait upon him, but not meeting with him at home, would not come in. My Uncle being a merry jocosé Man, said to me, Sirrah, you should have done the Duties of my House, and made 'em come in. But who were they? I told him I could not tell. But the Servant reply'd, They were my Lady *Goodville*, her Sister and Daughter. Odsó! you young Dog, return'd my Uncle, there would be a fine Wife, if you had but Money enough; she's an Heiress,

Heirefs, and will be worth Fifty Thousand Pounds. Well Sir, said I, when I think on Marriage, I must not turn my Thoughts that way. No! why so? reply'd my Uncle; a Woman with a Fortune is as soon got as one without; and when I die, you don't know what may happen.

Sir, said I, if I never marry till I wish your Death, I hope to live single a great while. I believe thee, *Will*, said my Uncle: But 'tis time enough to talk of these things ten Year hence; I would have no Man marry till they are past Twenty, nor Women till past Sixteen. I wonder, Sir, said I, you never thought of that State! Why, you young Rogue, so I have, reply'd my Uncle, so much on't, that I resolve to live single all my Life; and I am of the Opinion, few People marry only to better their Condition. That's a little too hard, Sir, said I: Do you imagine no one marries for Love? O yes, a great many, reply'd my Uncle; but it does not last long: Lovers have large Stomachs, but are soon cloy'd, they very often surfeit the first Meal. I told him, My Mother, his Sister, I thought, loved my Father till the Day of her Death. She was contented; I believe, reply'd my Uncle. But come, young Man, this Discourse is a little too wise for one of your Years. Not at all, said I, Uncle; I hope you will not take it ill, if I declare your Notions of Matrimony won't hinder me to try my Fortune, when my Inclination serves, and a good Match should offer. No, said my Uncle, I hope to see thee wedded to a good Fortune before I die; therefore I intend to carry thee to my Lady *Goodville's*, and there you may grow acquainted with the young Lady; your Age is much the same, and your Correspondence may be continued as your Years increase; beside, I would have you have some Place to go to, for it would be hard to have nothing but an old musty Uncle to converse with. Age does not very well agree with Youth.

Our Conversation lasted much longer upon this Topic; and it might have lasted longer than it did, if Supper had not come in to stop my Uncle's Mouth. His House-keeper sat down at Supper with us, which I thought a little odd; but I soon found how Matters went, and, young as I was, I cou'd perceive Madam was Mistress

of the Family. She appear'd extremely civil to me, even, as I thought, too civil; for her Behaviour seem'd to say, *Observe! I am Mistress of the House, and 'tis to me you are beholden for your Entertainment.*

The next Day, I could not help hinting to my Uncle, something of his Housekeeper's Behaviour. Why, *Billy*, said my Uncle, this Woman is a good Woman, in her Way, and I should be at a great Loss without her; for, as I have many Servants, and being a single Man, I should be but a scurvy Manager of 'em: Now this Woman, being prudent and discreet, knows how to manage such a Kennel of wild Hounds as I am forced to keep, out of State indeed, for I have not Service for half of them: But a Man of Fortune must live something answerable to it, or he will be despised by his Neighbours. Once a Man has got in that Road, he must not get out of it again.

Sir, said I, I beg your Pardon for being so inquisitive, and, may be, impertinent. *Billy*, reply'd my Uncle, you may say and do just what you will here, for I would have you to understand, this House, and all that's in it, is not only yours when I die, but the Estate that belongs to it, which is upward of Two Thousand Pounds a Year; and to convince you of it, I design to make my Will forthwith; I have so much Confidence in you, to believe I shall never have Occasion to alter it. I beg you, Sir, said I, don't talk of making of Wills, and Death, 'tis a melancholy Subject, and whatever you will be pleas'd to leave me, will not compensate the Grief I should feel for the Loss of so good an Uncle. Why, you Fool, reply'd my Uncle, I believe you; but I hope a Man is never the nearer Death for talking on't, or making his Will!

We were interrupted in our Discourse, by a Servant's giving my Uncle a Letter, which he read to himself, and smiled. Here, said my Uncle, read that, there's a Billet, whose Style may be altogether new to you; 'tis wrote by a young Lady, and a fine Lady, tho' dictated by an old one. I took it, and read as follows:

MR. IRONFACE,

WE all think you a good-for-nothing, fustly, old Fellow, as indeed all old Batchelors are, which is the only Motive prevails upon us to forgive your being abroad Yesterday, when we came to wait upon your Worship. However, you must not expect Absolution, before you have done Penance, which is, to come and Dine with us To-day, and stay as long as we shall think fit. Your Compliance shall bespeak some Favour from

Your enraged Judges,

MINOS, RHADAMANTHUS, and ÆACUS.

A very merry, free Epistle, indeed, Sir, said I. 'Tis the Style, said my Uncle, we use in Writing to one another; and if any other Form should pass between us, we should fancy each other offended at something. But come, Youth, continued my Uncle, you must smug up yourself, and go along with me, for this is the Place I intend to bring you acquainted in; for now they have honour'd me with the Title of Knight of the Shire, I am now and then obliged to be with some Bottle-Companions, which will not altogether agree with your Age, or Constitution; so that I hope you will like the Company I shall provide for you; and tho' the One is the Mother, and the Other Aunt to the young Creature I was speaking of, yet they are neither of 'em Forty; the one is a Widow, and the other an old Maid, if we may call her one at Eight and Thirty; but she has nothing of the Stiffness or Formality of that State, but is as easy and good-humour'd, as if she had lost that weighty Burden, a *Maidenhead*, twenty Year ago; and, what is more surprising, resolves to die a Maid, except some brawny Rascal does her the Favour to ravish her. The Widow, and Mother to the young Lady, has been in the State of Widowhood near Fourteen Year, for her Daughter was Posthumous-born; yet, tho' she is Mistress of a vast Fortune, and consequently been sought by many in Marriage, (for Money is the Loadstone that draws all the World,) yet she resolves never to change her State. These Three, with their Family, live as contentedly as any Three in the Universe. 'Tis here I go,

go, when I have a mind to be innocently merry, without bringing any Scandal to the Family, because I am an old Fellow. They have fitted up an Apartment for me in particular, and I very often stay all Night. Sir, said I, I suppose the Reason why the Widow does not marry again, is the Love she bears to the Memory of her former Husband. Rather, I believe, the Vexation she received from him, reply'd my Uncle, hinders her; for I have heard her often say, he used to lead her a damn'd sort of Life; and his Behaviour to her has confirm'd the Sister in the same Mind. She often declares to me, in her Thoughts, the best of Husbands are but Plagues, which I return by imagining the same thing by the Wives; so we strengthen each other's Opinion by our Conversation; which is something odd, you'll say.

But I forget, continued my Uncle, that I am talking to a School-Boy all this time. Sir, I return'd, whatever you say to me, shall do me no Injury, but rather improve my Understanding; Things of Moment, I shall justly weigh; and what is not necessary to be remember'd, shall be forgot. My Uncle made me many Compliments of my forward Sense; but at the Tag of all, to qualify 'em, told me, *Ripe Fruit was soon rotten*; and so we both went to equip ourselves for our short Journey.

In the Coach, my Uncle told me, I should do well to ingratiate myself with the Family; for if I was ever to enter into the Matrimonial State, I could not do better for myself; for, added he, tho' Marriage is a very bitter Pill, yet there's Gold enough to gild it over, and a handsome young Lady to-boot. I told him, whenever that Time came, I should value his Advice at the highest Rate. Come, come, reply'd the old Gentleman, I don't love Compliments, they favour of Insincerity. I return'd, my Tongue and Heart ever did, and I hoped ever would go together; and whatever I said, it should be Truth. Ay, but Boy, answer the old Gentleman, you know the old Saying, *Truth is not to be spoke at all Times*; many a poor Man has suffer'd for speaking Truth.

When we came to the End of our short Journey, the two Sisters (who were both comely Women) came to the Gate to bid us welcome; the young Lady, they gave us to understand, was walking in the Garden.

When

When we were brought into the Parlour, after the usual Civilities, my Uncle told 'em, he had brought along with him a Person that he design'd one of their Acquaintance, and if they balk'd his Intention, he threaten'd 'em severely with his Indignation. The Ladies reply'd, I shou'd be welcome upon my own Account, without his Recommendation. Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, I don't care how it's done, so it is done. But hold, cry'd the Aunt, won't it be something dangerous to allow him the Conversation and Acquaintance of *Isabella*? (meaning the young Lady) he'll perhaps, in time, wipe away from her Memory the good Advice against Matrimony, we have taken much Time and Labour to inculcate.

Fear not that, reply'd my Uncle, for I have, and shall take as much Pains with the Youth, that they may be on a Footing. Upon this, the young Lady came in, to whose Acquaintance I was introduced. Tho' she was the handsomest Creature my Eyes e'er beheld, the Charms, of her Person were equall'd by those of her Understanding; and I soon found, young as I was, Love had taken full Possession of my Heart.

The Conversation of the Day was chiefly composed of Mirth, and laughing at former Transactions, which were larded, every now and then, with Contempt upon the connubial State; and I was almost ready to die with Despair, to hear the fair *Isabella* join with 'em, with more than ordinary Malice and Satyr, as well as Wit.

My Uncle desired she would not be so inveterate, for she was taking the only Method for him to fall directly in Love with her. And that's the only way, reply'd the Sister, to get rid of your troublesome Company. I told the Lady, I hoped my Uncle would not prove troublesome, 'till such a Declaration. I believe not, young Gentleman, reply'd the Lady; but I fear there's much more Danger from your Worship, than your Uncle; your Years will bring you forward, but his will make him lag behind. I told her, I should always endeavour to keep myself in the good Graces of that Family; and that nothing but Destiny should make me forfeit it.

Oh then, return'd the Lady, if it ever comes to that, the Fault must be laid on *Destiny*, *Fate*, *Ill Stars*, and I know

know not what! I tell you, continued the Sister, smiling, if your Years did not plead for you, I should begin to think you guilty. I must own, tho' this was but Rallying, I could not help blushing at what she said, as knowing myself a Criminal already.

Bed-time broke up our Company, and every one retired to their several Apartments. When I was alone, Reflection began to make me very uneasy. The blind God had wounded me, tho' not so deep as if I had more Years over my Head, yet enough to break my Rest, and trouble and confuse my young Imagination. I got up at the Dawn of Day, as uneasy as I went to Bed, and walk'd in the Garden alone, for none of the Family were stirring. All my Thoughts were busied on the fair Object of my Wishes. I continued, in my uneasy Contemplation, several Hours.

The first that interrupted my Meditations, was the Charmer of my Heart, who came to me, with a smiling Countenance. I am inform'd, Sir, said she, you were early up this Morning, I fear you did not like your Lodging! There's nothing in this House, I reply'd, but what I have the utmost Regard for; but (I continued) it was my usual Custom of rising early to my Studies. We fell insensibly into the Affairs of the Family, for I had not Courage once to mention what I felt within my Breast; neither did I imagine she could have a right Conception of what my Inclination would have declared to her. Among other things, I told her, we should have the World unpeopled, if every body was of her Mother, Aunt, and my Uncle's Mind. She reply'd, there was no Danger of that, for the Men would find Means to have Heirs to their Estates, without troubling the Parson.

I was a little confused at her Answer, for I imagined she insinuated I was design'd my Uncle's Heir, and therefore could hardly make her an Answer; for my Uncle told me, when he mention'd making his Will, that I was the first that knew his Inclination, and gave me a particular Charge to keep it a Secret from every one, till he himself divulged it. It was some time before I could recover my Confusion; for I was not assured they might not hint something of it to my Uncle, and do me a Prejudice

a Prejudice with him; not as to the Estate, for I little regarded my Interest, but fearing I was not capable of keeping a Secret, even of the utmost Consequence.

The young Lady, finding she had created some Confusion in my Thoughts, began to comfort me, with telling me, my Uncle's Mind might alter; and tho' he was stiff in his Opinion concerning Matrimony, did not doubt but his Eyes wou'd be open enough to see Merit, where it was so conspicuous. Her endeavouring to bring me out of Confusion, plunged me farther into it; and sometimes I was thinking she was uttering Riddles, and I knew not how to answer upon the Topic: But at last I told her, Whatever my Uncle shou'd think fit to do concerning his worldly Affairs, shou'd never trouble me, while he continu'd to do things correspondent with Honour and Honesty. I am very glad to hear it, reply'd the young Lady; and I fancy young Gentlemen, like you, who study much, acquire Understanding, Fortitude, and Resolution, and all other Manly Virtues, before their Years write 'em Men. Madam, I reply'd, in some it might be so; but I had made no Progress in any of 'em, but one, and that I fear'd will be rather counted a Weakness.

I fancy then, return'd the Lady, since you own it a Frailty, you will make me your Confessor; and if I judge it to be, as you call it, a Weakness, I'll tell you what Penance you shall undergo for Pardon. Madam, I reply'd, you are the only Person in the World that I will confess to; but then you must promise me, like a true Confessor, to keep it for ever a Secret from all the World, whether it displeases you, or not; tho' I am under dismal Apprehensions of losing your Favour, more dear to me than all the World.

Heyday! reply'd *Isabella*, if we were not both too young, I shou'd imagine you were going to make Love to me. Madam, I answer'd, you have guess'd the very Secret of my Heart. The tender Thoughts my Breast contains, are all for you. Don't think it a Boyish Passion, apt to change; for whatever Usage I meet with from you, I must continue to adore you. I have weigh'd our Years; yours and your Family's Aversion to Matrimony, by your Yesterday's Discourse; and no Consideration

tion can put a Stop to my Passion : All the Favour I ask, or desire, is only Leave silently to adore you ; and if you find your Heart averse to my constant Wishes, let me beg you to grant me Pity for all that I shall suffer, and I shall rejoice at every Pang I feel, because they are for you. I am convinced your Understanding far exceeds your Years, therefore I intreat you to think before you speak ; and consider this, 'tis in your Power alone, to make me live, or die. I own our Fortunes are at present unequal, but Time may produce many things ; inspired by you, I wou'd aim at every thing that is honourable to deserve you that Way, nor shou'd I doubt succeeding. I said every thing my Tongue cou'd utter, prompted by Love, and had this Satisfaction, to observe her Face was not dress'd in Frowns. After many rallying Speeches, finding me continue in my Distress :

Well, said she, as I promised to be your Confessor, I'll keep it a Secret, as we agreed on ; and perhaps, if I thought you in earnest, I shou'd think of some Punishment equal to what your Crime deserves : But you have been reading *Ovid* lately, I suppose, and you wou'd be endeavouring to put some of his Rules in practice upon me. It is a pleasing Satisfaction to me, I reply'd, to hear you understand *Ovid* so well ; and, by your Choice, I hope you will remember all his Rules. What ! return'd the young Lady, because I have read that Author, as our *English* Translators have given him to us (for I own I am not so happy to understand the Original) would you interpret for me, that I like the Subject ? No, continued *Isabella*, I have read *Reynolds* on Murder, and yet I hope you will believe I abhor the Facts related there. I hope so too, Madam, I reply'd ; therefore you will consider, that what my Tongue utter'd, was from the very Bottom of my Soul ; and if you will not receive my Declaration favourably, you will be the Death of me, which will make you a passive Murderer.

Few People, I believe, die for Love, in this Age, reply'd *Isabella* ; however, our Years will protect both of us. I told her, the Tree that took deepest Root, stood the longest. Yes, return'd *Isabella*, and the Impressions cut in young Barks, soonest wear out ; and often kill the Tree, Madam, said I. Well, well, cry'd *Isabella*, we have

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had enough on this Subject for once. Madam, said I, does the Word *Once* imply you would pardon me whenever Fortune will give me another Opportunity of declaring my Passion? I have not Time now to answer you (said *Isabella*) for I perceive your Uncle, my Mother, and Aunt, are coming towards us. But I thought her Words were accompanied with so sweet a Look, that bid me hope; and Hope is one of the greatest Pleasures of our Lives.

When we had join'd Company, we were the Theme of the old Folks Raillery for some time. Hark you, young Man, said my Uncle, how came you to rise so early this Morning? Only because I do it every Morning, Sir, said I, to read. Why, Sirrah, said my Uncle, if I had thought you had brought a Book along with you here, I would have taken it from you and burnt it. Is not here Contemplation enough for you? pointing to the Ladies. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Mother, I think he does well to have something to entertain his Thoughts, alone, for I don't much relish the young Ones getting together so early; I don't well know how they cou'd entertain themselves, without talking of Love. Why, if we should, reply'd *Isabella*, 'twou'd be only to fortify each other against that Passion. Well, well, said the Aunt, your Ages secure you at present; but I should be loth to trust you five or six Years hence. Ay but, said my Uncle, *Will* studies the Mathematics, and he knows every thing of *Geography* and *Navigation* already, but just going to Sea; and can tell you in what Latitude the *Cape of Good Hope* lies under, tho' he was never there; he has all the *Theory*, and only wants the *Practice*.

None of your Allegories, reply'd the Mother; I have a very good Opinion of the young Gentleman, therefore hold your Tongue; for what you can say for him, will only lessen it. Come, come, the Tea stays for us, said the Aunt. I am glad on't, cry'd my Uncle, for now we shall have a little Scandal, Tea has no Relish without it.

My Uncle having no Business at home, we continued in this agreeable Company three whole Days; and tho' we were to receive a Visit from them in two more, yet the Separation from that I held most dear on Earth, was

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very irksome to me; but the Hope of seeing her so soon, mitigated my Grief.

When we came home to my Uncle's, I observed a Youth walking in the Garden, very near my own Age, as I could guess at the Distance I saw him; for as soon as he perceived me, he walk'd another way, as not being willing I should see him. I ask'd one of the Servants that happen'd to be in the Garden, who that Youth was I just before saw at the Fountain. He reply'd, it was the Housekeeper's Son. What, is the Housekeeper marry'd then, said I? Not now, reply'd the Servant, and smiled. Observing the Humour of the Man, by his Countenance, I ask'd him many Questions concerning the Housekeeper and her Child, but could not learn who was the Father positively; yet he gave me Hints enough to imagine my Uncle had some Interest in the Affair, which created in me a great deal of Uneasiness; for it soon occur'd to my Memory what the divine *Isabella* told me in her Mother's Garden, *that Heirs to Estates might be procured without the Help of the Parson*. My Uneasiness did not proceed from any Disappointment relating to the Estate, any farther than I thought it might have reconciled me to *Isabella's* Family; for I imagined if ever I could move her Heart to love me, she would as much despise Riches as myself; for even, young as I was, I could have been contented to have got my Subsistence from my daily Labour, if *Isabella* would have submitted to have shared my Fortune; for I never once thought of hers, but I wish'd it much less, or rather none at all, that I might have been more on the Equality.

While I was musing on the State of my Love, I was interrupted by my Uncle's Housekeeper, who, with a familiar Air, inquired concerning our Entertainment at the Widow's: I found, by her Discourse, the poor Creature was jealous of my Uncle, and to increase her Opinion, I told her, I fancy'd we should shortly have a Wedding, for it look'd very like it. Between whom? ask'd the Housekeeper, hastily; why, between my Uncle and the Widow, I answer'd. I observed her Countenance change at what I said, and a very great Disorder

appear'd

appear'd about her. But I did not think fit to have any further Conversation with her, so left her to her own troubled Thoughts.

When my Uncle and I were together, he ask'd me how I liked the young Lady (for he had not an Opportunity to ask me in the Coach as we came home, because we brought a neighbouring Gentleman home with us, that came to make a Visit at the Widow's) I told him, I had a very great Regard for her, and I did not doubt but my Years would increase it. I would advise you, said my Uncle, to make your Addresses there, but secretly, for I am convinced you won't meet with a more beneficial Match. I answer'd my Uncle, I was of his Opinion; tho' not from the Greatness of her Fortune, but from the Charms of her Person and Understanding. Why, I would have you affect what you marry; but, I hope you don't imagine, young Man, said my Uncle, a good Fortune will be any Hinderance. Not in the least, Sir, said I; but I would have no Two join in that holy Ceremony, if they could not despise Fortune. Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, Experience will tell you another Tale, when you have a few Years more over your Head, which is now fill'd with Notions of Honour, and I know not how many chimerical Ideas, that have their Being in thy Brain; You read too much.

I hope, Sir, said I, Reading is design'd to cultivate the Understanding, and raise our Imaginations above the Vulgar. I am of the Opinion, a Man of Quality with a *Plebeian* Soul, is a *Plebeian*; and on the contrary, a *Plebeian* with exalted Merit, ought to change Fortunes with him. But you forget, with all your Learning and Philosophy, that Fortune's blind, young Man, reply'd my Uncle, and distributes her Favours as blindly. I have seen Dullness and Stupidity in a Coach and Six, while Virtue, Merit, and a whole Library of Learning walk on Foot. The more Shame to the degenerate Age, you'll say, young Man. True, Sir, said I; and if I had a Fortune answerable to my Inclination, I would never see one of those you mention'd last, twice in the same Condition.

Don't think, reply'd my Uncle, that I am endeavouring to blot out those Notions of Virtue that I see wrote

in thy Soul; for it is on the Consideration of thy noble Inclinations, that I have lately resolv'd in my Will, to leave thee a considerable Fortune, being assur'd thou wilt make the right Use of it. The Bulk of my Estate was left me by an Uncle, an old Batchelor as I am, which I intend to leave to thee in the same manner. Neither can I think thy good Understanding, Boy, continued my Uncle, will receive any Prejudice from our Contempt of the Marriage State; tho' the Reason why I have not changed my Condition, is, that the first Object of my Wishes was, by Fate, deny'd me. But I suppose you have heard your Father often repeat the Story. Never in my Life, I reply'd; for I have been at School ever since Five Years old, and very seldom convers'd with any of the Family; and I may justly say, Sir, that I am almost as great a Stranger in the Knowledge of my Ancestors, as one that never heard of us: Well then, said my Uncle, I'll let you into as much as I know of 'em.

We are originally *Welch*: Many of our Ancestors have flourish'd in the Church, as well as State, and left a sweet Scent of Virtue in their Ashes. I was the youngest of three; the eldest dying in the Wars, when he had gain'd many ever-living Laurels. Your Father proved Heir to the Estate, who is one Year elder than myself. My Father's Brother having requir'd a great Estate by Merchandize, in the *Indies*, and having an Inclination for me, always declared me his Heir, and I lived with him as such; therefore I think it almost your Due to be Heir to mine. About the Age of Seventeen, I fell in Love with a young Lady of a very small Fortune, but that was supply'd by the Charms of her Mind and Person. Her Mother (for her Father had been dead many Years) was averse to my Passion. She would often tell her Daughter, I was but a younger Brother; and tho' every Body imagin'd I was to be Heir to my Uncle, yet no one was assur'd of it. Old Men were as subject to change their Minds, as young ones; therefore she would by no means consent to my Courtship; but when she found I continued my Addresses, she secretly inform'd my Uncle, who took me to task on the other side; with many Arguments, prov'd I should be much to blame to

think

think of a Woman of such a narrow Fortune, when, in Prospect, I was Master of such a large one; and hinted to me, if I continued in my Folly, as he call'd it, I might be balk'd of my Expectation.

Tho' my Love was as great as could be, yet I thought it was but common Prudence to dissemble; and I told my Uncle, I hoped I should never give him any Occasion to forfeit the good Opinion he had already conceived of me. He gave me very good Advice, which I promised to follow. But every thing must submit to Love; Fortune, Interest, Relations, and Friendship, must give way to that soft Passion. And I doubt not, young Man, notwithstanding your Learning and pretended Fortitude, but Time will convince you of what I say. I sigh'd, and was in some Confusion at my Uncle's Discourse, but made him no Answer, because I would not interrupt him.

By secret Interviews, continued my Uncle, I gain'd the Heart of the young Lady, unbiass'd by her Interest; for in the mean time she was courted by a Gentleman, possess'd of a Fortune much beyond the Hopes of her Family, who soon gain'd the Mother's Consent, and, being an obstinate Woman, she promised him her Daughter's. In the mean time we met almost every Night, by the Help of the Maid, who by Bribes and Promises was in my Interest; and one Evening among the rest, I took Possession of the willing Fair One.

Our Amours were not so secret as we imagined; for my Rival being inform'd of our Correspondence, tho' he had no Notion how far our Intimacy was carry'd, sent me a Challenge, which I accepted of, tho' unwillingly; for I am of that Opinion, Men's Honour often prompts 'em on to those Acts their Consciences and Wills would leave undone. We met, and Fortune declared in my Favour, by dangerously wounding my Adversary, without my receiving the least Hurt. The Mother to the Fair One was exasperated to the last Degree, and in the Heat of her blind Rage, took her Daughter along with her to visit her intended Son-in-law, where she agreed, notwithstanding his Wounds, and her Daughter's Cries and Lamentations, to marry 'em immediately, which was perform'd.

You may guess what we both felt at this Shock of Fate, for Possession had heighten'd my Passion. I tore and raved like a Madman, and was almost inconsolable; and nothing but the Regard I ow'd my Uncle, kept me from doing some rash Act. But Time, that cures most Sorrows, gave me some Consolation, as imagining I should have still a Correspondence with the disconsolate Fair One, for her continued Sorrow convinced me she mourn'd for the same Cause.

I took an Opportunity, and got a Letter convey'd to her; but what was my Surprise and Sorrow at her Answer! I have read it so often, and 'tis so well imprinted in my Memory, that I can repeat it *verbatim*.

S I R,

TH^O' I love you more than Life, which I am convinced I shall not long keep, yet the Duty I owe my Husband shall prevent any future Interviews. Strive to forget me, as I willingly would you, tho' impossible, and never more think there ever was such a Wretch as the unfortunate

M A R I A.

I strove many ways to come to a better Understanding; but she as carefully avoided it. I linger'd out many Days in this Interval of Life, if I may call it so; for I could not say I was alive. One Morning her Maid brought me a Letter; and tho' I offer'd her Gold to stay the Reading of it, yet she would not. The Contents of this last were as surprising as the first.

M Y D E A R,

I Am now going, I firmly believe, into another World, to answer for my Miscarriages in this, for I find the Pangs of Child-Birth upon me, which I hope, and am almost assured, I shall not out-live. It is the Fruit of our guilty Joys. Let me conjure you, if the Infant should survive, find some means to prove a Father, for it cannot expect any other in this World; and cherish the Memory of your unfortunate

M A R I A.

I was

I was so far plunged in Grief at the Knowledge of her State, that I went into the Fields to have more Freedom for Contemplation; and tho' it was Morning when I received the Letter, I had not thought of returning, if the Curtain of the Night had not began to spread the Hemisphere; but ere I could get out of the Fields, I heard somebody walk very fast behind me, and turning about, I was somewhat surprized to see the Husband of *Maria*, with his Sword drawn in his Hand, as ready to attack me. Tho' I was weary of Life, I had no Thought of rendering it to one I had no very kind Thoughts for: Yet I was resolved to parly with him, and do my Endeavour to bring him to Temper; for I consider'd, he had Matter enough to gall him. But Words signified nothing; and he press'd so violently upon me, that I was obliged to oppose him, and in a little time left him dead upon the Ground.

I immediately got home to my Uncle's, who waited for me, and was going to chide me; but seeing me look so pale and confus'd, and without my Sword (for in the last Thrust, that gave him his Death, he fell down towards me, and I let it fall out of my Hand, and his Body fell upon't) he very tenderly ask'd me the Cause of my Concern. When I had inform'd him: Well, said my Uncle, be not so troubled; since you have kill'd him fairly, I'll warrant thy Pardon. But were there any Witnesses of the Action? Several, said I, on the other side of the River, tho' I know not who they were, I was in so much Confusion. However, he deserv'd Death, said my Uncle, for killing the unfortunate *Maria*, and her innocent Infant. I did not hear what more my Uncle said, for the Use of my Senses was taken from me, and I fell into a Swoon; yet, when I recover'd, I found myself in Bed; for my Uncle, imagining I had received some Wound in the Encounter, order'd a Surgeon to be brought; but when he was inform'd of the Truth, he was convinced that 'twas pure Grief that had overcome me, and almost compell'd me to be let Blood. I was in such a Condition, that Despair had got the Ascendant over me, and had resolv'd with myself not to live: And in order to put my Design in Execution (being inform'd my Uncle was gone out upon some urgent Affairs) I order'd

der'd my Man to go to another Surgeon of my Acquaintance, and bring him along with him; which was quickly done. I then took an Occasion to send my Servant out of the way, and desired the Surgeon to let me Blood in the other Arm, which he comply'd with, not knowing I had been let Blood before.

As soon as he was gone, I undid both the Bandages; the Blood pour'd out of my Veins, and I soon became insensible. Heaven forgive me! for I now declare I had no other Thought, but following my dear Mistress, whom it was plain, I loved more than Life; which that Day would have put an End to, if it had not been purely for an Accident; for the last Surgeon meeting with him that first bled me, among other Discourse, told him he was going to see how I did after my Bleeding by the Order of my Uncle, who was obliged to go out, and that he was to stay with me till his Return.

The last Surgeon, in a sort of Surprize, told him, he had not been long come from me, and had let me Blood; and soon finding there must be some extraordinary Meaning in my Proceeding, came both together, and broke open the Door, that I had lock'd before I let loose my Arms. I was so far gone, that they gave my Uncle no Hopes of Life, which, I was inform'd, almost put him into my Condition. 'Twas two whole Days ere I open'd my Eyes; and three more before I recover'd my Understanding; and the Thoughts of the Catastrophe of my dear *Maria*, had made me resolve to take nothing to support Life, if I had not been prevail'd upon by my Uncle, whose Sorrow quite confounded me, and a religious Man, who set before me the heinous Sin of Self-Murder, a Sin he told me could never be pardon'd, for it was directly flying in the Face of Heaven, without a Possibility of repenting the Action.

The Thoughts of Eternity made me repent of the Act, and resolve to live. By degrees, I recover'd my former Strength; and meeting one Day with *Maria's* Maid, by Accident, I desired she would give me some Account of the melancholy Action.

Sir, said she, when my poor Mistress felt the Pangs and Throes of Labour upon her, she wrote that Letter, and order'd me to return upon the Instant I had deliver'd

ver'd it, for she should want me in her unhappy Condition. When I came back, I found her Pains grew worse. When I found how it was, I told her I would go and send for the Midwife. Do then, said she; for tho' I wish for Death, the poor Innocent has done nothing to deserve it; That may live to meet with a better Fate than its unhappy Mother; and in her utmost Pangs, she softly utter'd your Name. The Midwife came, and she was deliver'd (after great Agonies) of a fine Girl, whose early Features promised to exceed her Mother's Beauty.

Maria's Mother, and the rest of her Relations, were in the utmost Confusion at what they saw; for finding it a beautiful full-grown Child, they were well convinced the Husband was not the Father of it. The Mother came up to her, and, notwithstanding her weak Condition, gave her all the ill Language she could think of. The poor Lady, at last faintly told her, it was her own Fault, to force her to that Marriage: That she was join'd to you by Heaven: And she believed she had no Guilt to answer for what she had done; for she had ever lived with her Husband virtuously, and ceased all Correspondence with you, since the Day of her unfortunate Marriage, which I witness'd for her in the Letter she had wrote to you. She was brought to Bed pretty early in the Morning. Her Husband was gone to Hunt with some Gentlemen of the Country. But when he return'd, he soon came to the Truth of every thing, for there was no concealing how Matters went. *Is it so?* cry'd he, all enraged; *And am I an antedated Cuckold? I'll have no Man say I keep a Whore, or Bastard of his.* Therefore, upon the Instant, he flew to the Bed, first ran his Sword into the unfortunate *Maria's* Breast; and, snatching the lovely Infant from the Nurse's Arms, threw it against the Ground, and dash'd out its innocent Brains.

It was some time before either of us could proceed in the sad Narration, for Tears, at the unhappy Act. When the Maid had a little recover'd herself, she proceeded.

The Wound the barbarous Wretch gave the unfortunate *Maria*, did not immediately rob her of Life; but she lived to make all the Hearers weep at what she related; even her unkind Mother could not refrain
Tears;

Tears; wishing a thousand times, she had dy'd, before she had forced her to that unlucky Match. Dear Mother, reply'd the fainting Fair One, do not repine, but learn to forget Me, and this unhappy Day. Consider, Fate is in every thing. I beg yours and Heaven's Forgiveness: And then began to faint. She would see the Infant, tho' in that piteous Condition: After looking upon it for some time, Poor Babe! said she, thou hast severely paid, tho' Innocent, for the Crime of thy Father and Mother, which I hope is forgiven by Heaven. Here she began to faint again, and only said, *Heaven forgive me; preserve, and support my Dear* — Here her Tongue fail'd; she only gave a Groan, and expired. We all suppos'd it was your Name she would have utter'd, but Death stept between.

This Relation had almost brought me to my former Despair; and-I often wish'd the Wretch alive once more, that had been the Cause of poor *Maria's* Death, that I might have kill'd him again.

'Twas several Years before I could wipe away the Thoughts of my dear *Maria*: Nay, I can never forget her, nor seldom remember her without bringing Tears into my Eyes, as I have at this Repetition of my former Sorrow (for, indeed, we both could not refrain from weeping) but for her sake only, I am resolv'd to live and die a Batchellor, which, said he, (reassuming some of his former Gaiety) is the better for you. Tho' my Uncle often told me, added the old Gentleman, if he had known my Passion had been so strong and sincere, he would not have been against our Marriage. Since, I have assumed a freer Air, and having got acquainted in this Family, rail along with 'em, they having known nothing of my Story; for it did not make any great Noise, because my Uncle procur'd Witnesses enough that heard our Discourse; and the barbarous Act spoke so much, that I was never try'd for it; which was, in some sort too, prevented by my Illness, and weak Condition.

This Story of my Uncle's, seem'd to me an Introductory History to my Misfortunes, which caus'd me much sorrowful Thinking; yet I had ever some secret Hoping, that kept up my sinking Spirits. When we

went

went to Dinner, Madam, the Housekeeper, look'd very glum upon my Uncle, tho' she continued her Civility to me, yet I took but little Notice of it. After Dinner, I went to fish in a River at the bottom of the Garden, and in an Hour's time my Uncle came to me.

Hark you, young Man, said he, I have a Crow to pluck with you: What is the Reason, good young Spark, that you have disturb'd my Housekeeper with a Story of a Cock and a Bull, about Marriage, and I know not what, with I know not who? Why really, Sir, said I, she examin'd me so strictly this Morning, that I hope you will pardon me if I tell you, I thought her Impertinent; neither did I imagine she had any Right to be angry, or pleas'd, at what I said; tho' I must own, I saw it disorder'd her; but I suppose that only proceeded from her Interest; for if she imagin'd you marry'd, you wou'd have no Occasion for a Housekeeper; for, added I, smiling, my Lady wou'd take that Work off her Hands. Well, young Spark, said my Uncle, I find you are a prying young Gentleman; and since you resolve to know all my Secrets, I'll declare another to you: This Woman is now and then pleas'd to Tuck me up; and, moreover, has laid a Child to me, but the Boy is so unlike the reputed Father, I have no Notion I had any Hand in the forming him. Now this makes her assume an Authority, And, to let you know further, 'tis the very Maid that lived with the unfortunate *Maria*. I thought it was my Duty to do something for her, and, at my Uncle's Death, I took her into the House. The Freedom I gave her in talking now and then, of that melancholy Adventure, grew at last into an Intimacy; Flesh and Blood being frail, and different Sexes at all Hours of Opportunity together, will show themselves.

Sir, said I, what you have entrusted me with, shall only teach me to pay her more Respect than I have done, without letting her know I am let into the Secret. And, for the future, I shall not tell her any thing that will perplex or discompose her Thoughts upon your Account. Nay, said my Uncle, smiling, I shall ever make her to know the Difference between the Handmaid and the Master: And whether her Child be mine, or not, whenever I die, I shall provide handsome enough for 'em both; tho'

tho', perhaps not according to her Expectation. The Boy is ignorant who his Father is, pursuant to my Instruction to the Mother; and I am apt to believe she has kept it a Secret, for he is not yet of Age to be trusted with it; tho' the Lad is forward enough in every thing, but just Learning, which makes me the more suspect, I am none of his Father.

Our Conversation has lasted for Six and Twenty Years; and in Fifteen of my juvenile Years, she never pretended to make me a Father. I know she has fed herself with vain Hopes, I would make a Will, and put him down for Heir: But I can assure you, it never was my Intention, nor ever will be; and I shall leave 'em the less for Impertinence. Whatever you please, Sir, said I; but don't leave 'em the less upon my Account. Well, a few Days, answer'd my Uncle, will put an End to their Hopes, or Fears; and though when an Heir is settled to an Estate, he looks like a Coffin to some People, yet, Youth, I don't know how to part with you to the University; I am convinced you will have little to learn, but ill Customs, which many Scholars imbibe, where they should avoid 'em: But I am not at all in pain for you; I believe the Tenets of Virtue sufficiently stamp in your Mind: Therefore I have some Thoughts of riding over to your Father, to prevail upon him to let you and your Tutor live with me. I'll take care you shan't want Books; I have a good Library of my own, and if that won't do, let me but know your Wants, and they shall be supply'd. I gave him Thanks suitable to so agreeable an Offer; but hinted to him, a Person is not so well esteem'd in the World without a University Education. That's but a small Consideration, reply'd my Uncle, and if we meet with no other Difficulties, I hope we shall get over that.

From this Subject, we proceeded to that of the Widow's Family. I believe, Sir, said I, *Isabella* is, and will be, as averse to Marriage (at least by her Discourse) as her Mother, or Aunt. I fancy, young Man, reply'd my Uncle, you begin to fear it. Come, come, continue your Correspondence; there's a great deal in the first Impression, and Nature will prevail. But enough of this; I'll now show you my Library, which you have not yet

yet seen; and give you the Key, that you may make use of it when you please; but, added he, if you use it too much, I'll take it from you again.

When we came into the Library, which was a spacious Room built on purpose, I was surprized to find it so well stored with such Variety, and valuable Books, especially all the Classics of the best Editions. I told my Uncle, I liked my Situation so well, that if he would give me Leave, I would employ myself a few Hours to look 'em over. That was one Reason why I brought you here now, reply'd my Uncle, for I am obliged to go for a few Hours upon some urgent Affairs; and imagining I should bring you into Company you would like, made me the more willing to introduce you to 'em, and if you find yourself tired, and their Conversation should not please you, they won't be disobligh'd at your leaving 'em. So saying, he gave me the Key, and shut me in. While I was in high Delight, for I had even forgot the fair *Isabella*, I heard Whispering in the next Closet, which made me awake from my pleasing Amusement; and in a little time I could hear the good Housekeeper say, You may spake louder, for I am assured there's no one within hearing, for the old Gentleman's gone out. Ay, but, reply'd the Man's Voice, What's become of the young One? Gone with him to be sure, returned the Housekeeper, for he does not stir a Foot without him, and therefore let us make good Use of our Time, for I fear our Meetings will be less frequent. I am convinced this young Gentleman will be a Thorn in our Side, for when he and his Uncle were together the Day that he came, I heard him inform him, that he would make his Will shortly, and put him down his Heir. Now, as you, no doubt, are to draw the Writings, I would have you find some Means to provide for our Child, which he imagines to be his. That, I think, will be impossible, answered the Man; for, be assured he will read it over before he Signs it; or if he does not do it then, he may at some other Time. No, no, that will never do. We must e'en wait with Patience till his Death, and I'll find it easy enough to make a Will for our Advantage, of a later Date than what he intends to make. I own, said the Housekeeper, it goes against me

to think of defrauding the young Gentleman. But when you consider, reply'd the Man, you do it for your own Flesh and Blood, you ought to have no Scruple. Well, returned the Housekeeper, I must leave the whole Affair to you. I should be contented to share the Estate between the two Boys; and I think, if he does otherwise, as he imagines our Child his, he will not do Justice. We shall see what he intends to do, when he makes his Will, reply'd the Man, and, in short, till then, we can't make a Judgment on any one thing.

I found afterwards, they had left speaking aloud, and were making themselves as merry as they could. They were so boisterous, that several Folios I had lean'd against the Wainscot, tumbled down, which alarmed 'em very much. Bless me! cry'd *Forsooth*, What's that? I can't tell, returned the Man; I hope the Squire is not in his Study. No, that I am sure of, said the Housekeeper. Now I recollect myself, continued she, 'tis some of the Books tumbled off the Shelves. They made themselves easy with that Supposition, and continued their Game. After some time, I could hear 'em go softly down Stairs. I waited at the Window some time, and at last saw him go thro' the Court-yard. He was a tall thin Man, had a Cast of an Eye, and seem'd about Forty.

As soon as I found all was still, I went softly out of the Library, and went into my own Room, a Pair of Sairs higher, to avoid all Suspicion. When I was there, I resolv'd to acquaint my Uncle with the whole Truth; for I thought it would be Injustice to conceal it, if it had not concerned myself. When my Uncle came in, he was in a very good Humour, and would often smile at his own Imagination. I told him, it was a great Pity he should stay at home as he usually did, if going abroad made him so merry. *Billy*, reply'd my Uncle, I have so much Reason to be merry, at least in my own Opinion, that I'll tell you the Cause of my Mirth; and I have so good Regard for your Understanding, that I'll rule my Risibility, for this once, by it; and if you declare I am in the wrong to be merry, I'll do my Endeavour to be otherwise.

Sir, said I, if that is the only Reason in letting me into the Secret of your Mirth, you need not give yourself

that

that Trouble, for I am apt to believe, you will be right in every thing you do. No Compliments, Boy, reply'd my Uncle; I have told you before, I don't like 'em. But to proceed.

You remember that Gentleman we brought in the Coach from the Widow's, yesterday. That Gentleman is about Five and Thirty: Three Years ago, he was one of the most eminent Merchants upon the *Exchange*, and his Credit would have stretch'd as far as the best of 'em.

In the Time of his Prosperity, he fell in Love with a Widow-Lady of a vast Fortune, without the Incumbrances of Children upon't. The Lady gave him all the Encouragement he could expect. The Day of their Espousals was fix'd, and near approaching, when the uncomfortable News was brought him, of the Loss of almost all his Fortune; for three of his richest Vessels were taken by Pirates. This, as you may suppose, was a very great Shock to him; but being a Person of the utmost Philosophy, he calmly resign'd himself to the Will of Heaven. He immediately left off Trade; and when his Debts were paid, he that was but ten Days before, in every Body's Opinion, worth a Hundred Thousand Pounds, found himself Master of Seventy Pounds a Year, and his Country-House, which he instantly sold, and, as I thought it a good Bargain, I became the Purchaser. His greatest Satisfaction in his Misfortunes, was the Thoughts of the Widow's proving constant to him; and he did not doubt, but, with her Assistance, to recover his Losses. But few Women, my Boy, are sincere in their Protections. 'Tis true, sometimes the blind Spark stings 'em in the Tail, that they become as blind as Fortune; or otherwise they are as hard to deal with, as a Parson for his Tithes.

The Gentleman, after his Misfortunes, I can with Justice declare, was more welcome to me than before; for it would be a Hardship indeed to have the Unfortunate slighted; and I am assured that generous Minds resent things that are offer'd 'em in their Adversity, that they would not have regarded in their Prosperity. One Morning, at Breakfast, I observed him very melancholy, insomuch that he refused his Chocolate; I encouraged

him as much as I could, as imagining the Thoughts of his Losses had attack'd him. But I was very much surprized to hear him say, his former Losses were nothing to what then oppress'd him. I must own, said he, I had some Omens of it Yesterday; for when I went to visit the Widow, as usual, I was told, she was not at home; but returning by the Garden-Wall, I heard her talking to her Maid; and when I call'd to her, could get no Answer. This Morning my Suspicions are confirm'd, for she has just now sent me a Letter, where she tells me, *She is very much grieved at my Losses; and as Merchandizing is so very precarious, she hopes I will pardon her if she intends to keep her Fortune to herself; and endeavour to mend my Credit with somebody else.* The Loss of her Money does not vex me half so much, as her insulting me; and tho', I must own, I have a very great Regard for her Person, yet I would not wed her now, if she should repent of her Usage.

I believe there's little Danger of that, said I. Women have Obstinacy enough to keep bad Resolutions. All I could say to him, gave him but little Comfort; and, I must confess, his Uneasiness infected me. But, as I have told you, Time is an excellent Doctor, for the almost bald Gentleman wrought a Cure, so that he often wish'd it in his Power to be revenged on the Widow.

Many Weeks pass'd on, and his Inclination strengthen'd, tho' no Accident could assist him, till about two Months ago, an old Barn that belong'd to the House, I order'd to be pull'd down, with an Intention to make an Addition to my Garden; for I had some Overtures made me by a Nobleman, concerning a Purchase, in which I should make a considerable Profit, tho' with a secret Intention to give it to the Gentleman I had bought it of. The Barn, in reality, did still belong to him, for it served a Farm near the House I had bought, which was the Remainder of the Gentleman's Estate, and the same he lived in.

In digging the Earth of the Foundation, there was found a Pot of Money that contain'd upwards of a Hundred Pound, which was given the Gentleman. As we were at Supper, and pretty merry at the Accident,

dent, an odd Thought came into my Head. Why may we not, said I, to the Gentleman, report, we have found a larger Sum? No one knows what we have found, but the Man that dug it up, and we can instruct him to favour the Deceit. But to what End, return'd the Gentleman? Why, to be revenged on the Widow, said I. I am assured 'twas covetous Interest at first made her comply with your Addresses; and when once she finds it her Interest, she'll receive 'em willingly again; and if we can bring Matters about, to compleat your Revenge, you must e'en marry her. The Gentleman smiled at my Project, but thought it would be impossible to bring it to any thing. Well, said I, you shall have little to do; I warrant, I'll make your Part easy enough. Accordingly, I went to work. We reported about the Country, that such a Gentleman had found a vast Treasure in his Barn, supposed to be hid there in the Civil Wars, even enough to recompense all his Losses. The Fellow that dug up the Money, was an arch Rogue, one fit for our Design; I took care to instruct him; and, to carry every thing on with a good Face, as I wanted a Coach, I bought a new one, sent the Gentleman to his House again, as if he had made a new Purchase of it, in the new Coach, and Attendance suitable. I also let the Sister to *Isabella's* Mother into the Secret, who, by her Contrivance, received the Addresses of the Gentleman. You must imagine, this surprized every Body, and soon came to the fickle Widow's Ear: She, it seems, began to be very inquisitive, had sent for the Fellow that dug the Money up, and examined him. He afterwards came and inform'd us what pass'd between 'em. I was very much pleased to hear it; and we instructed him how he should behave to her. We order'd him to let her know, that we were to meet to settle our Matters at a neighbouring Tavern in the Town, and several People, along with the fortunate Squire.

When the Fellow came back from her, we took him into Examination again. As soon as I came before her (said the Fellow) she ask'd me, if I was the Man that had found the Money. Yes, Madam, said I. Well, and is it as much as the World reports? Really, I can't tell,

tell, forsooth, said I. There was sixteen great Pots, that would hold about a Gallon a-piece; and in one of 'em there was abundance of such Stuff as your Ladyship has about your Neck, forsooth, and in your Ears; I can't tell what they are good for, not I; but they say they are worth Twenty Thousand Pounds. Well but, said the Lady to him, do you know what was in the Pots? Why, in nine Pots, forsooth, said I, there was nothing but Pieces of old Gold; and the rest had all Silver in 'em. But I did say, Sir, I thought it was too good for you, for you gave me but Ten Pounds in old *Jacobus's* for my Honesty; for you know, Madam, said I, I could have secured a Pot or two for myself. But when I told her you were to meet at the Tavern, she gave me a Crown, and said she would give me another, if I could find means to bring her into the next Room to where you were. I am to bring her Word to-morrow, when you are all met, and she'll be ready to come with me.

Well, what say you now? said I, to the Gentleman; our Plot begins to thicken. Why indeed, he reply'd, I begin to conceive some Hopes of it. We gave the Fellow his Instructions; and I told him, I would make one of his Lyes a Truth, if we succeeded, and that should be the Ten Pounds. He gave us good Assurance, that he would not fail in his Part.

The next Day we met at the Place appointed, with Gentlemen that we had let into the Secret; and, among the rest, one to represent a Lawyer; for we did not much care to trust a real One, there is so little Honesty among 'em. The Fellow was to give Notice when the Widow was come, by shutting a Casement in the Room where she was to be; for it was an old-fashioned Window, and made Noise enough in the Shutting to be heard all over the House. We at last heard the Signal to begin our Farce. I had provided a great Number of old Writings and Papers, that if she should have the Curiosity to peep, she might perceive we had all our Implements. One of our Company told our Gentleman, the most that could be made of his Jewels, was Eighteen Thousand Five Hundred Pounds. Another cry'd, There's your Bills for the Forty Thousand Pounds from the Goldsmiths. And there's the Five Thousand Bank Notes; but, added he,

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the Tellers were surprized! they had not seen so many Pieces of old Gold in their Lives, neither would they accept 'em, but by Weight. It can't be help'd, cry'd our Gentleman, they will have a good Profit by it, for I suppose it will be all paid out to the full Currency.

Every body play'd their Parts to Admiration. And when our Business was over, we sat in to Drinking, with many Healths to the Gentleman, as Top of our Company. We had not been at it long, ere our Emiffary came in, who told us, Madam had got Intelligence enough, he believed; for after we were set in to Drinking, she presently retired, first giving me a Guinea, as a golden Key to lock up my Tongue; which I promised her faithfully to perform; and, Masters, you may perceive, I intend to keep my Word. We spent the rest of the Evening with good Wine (tho' at a Tavern) and the Hopes of succeeding in our Design.

The next Morning we found it began to work; for this Letter (pulling one out of his Pocket) came from the Widow to the Gentleman.

S I R,

I A M surprized I have neither seen or heard from you these three Months. I expected an Answer from a Letter I sent you out of a Joke, to see how you would resent a Refusal. But that Passion is not very strong, to be thrown down at a seeming Denial. I have something to say to you, which is not altogether so proper to commit to Writing; but if you'll take the Trouble to come our Way, I can inform you of a Person that would be glad to see you.

Yours to command, &c.

Why now, Friend, said I, she begins to nibble, and it's your own Fault if you don't catch her; I'll engage she takes the Bait, if you'll be but careful in playing her. Why, what would you have me to do, said the Gentleman? Do! said I; do as you should do; marry her, for you can't be sufficiently revenged without it. I can't do that, he reply'd, that will be too full-grown a Cheat; you must consider, that Station lasts for Life, and to have all my Hours imbittered with Upbraidings, would prove

prove a Hell upon Earth. Why, said I, the World will but laugh at the Trick ; I mean, those that know it ; and for those that don't know the Artifice we have used, they will have the better Regard for your Wife. Besides, when she finds the Imposition, her Understanding will make her quiet ; for my Part, I think it will be a fitting Punishment : Besides, I am assured she must have some Inclination for you, or she would not have accepted your first Addresses ; but that her Avarice proved too weighty for her Love. This ought to reconcile you to the Design. If you have any Regard for her, you'll soon find means to make all even ; and if you've none, your Conscience will not long trouble you. I'll assure you, if I thought there was the least Guilt, I would not have any Hand in it : Besides, in the long Run, she may not prove a Loser ; Fortune has fair Looks, as well as Frowns, and her Ill Humour may be worn out. The Consideration of that, said he, has wiped away all Scruples, and I'll venture thro' all Dangers. In short, he made his Visit, and in all his Discourse hinted, that the Report of finding so much Wealth was false ; and told her the Truth, in hopes not to be believed. To cut my Story short, he once more gained her Consent ; and this Evening they were marry'd. Now this is the great Business I have been about. What makes me smile, is, the Lady's mighty Inclination to live in the House where the Money was found, imagining there were more Mines of Wealth to be work'd out yet. To-morrow I intend to visit 'em, and let her know the whole Truth of the Matter, which I did not care to do till after Consummation. And now, continued my Uncle, I have let you into the Secret of my Mirth, tho' it is impossible to inform you of all the merry Circumstances. I wish, said I, Sir, your Punishment is not too severe for the poor Woman. I warrant you, said my Uncle, she'll soon forget her Resentment. A Blessing, you know, Billy, must always follow Wedlock. I wish it may, Sir, said I.

Our Discourse was interrupted by a loud Ringing at the Door. We all ran to the Window to see who it was in such Haste ; and saw a Person at the Door, with his Horse all in a Foam, enquiring for Squire *Bridgford*, which

which was the Name of the Gentleman who was marry'd that Evening. The Wedding being a Secret, my Uncle told him he would not be in Town till the Morning. He seem'd very uneasy; which my Uncle perceiving, began to enquire into his Concern. Sir, said the Man, I bring him welcome News, and the sooner he knows it, the sooner I shall be easy. He was invited in, and his Horse taken care of. The Person told my Uncle, he had brought the Squire News of above Forty Thousand Pounds. That's News indeed! reply'd my Uncle, and welcome, if it be true. It's true, by G—d! said the Person, being a blunt Sailor; for I am an Eye-Witness of it. After the Man was refreshed, he told my Uncle, that one of his Ships had made her Escape from Pirates. We were all taken, said the Tar, near the Coast of *Malabar*, by *French* Pirates, who us'd those Men that refused to make Part of their Crew, vilely, some they cut their Noses off, some their Ears, &c. which the major Part considering, resolv'd to seem to comply, till a fitter Opportunity should offer, to get out of their Clutches. I understanding a little *French*, was their Spokesman; I told 'em, we did not comply out of the Fear of Punishment, but that it was what we all chose. Many of us had, a long time before, Thoughts of running away with the Ship. They received us very kindly, gave us good Usage, and those that did not come into their Measures, were not only tortured, as I said before, but put under Confinement in Fetters. We took an Opportunity to inform the poor Wretches of our Intention, which mad 'em repent they had not thought of the same Method: Most of 'em, hoping for better Usage, begg'd to be admitted; but the wily *Frenchman* utterly deny'd 'em, well knowing they would not be true Pirates.

They carry'd all their Prizes to their Rendezvous, into a Bay upon the Island of *Madagascar*, where we had the Liberty to go on Shore, and consort among their Hellish Crew. We fitted out again, and took several *Chinese* *Joncks*, richly laden, and in every Engagement behaved so well, that the Captain of the Pirates set very much by us. When we came back to our Rendezvous, there was some Disturbance among 'em, concerning some former Shares; but we thought it was all hush'd.

They

They had loaded one of the largest Ships that was taken from us, with Goods out of the other Two, in order to go and trade with the *Dutch* at *Batavia*; and one Night, Seventy of the discontented Party got in her, cut some that were on Board in Pieces, slip'd their Anchors, and stole away in the Night. The next Morning, the Captain was out of his Wits, and the rest of the Men were as mad as himself. But, in short, the whole Fleet, which consisted of four stout Ships, were sent after 'em different Ways.

We steer'd *N. N. W.* three Days, and on the fourth discovered a Sail; we crouded all we could to come up with her, and soon perceived 'twas She we wanted. While they were busied in getting ready to engage, I stole down into the Powder-Room, which I had the Care of, opened all the Barrels, and poured Water into most of 'em, and with the rest I mixed some of the Ballast of the Ship.

When we came up with 'em, a desperate Fight ensued, as long as the good Powder lasted; then I ran up to the Captain, called him into the Cabbin, where I told him, in a seeming Confusion, I was certain some of the Men were in the Interest of the other Ship. I then informed him what was done to the Powder. The Captain ask'd me, What was to be done? Board 'em, Sir, said I, and fight 'em Sword in Hand. What shall I do? said he. There's no trusting our own Men. Why, said I, there's sixty *English* of us; I'll engage we shall soon overcome 'em. I would have you, reply'd the Captain, inform 'em of it, and tell them they shall be well rewarded.

We bore off a little, while we were consulting, for we could overtake the other Ship when we would, because she was heavy laden. I acquainted all my Ship-Mates with the Resolution I had taken, and they, one and all, came into it. When we had consulted proper Measures, we bore after 'em again. I informed the Captain, when we had overcome the other Ship, I would put him in a Way to find out the Knaves that had play'd him that Trick. He thank'd me, and away we went to work. We boarded her upon the Starbord-Quarter, entered her Pellmell, and soon cut to Pieces those that made Resistance, with the Loss of Seven *Frenchmen*; and One *Englistman*;

Englisbman; for we had Fifteen *French* to assist us. Six and Twenty of our Opposers called for *Quarter*, but it was not granted, before the inveterate *Frenshmen* had knock'd in the Head Nine of 'em. Five more were so wounded, it was thought they could not live, which still answered my Purpose. The others were clap'd under Hatches, and a Guard put over them.

The next Day, the Captain put me in mind of my Promise, to find out the Guilty. Sir, said I, call all the Men upon the Quarter-Deck; all I put on the Larboard-Side, order to be seized, and clap'd under Hatches; you may tax 'em with their Crime when they are secured; tho' they deny it, I'll prove what I say upon every one of 'em before Night. My Advice was followed; the Men were called up, to the Number of Sixty Eight, Forty One I placed on the Larboard-Side, of those Men that were out of the Captain's Sight during the Engagement, tho' doing their Duty. The other Twenty Seven were on the Starboard. The Men on both Sides, could not imagine the Meaning of this Division. All the *Englisbmen* were upon the main Deck; and, by some Means or other, according to my Directions, had their Arms about 'em; those that could not conceal 'em, made as if they were cleaning 'em. The Captain told those on the Larboard-Side, they were suspected to be in the Confederacy with the Runaways, therefore, he would not have 'em take it ill, if they were confined till their Guilt, or Innocence, were made to appear.

They were all amazed at the Captain's Speech, which he took for the Signs of Guilt. Some were refractory; but at last, they consented to be confined, well knowing their Innocence. They were put under Hatches accordingly. As they were going down, the Captain said, the Innocent shall be rewarded. When they were below, a Guard was set upon 'em, and I had taken care to have all their Arms secured.

The Captain then told the Starboard-Side Men the whole Story, and that it was by my Advice and Conduct the Ship was taken, &c. The Men were surprized, to be sure. It was pleasant to hear their Discourse; they found 'em Guilty: I always thought there was something
in

in the Wind, in such a Mefs, fays one; fays another, I even heard fomething of their Defigu laft Night, but as I was not fure, I did not care to fpeak on't; nay, fays another, I believe *Jagues* fuch-a-one had a great mind to corrupt me, for he followed me every where Yefterday, and only wanted an Opportunity of breaking his Mind to me. In fhort, moft of 'em had fomething to fay, and all to prove 'em guilty. It was Matter fufficient for our Mirth afterwards, but I was a little too much concerned to laugh then.

The remaining *Frenchmen* were got into Cabals by Fives and Sixes all over the Deck? and our *Englifhmen* were impatiently expecting the Word of Command to feize 'em.

When we had proceeded thus far, I told the Captain, if he would pleafe to go into the great Cabbın, I would convince him how he fhould prove 'em. When we two were there by ourfelves, I took a Piftol out of my Pocket, and told him, I was the Man that had damaged his Powder, in order to bring that to pafs, which was happily effected. I let him know, I had gone too far not to take his Life, if he refifted, or call'd out; and informed him, it would fignify nothing if he did, for I had two Signals to my Countrymen, one to feize his Men, and do 'em no further Hurt, and the other to kill 'em all immediately. And I farther added, Not one of 'em fhould fuffer, if they would be quiet; and that we only contrived this Stratagem to gain our Liberty.

The Captain thank'd me, and told me he could not blame me for what I had done; but wonder'd at himfelf that he fhould be impofed upon in fuch-a manner. He fubmitted himfelf to be ty'd very patiently.

When I had done, I went upon the Deck, and gave the Word, *Now*, which was to feize 'em only; the other was, *Now do your Work*; tho' I did not intend to ufe thofe Words, except I had found Refiftance. Upon the Word, the *Frenchmen* were all feized. It's impoffible to tell their Aftonifhment; but their Surprize was heighten'd, when I brought out their Captain bound, who foon let 'em into the whole Matter. They were all ftruck dumb for fome time, and then fell a gabbling out their *Mort de ma vie*, like fo many disturb'd Geefe. But tho' their Tongues were at Liberty, we did 'em the Favour

Favour to bind 'em all by the Hands. Some of our Men whom the others had released (those, I mean, that were ill used for not consenting to turn Pirates, who, by good Fortune, were all in our Ship, tho' in the *Frenchmen's* Reign, did all the servile Offices of the Vessel) were for cutting to Pieces those that were instrumental in their ill Usage; but as they gave me the Command, I ordered, not one should be touch'd, which the *Frenchmen* thank'd me for.

The One and Forty below soon found what we were at, and we as soon prevailed upon 'em to be ty'd to their good Behaviour. When we had secured 'em all in the Steerage and Great Cabbin, and ordered Centries, with a great Gun charged with Musquet-Ball to fire in upon 'em, if they seemed to make any Resistance, we went on Board our Prize, and took care of the other ten *Frenchmen* that were set on as a Guard to the Thieves, as the rest called 'em, as if they were none. We carry'd 'em all on Board. When every thing was quiet, we directed our Course for *England*; and in two Days more, we took every thing out of the Pirate that would be useful to us in our Voyage, leaving 'em a Month's Provision. We secured all their Arms and Ammunition, and cut some of their Rigging, leaving 'em only a Foresail, with a Main Top-sail, to prevent their getting into Harbour too soon for us, and cause us to be pursued.

Thus every thing being order'd, as we hoped, for the best, we *Englishmen* went on Board our own Ship, and left them to steer their Course back to *Pirates Harbour*, as we call'd it. We continued our Voyage to *England*, where we happily arrived, meeting nothing to molest us all the way.

We were mightily pleased with his *Narrative*, and highly commended his Undertaking and Resolution. Said my Uncle, Mr. *Bridgford* is obliged to you for his good Fortune; and I doubt not but he will reward you accordingly. He told us, he was a Relation of Mr. *Bridgford's*, and Mate of the Ship, the Captain dying when he was in the *Pirates* Hands; and all he desired was, only to make his Promise good to the Sailors, which was, to allow 'em double Wages for the whole Voyage. My Uncle told him, he would assure him

of that. After a little Conversation and Repast, the *Messenger* was sent to Rest, for he had come sixty Miles that day upon one Horse.

When he was gone, we could not but admire at his Conduct in the Affair, and the Providence of God to Mr. *Bridgford*. This good Fortune, said my Uncle, will be a great Means of bringing on a Reconcilement. Now you see, Sir, said I, there is a Blessing attends the Marriage-State. Yes, said my Uncle, but nothing to provoke me to enter into the Noose. It must bring some Cares along with it, be the Comforts ever so many. I fancy, Sir, said I, there's Cares attend your present Way of Living. It may be so, said my Uncle, but none that I am ty'd to bear.

I finding a fit Opportunity, thought it a proper Time to inform him of what I had heard in the *Library*; but conjured him not to take any Notice of it, 'till we could find an Occasion of his being an Ear-Witness. Well then, said my Uncle, I'll take your Advice, and let it rest 'till after my Friend *Bridgford's* Affair is over, and then we'll contrive some Way or other to catch 'em in their own Snares.

The next Morning, my Uncle took me along with him, to wait upon the new-married Couple, and the *Sailor* with us. We gave him Instructions to wait till we call'd for him. When we came to the Lady's House, we were usher'd up into the Bed-Chamber, where we found the Bride in Tears; for tho' it was agreed not to open the Affair till my Uncle came, yet the Husband could not be easy till he had told her all. She took it very heinously at first; but weighing every thing well, she had only Recourse to her Tears, which she wiped away as soon as she perceived us.

Come, Sir, said she to my Uncle, I can now forgive your *Plot* upon me; tho' I must own, the Disappointment caused me much Uneasiness; yet I find what is appointed by Heaven, must be; I am satisfy'd we have enough, and I begin already to loath my former Temper. Why now, Madam, said my Uncle, you strike a true Harmony, and, to indulge it, I have brought you a Present; one must never come empty-handed to a new-married Pair. *Billy*, continued my Uncle,

Uncle, call in the Man. When he came in, Mr. *Bridgford* was surprized: Cousin *Brooks*! said he, I am very much pleased to see you; and this is a very acceptable Present, for I thought you in the Hands of *Pirates*. Pray how got you from them? Why, to bring home to you the good Ship *Elizabeth*, reply'd Mr. *Brooks*. We then let him into the whole Story, and he bore his *Joy*, as he did his *Grief*, with a Serenity of Temper he was (as my Uncle said) always Master of. I am pleased with this Present from Fortune, Madam, said he, only that it may be a Means to make you forget some Part of your Loss in your Chimerical One. She made him a suitable Reply, and all past Actions were soon forgot.

Mr. *Bridgford* gave his Cousin *Brooks* a Ring off his Finger, with a Promise of a Thousand Pounds, and to make him *Captain* of the Ship he had so worthily saved. But, my Dear, said the Lady, you give the Gentleman a Present, which I suppose he is not to dispose of, but never consider he has been in the Hands of *Pirates*, and perhaps all his Ready-Money's gone; and, added she, smiling, you have not received the Money for your Jewels yet, therefore I must do something for you; with that she went out, and immediately return'd with a hundred Guineas, which she gave to Mr. *Brooks*; there, Sir, said she, that's something better than Promises; however, it's only as Earnest, my Husband shall keep his Word.

We finding her in so good a Humour, took our Leaves: She much intreated us to stay Dinner, but my Uncle told her, her Husband's old Sweetheart was to dine with him, who long'd to hear how Matters went. What, more Confederates! return'd the Lady; but I forgive all, and thank you for tricking me into my Happiness.

As we were going home, my Uncle told me he was very well pleased he had been instrumental in converting *one* Woman; but I had almost forgot, that I have one at home out of the Pale of Salvation: Yet I shall not take any Pains in her Conversion, if it is as you say (which I believe) continued my Uncle; I shall turn her, and her Cub, to Grass, tho' with a moderate Maintenance, yet much more than they deserve. But we'll

let all Thoughts of that Affair sleep awhile, for the Ladies will be here by and by, and I have never any thing that looks like Discontent when we are together.

I found a secret Pleasure in the Hopes I had of seeing the amiable *Isabella*; but then, intruding Fears would creep in to disturb my Thoughts. I imagined I should be slighted, or perhaps she might disclose my Passion to her Mother, or Aunt, and then all my Hopes would be intirely lost; for I had not any Notion they would, either of 'em, consent to my Desires. The Time was spent between Hopes and Fears, 'till the Arrival of the Ladies. When they came in, any one might have perceived my Passion by my Countenance; but they were so much taken up with their Discourse about Mr. *Bridford's* Affairs, they had not the Leisure to mind any thing else. My Concern was redoubled at the little Notice *Isabella* took of me, and her entering so readily into the Conversation, without so much as vouchsafing me a single Look, almost distracted me; so that I took a proper Opportunity to retire, to conceal my Confusion. I went into the Garden to indulge my Melancholy: Finding so many Reasons to increase it, that had almost distracted me, I was so lost in Thought, that I did not consider how the Time went away; and 'tis possible I might have remain'd in my Musing till Night, if a Servant had not told me Dinner was served.

I was in some Confusion, to think what Excuse I should make for my long Absence. When I came into the Dining-Room, my Uncle ask'd me where I had been so long. I told him, I found them so very deeply engaged in their Story, that, as I knew my Company would not contribute any thing to the Conversation, I chose to take a Walk in the Garden, and my Imagination wandering, I had lost myself for some time. I was very much rally'd for my Speech, by every body. I thought, said the Aunt, the Company of *Isabella* would have had sufficient Strength to have held you here. I suppose, return'd *Isabella*, the young Gentleman has been so well tutor'd by his Uncle, that he is beginning to put his Advice in Practice. by shunning the Women. I told her, whatever Advice I follow'd of my Uncle's, I was assured neither his Inclination, or mine, would debar

debar me of the Satisfaction of their Conversation; whatever I suffer'd in Person, or Censure. I continued my Excuse, by telling 'em, the Story was not new to me, and I thought it would be some time before they would have Leisure to enter upon any other Subject. Whatever I had to say in my Justification, had not stop't their Mouths, if Dinner had not. While it lasted, I narrowly observed *Isabella*, but could not get one Look from her. I had but little Stomach, as those in my Circumstances may easily imagine, tho' none made any Observation upon it. When Dinner was over, we all walk'd in the Garden, and my endeavours to single out *Isabella* proved fruitless, which much increased my Agony of Mind.

In the Afternoon, Mr. *Bridgford*, his new Wife, and Mr. *Brooks* the Sailor, came to visit my Uncle. Tho', said Mr. *Bridgford*, it is not usual for new-marry'd People, the Day after their Wedding, to make Visits, yet my Wife and I thought it partly our Duty to wait upon this good Company, to take our Leaves of 'em; for, continued he, tho' a Week past I was no Man of Business, yet now I find I have Work enough on my Hands, not to mention my Matrimonial Affair. I am obliged to leave you for Twenty Days. The Smiles of Fortune must be regarded, or she may change her Countenance. I have experienced it, therefore am resolved to keep up her Good-Humour, if it lies in my Power. I must own, the Sorrows that touch me at present, are raised from what I feel in parting (tho' but for a short Time) with such Company as will always be very dear to me. Many Compliments pass'd between the Parties, but they were ended by taking Leave, for Mr. *Bridgford* set out for London from my Uncle's, with his Spouse, and his Kinsman the Sailor, who found it necessary for his immediate Presence. After the usual Compliment of Tea, the Ladies were resolved to go Fish; it seems it was their common Recreation; and accordingly, their Implements were carry'd to the River, no farther than the Bottom of my Uncle's Garden. I was resolved to be only a Looker-on, as not being compos'd enough to follow the Pastime; and perhaps I might have run the Hooks into my Fingers, instead of

the Baits. Every one had tolerable good Sport, but *Isabella*, and her ill Luck made her fret much. *Billy*, said my Uncle, this is a Diversion you delight in. You know the Fishes retiring Holes; pray see if you can help the young Lady to a little better Fortune. I told my Uncle, I would contribute all I could to *Isabella's* Entertainment, with a very good Inclination. Come, Madam, said I, if you will be pleased to walk a little farther, we'll see if Change of Place may not change your Luck. She made me no Answer, but with a condescending Nod, follow'd me. I took care to take her out of the Sight and Hearing of the rest of the Company. I then look'd a little carefully after her Bait and Tackle, and she caught a Fish presently.

Well, said she, I find my Luck is changed; but yet I am but half reconciled to the barbarous Diversion; it does not suit with the tender Sentiments of our Sex, to rob any thing of Life; neither can I see the Death of a poor *Partridge*, or the most diminutive Bird, without a secret Tenderness and Sorrow for its being robb'd of Life, which it is not in our Power to restore again. But yet, Madam, said I, with all this Tenderness of Soul, you can see a poor suffering Wretch in all the Agonies of Despair, without thinking once of Pity. I am sorry, reply'd *Isabella*, you should tax me with a Crime I most abhor; but, as I am innocent, it does not give me much Uneasiness. Madam, I reply'd, I speak of Proof; I am the poor suffering Wretch, wounded by your resistless Charms, which you know very well, and you'll neither give me Death, nor Ease. Why indeed, young Gentleman, return'd *Isabella*, this Playing at Lovers is what we now should leave off. We are too young to act in Reality, and too old to act in Jest. I'll allow, your Understanding runs something before your Years; but, to tell you ingeniously, if it were otherwise, I don't think for myself, I have a Mother and Aunt, who have the Privilege to think for me, and they so worthily deserve those Characters, I hope I shall never have a Thought against their Inclination. I reply'd, it was my Desire she never should, I only wish'd she would have a favourable Regard for me, and give me the smallest Grounds to hope I was not hateful to her.

her. She reply'd, *Hate* was not in her Nature; and that she could say no more, than that she esteem'd me equally with all Mankind, and enough to be concern'd at any ill Accident that should happen to me.

I was so transported at this faint Glimpse of Hope she gave me, that my Tongue broke out in extravagant Expressions of Thanks. Hold, Sir, said she, you'll disturb the Fish, and spoil the Diversion I expect; beside, my Mother and Aunt will hear you, and I have kept your former Confession from them, according to your Desire; but will not promise Secrecy for the Future, it is a great Task for one of my Years. I had not time to make her a Reply, for the rest of the Company had near joined us, to know whether *Isabella's* Luck was changed or no. Turly, said she, I have no Reason to complain, I have caught two, with the Assistance of this young Gentleman; and had like to have caught another, but, for want of Experience, had let him go again. Ay, but *Billy*, said my Uncle, can teach you how to play a Fish up and down the Stream, when once you have it fast, and be in no Danger of losing it. You must manage a *Fish*, as you will hereafter do *Hearts*; tho', I must own, if handsome Women are mere Fools (which is not *Isabella's* Case) they soon learn that. We don't allow you to be a Judge, reply'd *Isabella*, your Heart has been Eye-proof all your Life; or else you have concealed that Part of it from us. Why, reply'd my Uncle, if I have never loved, I might have had Attempts made upon me, enough to find out the Cunning of the Sex; as your Aunt, I suppose, may answer for ours. I don't desire to have the Question begg'd, reply'd the Aunt; but this I am sure of, there's no knowing whether a Man courts the Purse, or the Person. For my Part, return'd my Uncle, I think a Woman, without a Purse, is but a despicable Creature. I wish we could find out some other Discourse, returned the Widow; I think, when we meet, we can never talk upon any other Subject, and, because we despise it, I think it the best way quite to forget it.

While this Discourse lasted, I observed *Isabella* more thoughtful than usual, and I could not help secretly hoping, I might have some Concern in her Musing. Yet I was very uneasy I could not get an Opportunity to speak

speak to her the whole Evening. As we were taking Leave, my Uncle promised to Dine with 'em the third Day following, and the Thought gave me some Consolation.

When the Company was gone, my Uncle and I walk'd in the Garden again. Well, said he, I must own the Thoughts of the Perfidy of this ungrateful Woman do not sit so easy upon me, as I could have wish'd; in spite of all my Fortitude, it stole in upon the Pleasure of the Day, and sour'd my Satisfaction. But, continued he, I am resolv'd to have an End put to every thing on that Account, to-morrow, if it's possible; but I am a little at a *Nonplus* about it; it would vex me, if we could not bring it about, for Doubt is a very uneasy Companion. Sir, said I, you have a back Way up to your Study, and I believe it will be no great Difficulty to steal in unobserved of any body. You must give it out to-night, that you will be abroad to-morrow, all the Morning, and I must wait on you. That shall be done at Supper, said my Uncle. 'Till that Time came, my distracted Thoughts were roving on the dear *Isabella*, and Hope and Fear, by turns, possess'd my Soul. Young as I was, I perceived Death would be more welcome to me, than her Disdain. At Supper, my Uncle told me we should rise betimes to go a Hunting, with some Gentlemen that he named; and, added he, I design to take my Leave of that Diversion, for some time, having some Business will keep me at home for a few Days. I observed the Countenance of the Housekeeper, and thought I saw her shut up in her Brain some secret Intention. When she was gone from Table, my Uncle said, he did not know how to order it, for it's possible she may go to this Rogue of a Lawyer, and consult there; and then our Project will come to nothing. We must trust to that, Sir, said I; we shall soon find it out, and if it proves so, we must wait till some fitter Opportunity. Well, said my Uncle, we shall see how it proves to-morrow. But, *Billy*, I'd have you go up into the Study, unbolt the Door that leads to the Back-Stairs, lock it only, then bring me the Key.

As I was coming from doing what he ordered me, I took Notice the Housekeeper was busy in Talk with her

Son.

Son. Immediately after, the Boy took his Hat, and went out. I told my Uncle what I had seen. We both imagin'd the Boy was gone to give Notice of our going abroad the next Day, for Mr. — the Lawyer, lived but a little way from my Uncle's. Why, said my Uncle, after all, Suspicion strengthens our Imagination, and every Action of a suspected Person alarms us; I wish I could be sure he is gone there. That you shall presently, Sir, said I. Upon saying that, I immediately followed him, and walking a good round Pace, got Sight of him just as he rung at the Door. I got time enough at the back-side of the Porch, unobserved, just as the Door was opened. The Boy ask'd for Mr. — who came out to him presently. As soon as he saw him, I understood he was very fond of him, and called him his *Dear Boy*. Sir, said the Boy, my Mother gives her Service to you, and sent me to tell you, that the Squire goes out to-morrow to Hunt, 'till Dinner time, and will expect you by Ten in the Morning. My Love, said he, I'll be sure to come; I won't ask you to stay now, because I have some Company with me. So away went the Boy, whistling home; and I followed, a more slow Pace than I went out.

When I came to my Uncle, I inform'd him all I had heard. Well, said he, I find it will come to the Catastrophe to-morrow. I'll go to Bed, and think over my Part. So we parted. And I am apt to believe, both our Pillows were uneasy enough. Tho' my Passion kept me long awake, yet I could not chuse having some Concern at what would happen on the Morrow. When we rose in the Morning, we both mounted, with a Servant; and after riding about a Quarter of a Mile, my Uncle (as we had concerted) told me he had no very great Gout to the Sport, therefore would e'en go back again. But you, said he to me, and *Tom* (meaning the Man) may go, if you please. No, Sir, said I, I don't care for going without you. So we turned our Horses Heads homewards; and as we were going slowly along, my Uncle ordered the Man to take all the three Horses to Town (about two Miles from my Uncle's) and bespeak new Saddles. So we alighted, walk'd over the Park, and got into the Library, unperceived of any. When we were

in,

in, we bolted the Door on the Inside, and each of us took a Book in our Hands, to pass away the Time till the Play was to begin, for it was not proper to talk to each other; but yet, I believe, we neither of us well knew what we were reading.

The private Door we came in at, was contrived by my Uncle, that he might more conveniently make Madam a Visit, unobserved by the Family, when his Concerns called him, and the Door of her Apartment join'd to it, upon the Head of the Stairs, which we soon heard open; the Lawyer enter'd alone, where he staid some time, and diverted himself with humming a Song. At last, the Lady came to him, who informed him, she could not come sooner, being she was obliged to see the Coast a little clear.

We soon found, by the Lawyer's Discourse, he had some Inclination to be merry, before they talk'd of their Affairs. Come, come, said Madam, let's mind Business first; we shall have time enough to divert ourselves, I'll warrant you. Ay, but, reply'd the Lawyer, 'tis better to be caught in Conversation, than the other Affair; therefore let's make an End of that first. And we soon found, he was resolved not to be deny'd.

During this Business, 'twas pleasant to see my Uncle's Countenance, which was compos'd of half a Smile, about one fourth Part Shame (as I suppose, to have me a sort of an Auditor in this unlook'd-for dumb Work,) and the other Fourth, Anger. I believe such a Face could not be compounded out of *Le Brun's Passions*. When their loving Affair was over, Consultation came on.

Well, said the Lady, what's to be done? I have Reason to fear every thing; for I find this Boy grows upon him every Day. To tell you the Truth, reply'd the Lawyer, I'm at a Fault, and have lost the Scent, and know not how to proceed. I know you Women are more fruitful in Inventions of this kind. Indeed, if the Squire's Head were once laid, I could find an Expedient to secure the best Part of the Estate, without Danger, or finding out. 'Tis not the first time I have disinherited the True Heir without the Consent of the Predecessor, even for a small Sum; and you may be sure I should use my utmost Skill for *Thomas*, who is our own Child; tho'

the

the Squire, I believe, imagines himself sole Proprietor in *You* and *Him*. It's a very perplexing thing, I vow! reply'd the Housekeeper; I wish both their Necks broke to-day in Hunting, with all my Heart! Ay, that would do, reply'd the Lawyer. I'd find a Will by to-morrow Night (like *Mosca's* in the *Fox*) should disapoint every body else, without coming near his Punishment. Well, I hope it's no Crime, returned the Housekeeper to wish 'em both in Heaven; nay, if I lent a helping Hand to fit 'em for their Journey, I believe my Conscience would be as drowsy, as if it had sip'd off a Dose of *Laudanum*. Oh fy! returned the Lawyer; let us not think of Murder, however; tho', if we were in *Italy*, I could soon procure a Tradesman or two that deal that way, would do the Work neatly, and very cheap too. But let us not think of that any farther, than in our good Wishes. And now let me hear what you can propose. What Ready-money does he generally keep at home? (Not that I purpose to rob him, I have a better Principle.) Or what *Bank* or *Goldsmiths* Notes has he at a time. I don't know, reply'd the Housekeeper, he keeps himself very close as to those Matters, and I seldom see any of his Money, but his paltry Hundred a Year that he allows me, and what I can snip out of Housekeeping, cutting off Tradesmen's Bills, and so forth, which does not amount to above Fifty more.

Come, come, returned the Lawyer, that's good Pay only for rubbing a Man's Head that's turn'd of *Fifty*; he does not give you much Trouble, I believe. I wonder how you would conceal your Joy, to see that Head we speak of dangling over the Horse's Tail, brought home as *Crook-back'd Richard's* was, with his Neck broke. That would be a joyful Sight indeed, return'd the virtuous Housekeeper. My Uncle could bear no more, but rush'd in upon them, just as she had ended. But since I have saved my Neck hitherto, returned my Uncle, I am resolv'd to hunt less, that I may not cause such an Alteration in your Minds, for those violent Emotions of the Soul often endanger the Body.

Perseus's Shield could not have a greater Effect on those that saw it, than the Presence of my Uncle had upon these two Wretches, for they both stood like Sta-

tues;

tues ; but my Uncle put a little Life into the Lawyer with his Cane ; yet not being fully revived, he ran round the Room several times, before he could find the Door. At every Stroke of Acknowledgment my Uncle gave him for the Favours designed him, he expostulated with him ; and to end his Favours, kick'd him down Stairs, telling him, he would not take any other Revenge, because, indeed, he did not think it worth while ; but bid him go like a Villain as he was, and let his Crime be his Punishment. But if he offered to make any Words in the Affair, he would find some other Method, besides exposing him, to have him punished.

The Lawyer made no Reply, and, I believe, thought himself very well off. Neither was their much Fear of his Tattling, because it would only expose himself. Now came the Lady's Share of the Matter, who stood quaking and trembling in a Corner of the Room. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd, said my Uncle, with your utmost Expedition, to pack up your Trumpery, and walk off? All the ill Usage you may expect from me, is to forget you ; tho' I think no Punishment bad enough for you. Neither shall I leave you, or your Brat, to starve (who indeed is innocent) but allow him the Hundred Pounds a Year for his Life, that he may not suffer for the Faults of his Parents. Go, continued my Uncle ; let me have no Reply ; take what you can with you, and send for the rest when you think fit. She went down Stairs, followed by my Uncle ; and when she had taken a few Things, went out, without opening her Mouth ; but whether Grief, or Anger, ty'd her Tongue, I can't tell. When she was gone, my Uncle ordered all her Things to be put together, ready against they were sent for, to the great Surprize of the rest of the Servants.

After Dinner, my Uncle took me with him to Town, to a Lawyer of his Acquaintance, and ordered him to fill up a Deed, that made his Estate liable to a Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, to be paid during the Life of the Housekeeper's Son, tho' not quite Fourteen. I was made one of the Witnesses. The next Morning, my Uncle ordered it to be sent to his Mother, for her to be satisfy'd ; but the Lawyer that made it, was to be the Trustee, whose Honesty and Probity were as great as the
other's

other's Villiany. We then set out for the Widow's House ; and my Uncle told me in the Coach, he was resolved to be merry, notwithstanding this Bustle that happened : And young Man, said he, *You have sufficient Cause for Mirth at what has fallen out, for your Estate will be increased ; for if I had made my Will before, or not have found 'em out, I should have left 'em more considerable.*

When we came to the Widow's, my Uncle told 'em the whole Story, and they all seemed mightily pleas'd upon my Account ; for they imagin'd the Son of the Housekeeper was to have been Heir. Yet I fancy'd *Isabella's* Countenance seemed the least concerned, which struck me to the Soul. After Dinner, I got the happy Opportunity of being alone with her, tho' I imagin'd it was with much Regret on her Side. Madam, said I, my Uncle's expected Fortune does not give me half that Satisfaction, as this Opportunity, if you would be pleased to consider my Passion. I have considered it so far, Sir, return'd *Isabella*, that I desire we may think of it no more. The Answer she gave, struck me dumb with Grief ; and it was some time before my troubled Heart permitted my Tongue to speak. Well, Madam, then, said I, you have resolved my Death. I own, even the Hopes of Fortune do not give me Merit enough to raise my Eyes to such a Pitch of Happiness. But Time, that produces very strange things, may befriend me in That. I have told you, Sir, returned the young Lady, our Years are too few to admit of Love ; but whenever I shall feel the gentle Flame, I have very good Reasons to believe, I shall not much consult Fortune ; I am convinced that Money-Matches are not always the happiest ; yet the first thing ask'd in this Age is, *What Fortune has she ?* If that answers their Expectations, then they proceed ; if not, they look out farther, and barter for a Wife, as they would for a Set of Coach-Horses.

In all our Discourse, I had some Hope, because I could not find any Grounds for hating me ; neither could I prevail upon her to declare any thing in favour of me. Her general Answer was her Want of Years ; yet she told me, she had Discretion enough to conceal my Passion for her ; and she would often say her Reason was, that if a Person could not have an Inclination for a

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Lover,

Lover, yet they ought to have some Regard for 'em. I was pressing her to give me some Token that I was not indifferent to her, when my Uncle came in and interrupted us. It was, I own, the first time I ever thought his Company a Trouble. Come, young Man, said he, you'll be suspected, you have been together a long time. The Mother and Aunt sent me to part you. Besides, yonder's Matter for the young Lady's Tears, the Burial of two Lovers. We all went into the Garden. and saw two Coffins bearing to the Church. We were told, the young Man had lived in the Neighbourhood, and courting a young Woman of the next Parish, her Father had prevailed upon her to marry another of a better Estate, which occasion'd the young Man's Death, for the Morning of the Marriage was the last of his Life, making the River his Winding-Sheet. The Bride and Bridegroom coming from Church, were stop'd by his Corpse lying in their Way; the melancholy Object had such an Effect upon the Bride, that she fell down speechless on the Body, and in a few Days expired with Grief. And her last Request was, to be bury'd together.

The Story made us all very melancholy, and *Isabella* could not forbear shedding Tears at the Relation; but we rally'd one another out of our Sorrow. Methinks, said the Mother, this Story would make a very good tender Ballad. You need not fear the Ballad, reply'd the Aunt, by some *Grub-street* Bard or other. Why, said my Uncle, can't you make a Ballad, *Billy*? I have seen some of your Translations from *Ovid's Elegies*, and such a dismal Subject, in my Imagination, will fit your Muse to a Hair. *Isabella* seemed mighty fond of such a Thing; tho' I declin'd it, as having never drank of the Streams of *Helicon*. But when we came home, I sat down, and launch'd out, tho' I did not understand how to steer my Muse. But the Hopes of pleasing *Isabella*, made me embark; and the next Day, I sent her the following Letter, by a Servant of my Uncle's, with a Charge to deliver it into her own Hands.

MADAM,

IN the pleasing Hope of giving you some small Satisfaction,
I have ventured to walk out into the Field of Poetry:
And

And tho', perhaps, I have gathered Weeds, yet you must consider, it is for want of Knowledge in the amiable Flowers. But I had rather err in endeavouring to please you, than not to obey your Commands. I beg you will not expose 'em, I know you have Good-Nature enough not to let any one else laugh at my want of Numbers. Consider, all the Faculties of my Soul are yours; and I fear poor Damon's Fate will be mine; for I am assured I neither could, or would, survive his Fortune. But I too much doubt, if it comes to that, I shall never, after Death, meet with the same Pity as the unfortunate Damon. I fear what I have already writ has disgusted you; but, consider it comes from one, that shall ever esteem it his only Happiness to subscribe himself,

Your eternal Admirer, &c.

T H E
B A L L A D.

I.

DAMON, whose tuneful Pipe had Charms,
To wound and heal the wond'ring Throats;
Long courted CÆLIA to his Arms,
'Twas CÆLIA that inspired his Song.

II.

The lovely Virgin joys to bear
His thrilling Pipe, and humble Verse;
Yet frowns, when Sighs his Pains declare,
Regardless of his Happiness.

III.

A sullen Swain, whose Wealth was great,
By Force of Gold, her Parent gains:
Poor DAMON, he bewails his Fate,
In sighing melancholy Strains.

H 2.

IV. And

IV.

*And thus complains — Accursed Gold!
 Thou base Betrayer of my Love!
 Mean are the Hearts are bought, or sold;
 'Tis Int'rest does the Fair One move.*

V.

*The Nuptial Day was fixt, and near,
 Which added to poor DAMON's Smart,
 Who every Moment dropt a Tear,
 The Prelude to a broken Heart.*

VI.

*The dusky Morn came low'ring on,
 When all for Church prepare to go;
 The sable Clouds obscured the Sun,
 As loth to see the Lover's Woe.*

VII.

*The jocund Bridegroom, swell'd with Joy,
 Ey'd CÆLIA, as he pass'd along,
 Exulting o'er the lovesick Boy,
 Who faintly press'd among the Throng.*

VIII.

*With wat'ry Eyes he view'd the Bride,
 Who, seeing DAMON, sigh'd aloud!
 And trembling by the Bridegroom's Side,
 The Wonder of the gazing Crowd.*

IX.

*Some pity'd DAMON; others rail:
 Such Wretches are no Friends to Love;
 On such the God will ne'er prevail,
 To sigh within the Paphian Grove.*

X.

*Poor Slaves to low and base Desires,
'Tis Love that new-creates the Mind!
Without his pleasing, gentle Fires,
We're sordid Metal, unrefined.*

XI.

*DAMON, depress'd with mortal Grief,
Walks slowly by the River's Side;
By Hope forsaken! No Relief!
And all his Thoughts were on the Bride.*

XII.

*The murmur'ing Streams! the Shepherd cry'd,
Who oft have heard my plaintive Voice,
Convey my Body to the Bride,
And shew that Death is now my Choice.*

XIII.

*Fond Love, farewell! Adieu, vain Dream!
Farewel to ev'ry Grief and Pain;
Thus said, he plunged amid the Stream,
And ne'er rose up to Life again.*

XIV.

*The rapid Torrent rolls him down,
Deprived, alas! of breathing Life,
Regardless now of CÆLIA's Frown,
Who now returns, a Virgin Wife.*

XV.

*The Stream, repenting of the Deed,
Threw DAMON's Corpse upon the Grass,
Scarce cold (from Worldly Troubles freed)
Where CÆLIA, and her Train, must pass.*

XVI.

*But when she view'd the well-known Face,
And knew each pale, dead Feature there,
She cry'd, poor DAMON! hapless Case!
My stubborn Heart was too severe.*

XVII.

*But why do I accuse my Heart?
'Twas always thine, poor lifeless Boy!
In all thy Pains it bore a Part,
A Part in ev'ry Grief, or Joy.*

XVIII.

*My rigid Parent caus'd this Woe,
Whose flinty Heart no Love can prove;
'Tis he has wrought thy Overthrow,
And robb'd me of my only Love.*

XIX.

*But, since on Earth we could not wed,
This only Comfort still I have,
My Heart shall join our Hands; tho' dead,
We'll keep our Nptials in the Grave.*

XX.

*Then kneeling down, his Lips she press'd,
And, eager, clasp'd his pale cold Hand;
The other beat her troubled Breast,
While all the Hearers wond'ring stand.*

XXI.

*Come, gentle Death, the Virgin cry'd,
Give DAMON to my longing Breast!
She sighing wept, and sighing dy'd,
Replete with Woe, and sunk to Rest.*

When the Servant returned, he informed me, he had given it into her own Hands, unperceived of any one. I shewed my Uncle the Song, who told me, he believed it as good as any of the *Grub-street* Quill-drivers could

could write; but he would not allow it to be a Degree better; however, said he, it may please the Women well enough, who seldom consider Sense, but Sound. I reply'd, I was to be excused, it being my first Essay, and very probably might be my last.

While we were at Dinner, a Messenger came with a Letter from my Father, desiring my Uncle to let me come home for a few Days, in order to get every thing ready for the University; when that was done, I should return, and stay with him till I was to go there. My Uncle agreed to it, and would accompany me himself. Sir, said I, would it not be proper to wait upon the Ladies, to take Leave? Ho! returned my Uncle, are you so loth to part with 'em for so short a Time? What will you do, when you are at the University, where you must not return for the first Year? For a whole Year, Sir? said I: Is there a Necessity for staying so long, before I wait on you, or any of my Relations? Yes, reply'd my Uncle, if you would be thought to mind your Studies; but I can't perceive, continued he, there is a Necessity for going there at all; and that is the Reason why I shall wait on your Worship to your Father, to endeavour to persuade him to let you and your Tutor be with me; I dare answer for you, it will not hinder the Progress of your Learning; you shall want neither Masters, Books, nor Money; and I am convinced the Universities often spoil more Youth, than they cultivate with good Education. Youth is like Wax, fit for any Impression; they as soon take an ill, as a good one. Tho', I must own, I have nothing to fear from you; and I freely confess, 'tis the Regret I have to part with you, makes me desire your not going to the University; tho' if it does not suit with your Sentiments, I shall say no more about it. I told him, I was very well inclined to it, and could not but agree with his Thoughts. Well then, said my Uncle, we'll away immediately, and, if it's possible, return to-morrow. I hope that short Absence from the Ladies will not break your Heart.

I made him no Reply, but went to prepare for my Journey with a good Inclination, for, I must own, I long'd to see my Father, and observe how Matters were carry'd on at home, not doubting but my Mother-in-law was

was still in the Way of Goodness; tho' I had received no Recommendation from her, either in my Father's Letter, or by the Messenger, but I knew my Father seldom regarded those formal Matters.

As we came within three Miles of my Father's, my Uncle's Servant stopt a Horse that was running away without his Rider, and a little farther, we could perceive a Man lying weltring in Blood; when we approached him, we found him senseless; and I was something surprized to find it the Surgeon that had the Care of me, when I was wounded by my Brother. My Uncle was as much concerned as I was, when he knew who it was. We took him up, and found his Scull was fractured; but we did not doubt, if we could get timely Aid, but he might be recovered. We put him into my Uncle's Coach, and drove to the next Town, with all the Expedition was consistent with the Surgeon's Condition; by good Fortune, we met with one of his own Acquaintance and Profession, who took him in Hand, dress'd him, and brought him to his Senses, tho' with much Fear of his Life; he being a gross Man a Fever had seized the Blood; and all agreed, his Life was in Danger. However, he seemed very much pleased to find me so near him; and I had some Thoughts it might prove a convenient Opportunity to work out that Secret he informed me he knew of my Mother-in-law; but finding it not proper to talk much, I resolved with myself to come to him again: So we took our Leaves, and arrived safe at my Father's, who, not expecting us the same Day he sent to us, was gone to visit a neighbouring Gentleman.

My Mother seem'd very much rejoiced at our Arrival, and welcoming me with Tears! her Tenderness gave me no small Satisfaction. My Brother *John*, indeed, look'd as glum upon me, as if I had been come to rob him of his Birth-right. My Uncle perceiving his Behaviour, rattled him, in his merry way; but it had no other Effect, than bringing Tears into his Eyes, and running to tell Mama. Zounds! says my Uncle (when he was gone) what a Country Cub it is! Why don't they put him Prentice to a Farmer, for he'll never be fit for any thing, but to follow the Plough.

When

When my Father came home, he told my Uncle, he did not think he should have comply'd with his Desire so soon, as not expecting me in two or three Days. Why, said my Uncle, we made the more Expedition here, that we may return the sooner; and, because you should not keep him too long, I came with him, to carry him back. In short, the Matter was made up that Night. It was agreed my Tutor and I should go back with my Uncle. I must own, I was not a little pleased, for I fear'd the good Woman, my Mother-in-law, might oppose it; but she readily consented, to save Charges, I suppose.

While I was walking in the Garden alone, *Betty* came up to me, and wept for Joy to see me. Well, said I, *Betty*, how go Matters between you and my Mother? Is the Affair made up? I hope I am to take no more *Physic*! The poor Girl was ready to sink at the Word *Physic*. Indeed, Sir, said she (after a long Pause) I believe you know every thing of former Affairs; but if you do, you also know I have sufficiently repented of my part, and I hope my Mistress has of hers. I gave her so many Hints, that she confess'd every thing. I was struck with Horror at her Relation, for she discover'd such Traps they had design'd to get rid of me, that I thought it almost impossible they should enter into the Minds of Women. Sir, said *Betty*, you may find, by my Story, I am at a true Confession; nay, I would kneel down at your Feet for Pardon, if it might not be observed by any body. I told her, I had pardon'd her long ago, as well as my Mother, who might have had something of a stronger Tye to use me well, than she. I hope, said *Betty*, she has forgot what is past, or if she remembers it, 'tis only as I do, to think with Horror on what was design'd, and a high Satisfaction in knowing we are innocent of the Fact; tho', pursued she, there does not seem to be that Candour and Freedom between us, as there was when we were wickedly caballing against your innocent Life; therefore I have some Intention of leaving her Service, and going to my Relations in *Wales*, where, I hope, I have enough to last me moderately all my Life. I told her, I was assured my Uncle would accept of her for his Housekeeper, upon my

my Recommendation, if she thought fit, for at present he had never a one. She seem'd mightily rejoiced at the Proposal, telling me, it was the only Thing she should desire. I bid her not take any Notice of it to any body, till she heard from me again; which she promised, and we parted.

The next Day, I took an Opportunity, early in the Morning, to visit the *Surgeon*, and found him much better than any one expected, tho' he himself had no Thoughts of Recovery. He told me, he was very much obliged to me, for the Care I had taken of him; and, notwithstanding he was convinced his End was near, yet he thought Providence had a Hand in sending me to his Assistance; therefore, as I would not willingly go out of the World (said he) without acquainting you with what I had formerly hinted to you; for fear you should nourish the Opinion, that I wanted only to create Uneasiness, without any Grounds; therefore, if you please, now I find I have Strength enough, I'll acquaint you with all I know, if you'll order the Room to be clear'd for a little while; which was soon done. I sat down by his Bedside, when he began as follows.

You know, we Country-Surgeons are generally bred Apothecaries. I served my Time with one, eminent in both Faculties, and it was allow'd by every body, I was not behind-hand in my Master's Experience. He used to trust his Patients, in general, to me, after my Capacity had been thought equal to such a Charge.

Sir *Charles*, your Mother-in-law's former Husband, lived near the Town, and my Master was very great there; insomuch, that it was thought the Knight was in a fair Road to Heaven, with my Master's Assistance; but it is often the Fate of Cuckolds, to be one of the last in discovering his own Horns. For several Years, the Knight and my Master were very gracious: They often rid a Hunting together. But one Day, when it was supposed my Master wanted an Opportunity of conversing with the Knight's Wife, took an Occasion of leaving him, making all the Hast he could to visit the Lady. The Knight missing my Master, tho' not mistrusting any thing of the Matter, went home likewise, and going up to his Lady's Chamber, found the Door shut;

shut ; but peeping thro' the Keyhole, perceived she had got his Companion with her, and both in a Posture not very decent. The Knight, being neither a *Hercules* nor an *Ajax*, stood some time to consider what he should do (as he told me afterwards) but at last, summoning all his Courage, he burst the Door open, and surprized 'em very disadvantageously, giving my Master several Strokes upon the naked Buttocks, ere he could put up the proper Covering ; but, being a good-humour'd easy Man, and a *Wittol* to boot, at their Tears and Entreaties, forgave 'em both ; but would not allow of my Master's Correspondence any more. When any thing was wanted from the Shop, I always carried it ; till, by degrees, I got into the good Graces of the Knight, and rid out a Hunting with him ; tho' not so often as my Master used to do ; but I believe he gave me Leave more readily, that he might have a better Opportunity of visiting the Lady.

In one of the Knight's drunken Moods, he discovered what I have told you, between his Wife and my Master, which I was ignorant of before ; but, said he, they have promised me never to do the like again. I only smiled at his Simplicity, and confirmed him in his Belief ; tho' I was pretty well convinced when I look'd a little backwards, they only met as often as they had an Opportunity. In a few Days after this Confession, when I was a Hunting with him, he seemed to be less merry than usual : I asked him the Reason : He told me, he believed his Wife continued to see my Master in a criminal manner ; tho' he was not convinced by Proof. I asked him the Reason of his Belief. Said he, going in to my Wife's Chamber this Morning, as she was dressing herself, a Letter drop'd from her Bosom, which I took up, and was well assured 'twas your Master's Hand ; I opened it, and had but just time to read, *My Dear*, when my Wife, in some Confusion, snatched it out of my Hand, and told me it was a Letter from a Relation of hers. I told her, I was assured it was the Doctor's Hand. Well, said she, if you are jealous, you shan't see it now ; but I'll give you Leave to read it when you come back from Hunting. I was forced to be satisfy'd, continued the Knight ; but I shall be convinced 'tis so, if

if she pretends to have lost the Letter. The Knight took an Opportunity of seeing me the same Evening. He told me, with a great deal of Joy in his Countenance, that he was deceived. See here the Letter that gave me so much Uneasiness. I took it from him, and soon knew my Master's Hand, tho' he had endeavoured to write not like himself.

I could not chuse but smile at the Cheat that was put upon him; it was plain enough that she had acquainted my Master with the Matter, and while the Knight was gone a Hunting, he wrote her another in a Woman's Name, beginning as the other did, about nothing at all to any Purpose. I was convinced in my Supposition when I came home, for my Master pulling out a Parcel of Papers, gave me one to take Directions for compounding some Medicines; I soon found it was the Father to the Letter the Knight shewed some time before, for it began as the other did, and Sir *Charles's* Name was mentioned in it. I told my Master, smiling, I could find no Directions there for me. Odsó! said he, I have given you the wrong Letter; that neither concerns you nor me. He immediately fumbled out the right one, and went away in some Confusion of Countenance. I was very uneasy myself; that he knew I had discovered the Secret of his Intrigue, tho' it could not properly be called a Secret, that was whispered every where.

Some time after, my Master was caught again, making the Beast with two Backs with the Knight's Wife; which so enraged the Cuckold, that he resolved to have Recourse to Law for Redress; but, as I was now his Oracle, I persuaded him from it, tho' with some Difficulty, and in a little time his Resentment began to sleep again; tho' he watched his Wife so narrowly, there could be no Time to graft another Antler; for I must own to you, I did all I could to prevent it, giving him Notice, when I suspected any Movement that way. Yet I must confess had it been my own Case, I should sooner have thought of revenging myself on the Cuckold-maker, than bore it so patiently; but there is nothing to be said for the Tempers of Men.

This Strictness continued for near half a Year, and, I verily believe, much to the Discontent of the Lady.

At

At last the Knight fell sick, perhaps thro' his Perturbation of Spirit, or for want of his usual Exercise; for he had undertaken a voluntary Confinement, in order to inspect the Actions of his Wife. During his Illness, she seemed very tender of him, hardly ever being from his Bedside; which the good-natured Knight took so kindly, that I even fancy'd he was resolved, when he was recovered, to leave her to her own Conduct; for she expressed so much Sorrow for her past Actions, that I was myself deceived. The Disposition to Goodness of the Wife, had an extraordinary Effect on the Husband, and he began to mend apace: He left his Bed, where, through Weakness, he had remained for ten Days, and walked about his Chamber, gathering Strength hourly, in less Time than his Illness had kept him in Bed. He had recovered his former Strength, and had fixt a Day with me to ride out; but, in the mean time, he was to take some Physic which I sent him; but to my great Surprise and Confusion, the Day he had taken it, I found him expiring in the utmost Agonies. He was speechless when I came to him, and in less than five Minutes breath'd his last.

The Lady was all in Tears, raved at me, telling me I had certainly given him something by Mistake. I assured her to the contrary, and informed her it was composed by my Master, before my Face, and what he had taken could not hurt an Infant. She held her Tongue, when she understood who it was that had made up what he took, which immediately struck my Fancy there was some Villainy in the Case.

My Master hearing of the Knight's Death, came while I was there, and examining the Body, seemed in very great Confusion. We both went home together, without one Word passing between us. When we had been there some time, my Master told me he had something to disclose, if I would swear solemnly to keep it a Secret. I answered him, if he was in any doubt of my Fidelity, to keep the Secret to himself. Well then, said he, give me your Word not to discover it, and I will tell you; which I did.

I am afraid, said he, the Knight has not had fair Play for his Life; for, viewing his Body, I could easily
I perceive

perceive strong Symptoms of Poison ; and what strengthens my Opinion is, that some time ago she prevailed upon me to let her have some *Ratsbane*, in order, as she said, to clear the Granary of Vermin. I easily came into my Master's Opinion ; and, by his declaring it to me, was well assured he was innocent. I am so shocked, said my Master, at the Barbarity of the Woman, that I am resolved never to go near her more ; neither will I make any further Enquiry into the Business, but leave her to her own wicked Thoughts. Tho' perhaps I have not in my past Days, had any great Regard for Religion, and might leave it to be decided by Chance, as the King of *Macasar* did * : Yet she has so alarmed my drowsy Conscience,

* *Macasar is a large Kingdom on the South Part of the Celebes, an Island in the Indian Sea. Near three Centuries ago, they worshipped the Sun, and Moon, as the most worthy Objects of their Adoration. Two Macasarian Merchants, trading to Ternate, the chief of the Molucca Islands settled by the Portuguese, were so well pleased with the Integrity of the Priests, and the Tenets of the Christian Religion, that their chief Business, was to make themselves perfect in it, which liked 'em so well, that they were soon Baptized ; and returning into their own Country, prevail'd upon the King of Macasar to follow their Steps, which was soon done, with a great Number of the Inhabitants, that were Christen'd. But the Priests that were sent by the Portuguese, to instruct them in the Christian Religion, miscarrying in their Voyage, the King began to have Doubts which none of the new Christians could answer. Some Mahometans being at the Court when these Doubts arose, recommended the Alcoran to him, and by their Reasons, began to stagger his new Faith. Yet still continuing a Friend to the Christian Religion, he resolved to put his Choice on this Hazard: He gave Commission to the Christians and Mahometans, to send for Teachers of both Religions, and the first that arrived, whether Christian or Mahometan, should be allowed the Established Religion. The Followers of Mahomet sent, without losing Time, to the Queen of Achin, a Kingdom on the Island of Sumatra, one that followed the Laws of Mahomet ; the Queen immediately dispatched several learned Bonzis, or Priests, who arrived before the Christians: And ever since the People of Macasar have been zealous Mahometans.*

Conscience, that I shall, for the the future, endeavour to lead a Life consonant to one that thinks of Futurity. We both agreed, it was the best way to be silent in the unhappy Affair.

In a few Days the Knight was buried, without the least Suspicion of any thing but a Natural Death. My Master and I were invited to the Funeral, but neither of us went. And, for my own Part, I never cared to go near the House; for the Thought of its harbouring so cruel a Woman, made me abhor it. My Master, I believe, imagined the same, for he never made the Widow a Visit. In a Fortnight after the Funeral, she sent a Lettter to my Master, which was to this Effect; (for he gave it me to read, having before that, freely declared to me the Correspondence that had past between them.) *She wonder'd mightily at his long Absence; and that she would have come to him long before, if Decency would have permitted her; but she hoped to see him that Evening, having disposed every thing to favour their Meeting.*

My Master return'd her an Answer, I believe, little to her Expectation; telling her plainly, he resolv'd never to see her more; also hinting her unnatural Barbarity to her Husband. I can't tell you what Effect it had upon her, but she sent no more Letters or Messages. I often told my Master, I was afraid she would resent his slighting of her, to his Prejudice: He laugh'd at that, as imagining himself out of her Power. But, in less than a Month's time, my unfortunate Master going to visit a Relation, about ten Miles from the Place where we lived, was found murdered and thrown into a Copse near the Road. He lay several Days before he was found; and might have laid longer, if a Gentleman had not gone thro' that Way a Hunting. I must confess, my Heart forboded some such Mischance, when sending to seek him at his Relation's, was informed he went from thence the same Evening he came there.

Great Inquisition was made after the Murderer, but was never found to this Day; yet, whoever did it, I was well assured within myself, the Widow had put them on; but as I could not bring any Proof, I kept my Opinion to myself, well knowing, if I should endeavour to prosecute.

prosecute her, it would be a certain Charge to me, and perhaps discover nothing. Yet, I must own, I could never give her a good Word; and tho' I had always a Watch upon my Tongue, yet I cou'd not avoid raving against her in all Companies.

Some time after the Death of my Master, I imagined I had found out the Murderer. A Trooper that was quarter'd in the Town, of a sudden had got into the Equipage of a Gentleman, and it was shrewdly suspected he occupy'd the Widow. I was convinced in my Suspicion. One Morning early being called to one that was taken suddenly ill, and being obliged to pass by the Widow's Door, I could perceive, tho' dark, her Door open, and this Trooper, mentioned before, let in by the Widow herself. This Fellow, whenever he pass'd by our Shop, I could perceive always a sudden Turn of Countenance from what he had on before. One Day, as he was passing by, some of my Neighbours were talking with me concerning the Murder of my late Master; and I could not help saying, loud enough to be heard by the Trooper, that I suspected a Person that often pass'd by our Door, had been his Murderer, and looked full in the Fellow's Face. He changed as pale as Ashes. But all the while I staid in that Town, which was upward of two Years afterwards, I never set Eyes on him; and the next time I saw him, I found him lurking about your Father's House, which convinces me not only that he was the Murderer of my Master, but that he corresponds with your Mother-in-law at this Time.

Now, Sir, added the Doctor, I have told you this Secret, which I have kept near Seventeen Years; neither should I have discovered it now, if I did not firmly believe I am going into another World; for, notwithstanding every one tells me I am much better, I am convinced I have not ten Days to live. I endeavour'd to put him out of that idle Conceit, but all to no Purpose. So I took my Leave, after promising him to keep his Secret; and within the Time he mention'd, I was inform'd he dy'd, after telling the very Hour of his Death. I return'd home, full of many disjointed Thoughts, wondering how Providence had order'd my Father to
marry

marry such a wicked Woman. But then again, I did not doubt but she had repented of her former Wickedness, and walk'd in the Paths towards Grace, which gave me some Comfort, but not enough to hinder my wishing she never had been one of our Family.

Betty had told me nothing of this Affair, neither was I assured she lived with her at that time; but I was resolved to be inform'd the first Opportunity. In the Afternoon, I took an Occasion to get my Tutor out of the way, and being alone, beckon'd *Betty* to come to me. Pray, said I, *Betty*, do you know any thing of my Mother's former Husband, Sir *Charles*? No, Sir, said she, I came to live with my Lady not long before her Marriage to your Father. But, said I, know you nothing of a Gallant of my good Mother-in-law's? for I have some Reason to suspect her of being guilty that way. Indeed, said she, blushing, that is the only Thing I have kept a Secret from you, and, I believe, the very Reason of my Lady's Coldness to me; for the Person she corresponds with, or rather, the Person she has corresponded with, for I have great Hopes she has left it off, coming to me as usual, I flatly deny'd him Entrance, and farther told him, I was assured my Lady would break off with him, being ashamed of the Injury she had done so good a Husband. I never acquainted my Lady with what I said to him; but I observed her Coldness took beginning some time after this. I ask'd her what sort of Person he was? She told me, a young Gentleman of a very good Family, fallen to Decay, who she believed was forced, thro' Necessity, to what he did. That can't be the Person, said I, that I suspect; for he I mean, must be above Forty. There is, said *Betty*, sometimes, a Man of that Age with my Lady; but she ever took care to keep their Affair private, even from me; but however, I am assured there is no criminal Conversation between 'em.

I did not tell *Betty* any thing that I knew of what the Doctor inform'd me; but we parted with an Assurance of my succeeding with my Uncle in what I promised her. In the Afternoon my Uncle rid out with me, when I broke the Matter about *Betty*. I thought, said my Uncle, you had enough of Housekeepers already.

Sir, said I, I have enough of such a one as your last; neither am I afraid of any great Familiarity between you, for *Betty* is neither young, nor handsome. Nay, said my Uncle, I can give you a better Reason than all that, which I am assured you'll soon come into, and that is, I am not so young, by Twenty Years, as I was Twenty Years ago. That's true, Sir, said I; but I am flatter'd I can give you a better Reason that you should accept of *Betty*, that is, it is the only Thing I can desire of you. Well, said my Uncle, your Desires shall be granted. But we must limit *Betty's* Power; for you know the former had all in her own Hands. I told him, I wanted nothing else, but that she might be accepted; we would both leave the Terms to him. But hold, said my Uncle, I have one Scruple just now arose, concerning this Affair, which must be got over, and that is, whether my Sister will be willing to part with her. Sir, said I, if you will hear me a little while with Patience, and give me your Word never to disclose what I shall tell you, I will inform you of something will very much surprize you. Well, said my Uncle, I shall come to your Terms, be they what they will.

I then related to him all that had happen'd while I was at home, in every Circumstance. When I had finish'd, my Uncle was quite confounded! Is it possible, said he, there can be such a Woman breathing? If I did not give Credit to you, continued he, I should have imagined I had heard a Romance. But, however, I am convinced, and think my Service for *Betty* but poor Recompence for her Return to Virtue. But I know not how to look on that injurious Woman, who may, under the Cover of Affection, still retain her Barbarity. I think it would be but just and reasonable to give my Brother some Hint of her former Inhumanity. A Woman of her Cunning may counterfeit Virtue, when she is replete with Vice. I begg'd my Uncle not to take any farther Notice of it, 'till we had some Grounds of her returning to Wickedness; and if we should find the least swerving from Virtue, to bring *Betty* for Proof of what was past, and put my Father out of all manner of Danger from her Wiles, or Repentment.

I know not, said my Uncle; I like it not, and shall hardly

hardly be persuaded to conceal the Knowledge of her Perfidy. You know the old Saying, Boy, *What's bred in the Bone. is never out of the Flesh.* Dear Uncle, said I, let me intreat you to conceal what I have told you, till we perceive something in her Conduct to give us Cause to suspect her again, and then you may do just as you please. He promised to comply with my Request, which gave me no final Satisfaction.

When we came home, we found my Father, and Mother-in-law, very merry in the Garden; but finding myself little inclined to Mirth, I left my Uncle to make one of the Company. Beside, I wanted to confer with *Betty*, but could not find her all over the House. I imagined she might be walking under the Trees before the House, so, upon that Supposition, went to seek her; when I had got thro' the Court-Yard, I perceived *Betty* was not there; but I could not help observing an old Woman prying about the House, with a Basket upon her Arm: I went to her, and demanding of her, whether she had any Business there, she answer'd she had some fine Oranges for my Lady. My Lady is at present busy, said I; but pray let me see your Oranges; which she did, after some awkward Difficulty. Her Reluctance in shewing me her Fruit, raised a Suspicion in my Mind, which made me resolve to be satisfy'd, if possible. They are fine Oranges, good Woman, said I; and I believe my Lady will buy 'em all: But I wish you had some Peaches, for I have a great Mind to some, and would give a good Price for 'em. I wish I had known that, said the old Woman, I could have brought you some of the finest in *England*. I told her, if she would go back and fetch 'em, I should be very much obliged to her. You may leave your Basket in that Green-House, to secure 'em; I'll lock the Door, and give you the Key. She seem'd willing to consent to that; so I did as I said, gave her the Key, and away she went. As soon as she was out of Sight, I went the Back-way, and got into the Green-House thro' the Window. I began to examine her Basket very narrowly, yet found nothing that I expected to find: but handling the Oranges, I perceived one of 'em to be very light, and at last found it was hollow. I undid it, with much Difficulty, for it was put together

together with Pins without Heads. In it I found a Slip of Paper roll'd up, whose Contents I transcribed with a Pencil:

My DEAR,

I Am out of my Senses. Burleigh has been with me, and threatens to discover both you and me to your Husband; and farther adds, if you miss sending him Fifty Pounds in three Days, he will declare a Secret that will endanger your Life, and yet escape himself. I know not what he means; but if he has any such Secret, the best way will be to stop his Mouth, by sending him the Money. Shall we never meet again? Consider how long it is since you blest me last. I am amazed at the Treatment I received from Betty. And, notwithstanding, in your last, you gave me Hopes of a sudden Meeting, yet I am apt to believe she spoke Truth, when she declared you would shake off all Commerce with me. Therefore (if you would not have me believe her) let me see you to-morrow at the Bearer's House, where I shall wait the whole Day with impatient Expectation. If you will comply, and have not an Opportunity of Writing, tell her, All's well; and by those Words, I shall be satisfy'd till to-morrow. For ever Yours, S. W.

When I had done, I put it up again, and, with much Difficulty, left it in the same Order as I found it. I then return'd to expect the Woman. I really imagin'd by this Letter, that my Mother-in-law design'd to be honest, and what she had wrote to her Galant, was only a Pre-text to keep him quiet. However I did design to suspend my Judgment till the next Day; and if I perceived my Mother went to the Place appointed, it would not be unnatural to believe her still guilty.

When the Woman brought me the Peaches, I ask'd her, if I should acquaint my Mother that she was there. Yes, Sir, said she, if you please, and thank you too. I immediately went, and met her coming out of the Garden. When I told her who wanted her, I could perceive her Countenance change; but she hid her Confusion, by wiping her Face with her Handkerchief. I would fain have follow'd her, to have observed (tho' at a Distance) her Behaviour to the Woman; but she took her into a back

back Parlour, shutting the Door after her. They were a pretty while together, and, when they parted, I could perceive a great deal of Discontent in the Countenance of my Mother-in-law. When the Woman was gone, I resolv'd to follow her, and try, if by any Stratagem I could find my Mother's Resolutions. I soon overtook her, at which she seem'd something surprized. Good Woman, said I, I came after you to know whereabouts you dwell, for your Fruit was so good, as I ride out now and then, I design to call upon you, to buy some more; for tho', added I, we have Fruit enough in our own Garden, it is so narrowly watch'd by the Gardener, according to my Mother's Directions, that I can never get any. That is (reply'd the old Go-between) for fear you should eat too much. However, if you have a mind to traffick that way with me, I live in such a Place, I am easy enough to be found, every Child knows Goody —. Well then, said I, I'll come to see you to-morrow in the Afternoon. Odso! return'd the old Woman, now I think on't, I shan't be at home to-morrow; but any other time you'll be sure to find me. Why, if you are not, said I, I suppose you have somebody at your House that can serve me. No, indeed, han't I, return'd the Woman. I ask'd her so many Questions, that, tho' a Woman ignorant enough, she began to smell a Rat, and seem'd so very shy in her Answers afterwards, that plainly inform'd me she was tired of my Company. She at last told me, she wou'd not sell me any Fruit if I came for it, for fear it should do me an Injury. I try'd many Ways to bring her into Humour again, but to no Purpose, and I did not care to say any more, for fear she should be confirm'd in her Suspicions. However, I kept her so long in Talk, that a Man met us, who I observ'd wanted to discourse the old Woman. When he came up with us, I could perceive the old Woman wink at him, and seem'd to exact from him a cautious Behaviour. The Person seem'd to be in some Confusion; however, he call'd her by her Name, and ask'd whose Child I was; with a great many common Words of *Pretty Youth*, and so forth; but when she told him who I was, his Countenance express'd the utmost Confusion. He ask'd her, in a hasty manner, What Business I had
with

with her? I don't know, (said the old Woman) Master wants to buy some Fruit of me, and would fain come to-morrow, and I have told him, I shan't be in the Way. If that be all, answer'd the Gentleman, looking wistfully on the old Woman, you may comply with the young Man, for I suppose you will not be abroad all Day. No, said the old Woman, only in the Afternoon. Why, said I, 'tis only in the Morning that I can come out; but you seem, said I to the old Woman, not very willing to part with what you deal in, to me, as perhaps doubting my Pay. But to convince you I am sincere in what I say, there's Money beforehand, and I desire you will save me two Dozen of the same I had of you to-day, and I'll be with you by Seven a Clock in the Morning.

She made several awkward Speeches in receiving my Money; but I found the Sight of it pleased her very well; and so we parted. I had a strong Desire to know their Conference, but I was obliged to be contented till the next Day. I did not doubt of my Mother-in-law's going to the Place of Rendezvous; but then I imagined she might go to pacify that *Burleigh* mention'd in the Note. However, I resolv'd with myself to keep it a Secret from my Uncle, and use my utmost Endeavour to know something of their Conference the next Day.

I arose next Morning, without sleeping a Wink all Night, my Thoughts were so confused and troublesome to me. I got out before my Uncle, or any of the Family were stirring, except some of the Servants. I directed my Steps towards the Town, and met the old Woman before I had got half way. I was somewhat surprized, because it was not much past Six, which was an Hour before I promised to come. So, said I, good Woman, you are resolv'd to save me a Walk, I see. No, Sir, said she, not for that; but I have a fresh Parcel of Oranges come in last Night, and my Lady order'd me to bring some of the first I had. Why, good Woman, said I, she can't want any yet, sure; you brought her a sufficient Quantity Yesterday, to serve her a great while, even as long as they will last good. I can't tell for that, said she, but as long as she order'd me to bring her some, I'll e'en carry 'em. But, said I, why did not you bring my Fruit at the same time? Laud! said the old

Woman

Woman, I protest I forgot it. But I shall be back presently, and then I'll gather 'em fresh for you; for as yet, I'll assure you, they are growing. I soon found, by all this Hurry, there was another Letter to be deliver'd, and I was resolv'd to read it by fair means, or otherwise. Pray, said I, good Woman, how do you sell your Ware a Dozen? Why truly, Sir, said she, Half a Crown. Why then, said I, I'll give you the Money, and make my Mother a Present of 'em.

The Woman was struck dumb at what I said. But at last she recover'd her Confusion, and, with a stammering Tongue, told me she would not do such a Thing for all the World. Pray, good Woman, said I, can you, out of your Wisdom, tell me what Reason you have for refusing me your Oranges, when I offer to pay you for 'em, and carry 'em home myself, without giving you any farther Trouble? She could not give me any reasonable Answer to my Question; so I e'en resolv'd to declare to her my Knowledge of her Affair, which, when I had done, she fell down upon her Knees, and begg'd I would forgive her; telling me, she would never be guilty of the like again. Good Woman, said I, the Way to make me excuse you, and keep this a Secret, (tho' such a guilty Commerce is the greatest Crime) is to deliver me your whole Affair, and deal ingenuously with me. I have given you convincing Proofs that I know your Proceedings hitherto, and shall be able to judge whether you are sincere or no. Why then, truly, Sir, said she, all I have done was merely out of Necessity. Mr. *Wigmore*, you know, has a very persuasive Tongue, especially back'd with his Money. Well, good Woman, said I, go on, for, at present, I have no Acquaintance with the Person you mention. Really, nor I neither, but that he has come often to our House to meet my Lady; and it was the same Person you saw with me Yesterday.

I was too eager to ask many Questions, therefore, I bid her tell me what was her present Errand. Nothing, Sir, but to carry a Letter in an Orange, as I did Yesterday in the Afternoon. Upon that, I took out the Orange she told me it was in, and read as follows:

DEAR

DEAR MADAM,

TH^{O'} I was infinitely rejoiced at your kind Letter Yesterday, and the pleasing Hope of seeing you to-day; yet I must beg of you, for both our Safeties, to defer my longing Expectations, till we can find some more convenient Place of meeting. That Villain, Burleigh, has been with me again, and has, by some means unknown to me, discover'd our Meeting; therefore, let me once more intreat you to think of some other Place, where we may feed our famish'd Joys. The time will not permit you to send me any Answer by our Emiffary, who, I believe, is very faithful; therefore I will wait in my usual Disguise, at the usual Place; but let me beg you, by our past Enjoyments, to fix by this Afternoon, a secure Place, where I may take to my Arms all that is valuable in the World, to the expecting.

WIGMORE.

P. S. I beg you, for both our Quiets, to stop the Mouth of the implacable Burleigh.

When I had read the Note, I was well convinced my Mother was return'd to her former Vice; but could not determine which was the best Way, either to send the Letter, or keep it to shew my Father and Uncle, to convince them of her Perfidy. While I was reading the Epistle, the Woman had time to come to herself; and ask'd me how she should behave in the Affair. For, said she, if I go back, Mr. Wigmore will certainly discover me; therefore, if you will please to instruct me in what I shall say to him, I will be sure to follow your Directions. Well, good Woman, said I, since you are so condescending, I'll ask your Advice, for I don't doubt, however you express yourself in Words, you have Cunning enough in your Business to advise me. If you think so, Sir, said she, you shall have my Counsel, such as it is. Hold then, said I, since it is so, let me do as a Client should do, pay my Fee beforehand. Upon saying this, I gave her a Crown. She was very much surprized at it, and view'd me from Head to Foot, as if she had said, she could not imagine I was Master of such a Sum. When she had recover'd her Speech (for old Women don't want Tongue long) I find, said she,

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by your Fee, you expect good Counsel; therefore I would advise you, if you can counterfeit a Hand any thing like your Mother's, to send him an Answer, that shall forewarn him to come to her any more. I fear, said I, good Woman, we shall be found out, for such an Answer will be too sudden for the kind Return she sent him Yesterday. Why, I think you are in the right there, reply'd the old Woman; and I believe it was kind enough, for he kiss'd it several times when he first had it, seeming greatly pleased; and since you don't approve of my Advice, I dare swear you can tell what to do without me. Pr'ythee, said I, good Woman, know you any thing of the Affair between my Mother-in-law and this *Wigmore*? Your Sincerity in your Confession shall oblige me to find a Recompence. Really, reply'd the Woman, I know nothing more, than that they have met at my House about some Dozen times; and I was so well paid, that I must freely own, I wish it had been oftner; for indeed, young Sir, I am a very poor Woman, and Money, as I told you before, carries a great deal of Persuasion with it; tho' I must needs own, I would much rather have gotten Money honestly: But then again, if I had not undertaken the Affair, somebody else would; so I thought it was as much my Business as — Well, well, Mistress, I am not asking what was the Motive that induced you to it; I am pretty well acquainted with it already: But I would know what Correspondence has been carry'd on between the Parties. Indeed, Sir, I know no more than I have told you before, that they meet at my House, and have a private Room to themselves. Mr. *Wigmore* and your Mother, both were Strangers to me a Twelve-month ago; and I know no more of Mr. *Wigmore* now, but that he comes to our Town almost every Day, and they say he lives at a Lord's about ten Mile off, but I have forgot his Name. But, Sir, I would not have you defer what you intend to do, any longer, for Mr. *Wigmore* will think me long a coming, and perhaps come to meet me, as he has often done. You advise well, I return'd; one Word more, and I have done. Have you no Knowledge of one *Burleigh* that is mention'd in this Note? No really, Sir, said she; but I know there has

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been

been a Man with Mr. *Wigmore*, and his Visits have given him much Uneasiness; but I don't know the Reason of it.

I was convinced by the Woman's manner of speaking, that she was sincere in what she said; and as she knew nothing more, I was resolved to ask her no more Questions; but being fortunately provided with a Pencil and some Paper, I wrote the following Words:

Mr. WIGMORE,

I HAVE at last repented of my Behaviour to a Husband that deserves the best of Wives; therefore I beg you will do your endeavour to forget me, it being the safest Conduct for us both. I fear I am suspected already, and the way to wipe off all manner of Suspicion, is no more to be guilty. Farewel, and be happy.

I read the Note to the old Woman, who approved of it. I had counterfeited my Mother's Hand so well, that it could hardly be distinguish'd, especially being wrote with a Pencil. And I order'd the Woman to tell Mr. *Wigmore* that my Mother was in a Chamber where she had not the Conveniency of Pen and Ink. The old Woman put it up in the room of the other, giving me her Promise to be very faithful in her new Commission. I gave her Assurance of being well rewarded for her Pains, and so we parted.

As I was going home, I began to consider what I had done, and soon imagined this Affair of my Mother's could not be long a Secret; therefore I resolved within myself to take an Opportunity of disclosing it to her, with a faithful Account of all the Proceedings, as well as the Knowledge I had of her intended barbarous Design against me. I did not know, but this might deter her from her cruel Intentions. But then I began to consider, that in all my Readings I had learnt, the Cruelty of a Woman was hard to be removed. Therefore I determined to declare all to my Uncle, and take his Advice upon't.

When I came home, the Family were at Breakfast, which was something earlier than usual; but I was soon acquainted with the Reason, for my good Mother-in-law,

in-law, it seems, did design to set out immediately to see a Friend that was dangerously Ill. As this was no new thing, so it alarmed no one but me; for the good Woman pretended to understand abundance of things, and was a second *Lady Bountiful*. This Practice, I suppose, she took up to blind the Eyes of my Father and Family, that they might not look too narrowly into her Actions. When I was sat among them, I was ask'd to drink Tea, but I excused myself, by telling them I had my Breakfast already, and look'd my Mother full in the Face; but she regarded me not, having, I suppose, her Thoughts taken up concerning that Day's Business. Pray, said my Uncle, have you broke your Fast with *Homer*, or *Virgil*, this Morning? Neither, Sir, said I; I have kept no other Company but *Juvenal* to-day. And why so fond of *Satyr*, Sir? said my Uncle; that savours of Ill-Nature. True, Sir, I return'd; for I cannot think the Writings of either *Juvenal* or *Petronius*, true Copies of those Times: I cannot imagine either the Men, or the Women, such Monsters of Iniquity, as those Authors represent them. That, reply'd my Uncle, proceeds from the simple Innocence of thy own Thoughts: But we have Instances every Day of the Inhumanity, and all other vicious Principles, of either Sex. Are not the *Sessions-Papers* frequently fill'd with barbarous and inhuman Murders, Men of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands and Children? But the crying Sin of Murder is oftner perpetrated by the Women than the Men, being their Passions are more violent and vindictive, and once enter'd in the Road of Wickedness, they generally travel to the End on't.

I observed, my Mother-in-law did not very well relish the Discourse, therefore order'd her Pad to be ready. What, said my Uncle, does my Sister go alone? Sure, it will not be improper for a Servant to wait on her. No Sir, reply'd my Mother, I always visit my Patients alone, for this Reason; if I should take a Servant with me, they would presume on the Benefit the Patient might hope to receive, expecting some Reward; which to avoid, I never take one with me. Beside, I am so well known round the Country, that I never met with any

Insults from any one. Nay, said my Uncle, smiling, Innocence and Virtue are sufficient Guards; and those, I don't doubt, but my Sister takes along with her. She made him no Answer, but immediately mounted, and rode away. As soon as she was gone, I ran up to the Top of the House, where was a Cupola that commanded a large Prospect. I perceived, ere she had got a Quarter of a Mile from our House, she met a Countryman, who stop'd. and discoursed together. I had a Perspective in my Study, which I had brought up with me, and I could plainly perceive they were very earnest in Discourse; for I could distinguish their Countenances as plain as if they had not been forty Yards from me. After talking some time, I observed my Mother stoop down to kiss him (first looking about if the Coast was clear) then turn'd her Horse's Head, in order to come home again, as I thought. Upon this I immediately went down to acquaint my Uncle with my Morning's Adventure, but was inform'd that my Father and He were shut up together in his Closet. As they had lock'd the Door, I supposed they had no mind to be disturb'd, therefore retired, with a Mind in the utmost Confusion of Thought; for I imagined, with Probability enough, that my Uncle was acquainting my Father with what I had inform'd him of my Mother-in-law.

The Anxiety I felt for what I supposed would follow, when all was discover'd, almost robb'd me of my Understanding. I took several hasty Turns in the Court-Yard, without knowing where I was. At last it occur'd to my Memory, that I had seen my Mother-in-law turn her Horse's Head, in order, as I imagined, to come Home, but wonder'd at her Delay, for more time was past than was necessary for her Return, at a moderate Pace. After waiting, and not seeing her, I began to think she had alter'd her Resolution, and proceeded on her intended wicked Journey. While I was ruminating on this wretched Affair, my Father and Uncle came to me. My Uncle told me, he had been depositing a Copy of his Will into my Father's Hands, that if Death should pay him a Visit unexpectedly, and the Lawyer out of the way, we might, by having Recourse to that Copy, know how far I was beholden to him.

After

After some Talk, I took an Opportunity to let my Uncle know I had something to communicate to him, who was as forward to give me an Occasion of talking with him. When we were disengaged from my Father, I acquainted my Uncle with what I had done Yesterday, and this Morning, and what Observations I had made on my Mother-in-law. Certainly, said my Uncle, this Woman as far exceeds the lascivious Queen of *Naples* in Wickedness, as she did the rest of her Sex. What think you, Sir, said I, if we take Horse, and follow her? It may be we may have the Fortune of finding the Bottom of this Intrigue; or at least, from thence, know how to form your Behaviour to her and my Father. My Uncle liked my Advice so well, that we immediately mounted our Horses, without letting my Father know of our going. Ere we had gone half a Mile, the Horse my Uncle rode on, which was one of my Father's, fell a neighing, and was answer'd by another in a neighbouring Thicket. As we went forward, the Horse seem'd willing to go that way. Nay, said my Uncle, if you have such a Mind to go out of the Road, I'll humour you for once; it may be, as we are Knights-Errant, we may meet with some extraordinary Adventure. Accordingly, he gave the Horse the Reins, and he readily enter'd the Copse. The first thing our Eyes encounter'd, was my Mother's Pad ty'd to a Tree; and a little farther, behind some Shrubs, we discover'd my good Mother-in-law, and a likely Country-Fellow, very familiar together. You may guess their Surprise at the Sight of us; and ours was almost as great. But my Mother-in-law recover'd herself the soonest, ran to Horse, mounted without any Help, and rode off. On my Conscience, said my Uncle, the honest Countryman, has put Vigour into her Ladyship; but I think it a Pity he should go unrewarded, and that he may be the fitter for running, we'll make him something lighter.

The Man found it was to no Purpose to attempt running away, as he was on Foot, therefore he approach'd us with a submissive Behaviour, and begg'd our Pardon, imagining we were Strangers to my Father and his Wife; telling us, he hoped we would not expose a Lady to an injured Husband's Resentment. Sir, said I, I remember

you now, notwithstanding your Disguise, and this is not the first time you have seen me: Call to mind Yesterday; look in my Face, and then consider the Injury you have done my worthy Father and his Family. I then inform'd my Uncle, this was the Person that met me Yesterday conversing with the old Woman who was the Letter-Carrier. Then, said the disguised Countryman, I find all is discover'd! But, if you are Persons of Honour, you will not oppress a naked Man. I own my Guilt, nay, will confess the whole Progress of it, if you will forgive me: Do but keep it a Secret from the Husband, and I farther vow, never to be guilty that way again.

I am a Gentleman of a good Family, but fallen to Decay. Necessity first drew me into this criminal Conversation with the Lady; tho' I must own, notwithstanding our Disparity of Years, I have a tender Regard for her. Youth do not always weigh their Actions, and, for want of Thought, plunge into Crimes, we are afterwards ashamed of. Well, young Man, said my Uncle, tho' you have injured a noble Family, yet, as you seem to repent of your past Folly, and if you fulfil your Promise of revealing this black Correspondence, I shall freely pardon you, and desire never to see you more. I thank you, reply'd the Offender; but I must farther beg you to mend your Promise, by concealing this Affair from all the World. Well, said my Uncle, notwithstanding this Woman's Wickedness, which you are a Stranger to, at least, the Worst Part of her vile Intentions, I will, with this young Gentleman's Consent (pointing at me) keep this a Secret, till we have Reason to suspect she continues in her wicked Courses. That's all I ask, or can well desire, said the Gentleman in Disguise, and began as follows.

I was born younger Brother to a numerous Issue, and therefore design'd for a Tradesman. I was put Prentice to a Mercer in the City, where I learnt little else but Idleness and Intriguing; and wronging my Master, by mispending his Time and Money. You may perceive, Gentlemen, said he, I intend to be sincere, by revealing the Crimes of my first setting out in the World. My Fellow-Prentices, I believe, had no more Honesty than myself, tho'

tho' we were never privy to each others Secrets. Before I had served three Years of my Time, my Master found his Business in a very declining Condition; as indeed, how could it be otherwise, when he had so many Harpies about him. His Friends, to do him Service, had a Statute of Bankruptcy taken out against him, which, in a Year or two turn'd much to his Advantage; for, by that means, he got rid of his Creditors, and his Servants.

He has since marry'd a good Fortune, and drives a flourishing Trade. My Relations press'd him to accept of me for the Remainder of my Time, but he had too just an Opinion of me, to comply with their Requests. The Character I bore, was the Obstacle that no one of the Trade would entertain me; and my Relations perceiving how Matters went, thought it was to no Purpose to think of the Counter for me, therefore prevail'd upon a noble Lord to accept me for his Gentleman, who, out of Regard to my Family, us'd me like one. 'Tis needless to inform you of the many Intrigues I went thro' while I was a Retainer with this noble Peer; but I shall proceed to the Affair with this Lady.

The first time I saw her, was at a neighbouring Gentlewoman's, a Relation to our Family, and a Lover of Intrigues. Once every Week she had an Assembly, where all the idle People of Fashion resorted to Game, and make merry. I observed, she often cast a favourable Eye upon me, tho' it was some time before I took any Notice of it. But one Day losing a considerable Sum at *Quadrille*, I was walking very melancholy alone in the Garden, with troubled Thoughts how to get more; I was interrupted in my Meditations by this Lady, who, after much Talk of indifferent Matters, told me, a young Gentleman without Money, made but a dismal Figure. Come, come, said she, don't let's lose your Company for want of a little Trash. Gamesters have various Fortune; she may cast a more favourable Eye upon you, at your next Trial; therefore there's a Hundred Pieces to tempt her; I don't doubt but you will soon be in a Capacity to pay me.

I was so overjoy'd at the Sight of the Money, that I was too eager for Play, to return her then the suitable Thanks for so great a Favour; but immediately hurry'd
among

among the Gamesters, and, in less than an Hour, recover'd my own Money, and a handsom Sum beside, at *Basset*. Immediately after, the Company broke up Play, and went to Supper. My good Fortune had so much elevated me, that I had no Stomach to eat (for I believe Extremes either way, for some time, spoil the Appetite) therefore I took a Walk in the Garden again, in a far better Temper than when I was there before. I had not walked long, ere I perceived the Lady in the same Walk; but whether she had continued there, or had come after me, I could not tell, for my good Fortune had quite blinded me. However, I went up to her, and thank'd her for the great Favour I had received; and was fumbling for the Money to repay her. Come, said she, I am not in such Hast, we'll find a Time to be paid; after Supper, no doubt, you'll try the fickle Dame again, therefore keep it, till I demand it of you; it's very possible I may soon stand in as much need of it, as you did some time ago; till then, you shall be my Banker.

I don't know how much farther we should have proceeded, if we had not been interrupted by some of the Company; which she perceiving coming towards us, gave me a gentle Press by the Fingers, and left me. It was not very difficult to guess she had a farther Meaning in leaving her Money in my Hands, and I must own I was not displeased with the Thoughts of it, for even her Person did not seem despicable to me; so, on that Score, I should not need much Constraint in my Compliance; but the Pleasure of being paid for whatever Trouble I should be at, was the most prevailing Argument. The next Assembly I was prevented in making one of the Company, because my Lord took me out a Hunting. The Morning following, an old Woman brought me this Letter (pulling one out of his Bosom) which I took from him, by my Uncle's Order. See, *Billy*, said he, if it be that ill Woman's Hand; when I assured him it was, I read the Contents as follows

SIR,

I SHOULD have been very well pleased if you could have made one of the Company Yesterday, for Fortune

was

was so favourable to me to keep me in Countenance during the whole Evening. I have another Sum to put into my Bankers Hands; and if he will follow the Directions of the Bearer, he may have full Possession of it this Evening.

Yours, &c.

I was very well pleased with this Billet, and took Instructions where to wait on the Lady. When Evening came, I went to the Place appointed, where I found her waiting with some Impatience, as she told me. The old Woman left us alone; and it was not long ere we came to a right Understanding, which Acquaintance has continued upwards of four Years; yet I must own to you, her Conversation was always agreeable to me, setting aside my Interest. But, Sir, said I, in one of your Letters you sent a Day or two ago, you mention one *Burleigh*, and that you feared some rash Proceedings from him. Pray what do you know of him? Really, very little, reply'd *Wigmore*: But I am very much surprized that you know any thing of that Letter; I never thought the old Woman would have betray'd me. No, said I, she has not betray'd you, she was only over-reached; tho' now, I believe, she repents of her past Actions. Why then, said *Wigmore*, the Hand of Heaven has pointed her out as a Mark for my Repentance, which I will sincerely, for all my past Follies. Well, Sir, said my Uncle, I am inclined to believe you. But pray, to make me stronger in that Faith, deliver us what Letters you have of hers. Upon my Honour, I'll never put them to a wrong Use. I shall confide in you, reply'd Mr. *Wigmore*, and therefore put them into your Hands. I carry them always about me, that no Accident should discover our Affairs: But I am convinced Heaven will not let such Actions be ever a Secret. You may see, added he, how they followed one another, because I have numbered them as I received them. After my Uncle had given him some wholesome Advice relating to Conduct in Life, we left him.

Well, said my Uncle, now let's examine the Contents of these fine Epistles, Come, *Billy*, your Eyes are younger than mine, read them. I then open'd *Numb. 2.* (having read *Numb. 1.* before) which was as follows:

WHAT

WHAT Words can express the Satisfaction I received at our last Conversation! I am impatient till I see the Light of my Life again; and, if you would not leave me for ever in Darknes, come this Evening to the same Place, to receive with the utmost Transports from one, all that is in her Power to give, who thinks it her only Happiness to call herself

Yours, &c.

Well said! cry'd my Uncle; the Woman was well pleased, I find. She writes pretty plain. But what will not Women do, when they abandon Modesty! But come, to the next. Let's have some more of her Wit and Parts.

N U M B. III.

MY dear Boy, some hated Family Business will prevent my seeing the Darling of my Soul to-morrow; but be assured the usual Time of the Day following, shall bring me to your Arms, where we will revel in Delight, and laugh at my foolish credulous Husband, who imagines, when I come to see you, I am visiting the Sick: But the poor Man is very wicked, and I can think of no other way of sending him to Heaven, but with the Assistance of my dear Wigmore. I would have you make our Go-between, Goody — a Present of a Pair of Sheets, for she complained to me heavily of the Want of them; and tho' I believe she's very faithful to us, yet now and then a small Trifle that way, will not only keep her in Humour, but make it her Interest to observe us. Farewel, and be happy, tho' I shall not taste of it, till I see those Eyes.

Yours, &c.

O Woman, Woman! said my Uncle, how ripe in Wickedness! The most profligate of Man would not have been open-hearted so soon. But come, let's make an End with her as fast as we can, for I have almost enough of her.

WHAT

N U M B. IV.

WHAT a despicable Creature is a Husband, after the ardent Embraces of a Lover ! I thought nothing could have added to the Aversion I had already conceived for him ; but since I have known thee, thou Charmer of my Soul, I find that Aversion daily increase. I yield to his fulsome Caresses, as the Criminal receives the parting Kiss of the Executioner ; and what's the greatest Torment, I am obliged to fain a wanton Joy, which you know is real. But I must dissemble to all the World, but my dear Wigmore ; and whatever I say or do to him, comes from the warm Blood of my Heart. I am sick of this Evil of a Husband ; but one Touch from you will Heal my Disease. I only wish, as we have shewn him the ready Road to Heaven, he would set out towards his Journey ; nay, to make the more Haste, I would lend him a Hand to pull on his Boots. But let's have a little Patience. Time kills as well as cures. To-morrow I shall open my Heart to him that has the Soul of

J. V.

Sure, said my Uncle, this is the Quintessence of all ill Women put together ! But on.

N U M B. V.

PITY, my dear Wigmore, the Grief of Mind I lie under. But you may guess the Cause when I declare it is not in my Power to see you these ten Days, except you can think of some Disguise ; for my Son Johnny is taken ill of the Small-Pox. I am obliged to attend him myself, for he will not let any of the Family give him the least Nourishment. But if you can think of any Disguise, and venture at the Back of our Garden, near the Tree where I bide my Letters, in the Dusk of the Evening, (tho' no Disguise can hide the dear Wigmore from me, who will ever carry his Image in my Heart) I'll find an Opportunity of seeing him in Reality, who is always present to the Imagination of One who shall be ever.

Yours, &c.

Pray,

Pray, said my Uncle, is there no Date to these loving Epistles? No Sir, said I; but we may guess pretty near the Time by my Brother's having the Small-Pox, which is near three Years ago. Well, on to the next, said my Uncle.

NUMB. VI.

I THANK my Stars! my Boy is past all Danger. That, and the Hopes of seeing my dear Wigmore again, at a more convenient Place than our last, made me comply with my Husband's Request of making one Bed serve us both. But as I thought of you all Day, I dreamt of you all Night. When wishest Morning came, my Husband went out a Hunting, and having an Opportunity, with a Poetical Fancy in my Head, I have put my Dream into as good Verse as ever I could; but you must forgive bad Numbers, since Love of you has made me a Poet.

*When balmy Sleep my Eyelids closed,
And half the World their Cares reposed,
Your Image fill'd my fancy'd Breast;
My eager Arms the Phantome prest.
Wak'd with the imaginary Bliss.
I strove to give my Love a Kiss:
But, Death to Love, and all Love's Charms,
I found my Husband in my Arms!
The nauseous Joy his Tongue express'd,
Quite robb'd my gentle Heart of Rest.
But yet, to cover the Deceit,
I was compell'd to aid the Cheat,
And Kiss for Kiss return again,
When nothing could be greater Pain:
For Bankrupts too to make Demands!
Curse on the Priest that join'd our Hands!
But all my Grief, and all Annoy,
At Sight of thee will turn to Joy;
When you my dazled Eyes shall bless,
All Sorrow turns to Happiness.*

Oh the Devil! said my Uncle; shall such a wicked Wretch as this Woman, pretend to taste of the heavenly Drops of Poetry, when all Hell is in her Soul! It is the greatest

greatest Profanation to the Muses. Yet tho' *Clio* cannot tune her Lyre, *Melpomene* presides over her black Soul, together with *Alecto*, and the rest of the *Furies*. This Woman would have been well pleased to have been a *Samorin* Wife *. But I hope, continued my Uncle, there are not many more. Yes, Sir, said I, there are Five more; and I find by the Numbers, there are some wanting, for the next is *Numb. 9*. Those, reply'd my Uncle, no doubt, contained something too dangerous to be kept. As we were preparing to read the next Letter, we could perceive running towards us, the Person they were sent to. We were something surprized at his Return; but when he came up to us (for we stood still to read the Letters,) he told us (almost out of Breath with running) that *Burleigh* was coming the same way, and no doubt, for no good, for I know he has been disappointed by my Lady, concerning the receiving of Money, which Disappointment has so much exasperated him, that he resolves to ruin my Lady, tho' I know not by what Means. We perceived a Man about a Quarter of a Mile behind us, bending his Course towards our House, the Foot Way. My Uncle ask'd what was best to be done? Why Sir, said Mr. *Wigmore*, if you will give me Leave to advise you, I would have you prevent his getting to my Lady's, if possible, for this Time; who knows what may follow? I intend, if you approve of it, to write to my Lady, which Letter, if you please, you shall see first; wherein I will declare all Correspondence, for the future, shall be

L

intirely

* The Country of the Samorins reaches along the Sea-Coast of the East-Indies, from Ticori to Chitwa. It is the Custom of that Country, for the Women to have twelve Husbands, if they think fit; yet they all agree very well, taking their Turns to cohabit with the Wife. The Husband, whose Turn it is, leaves his Arms at the Door of the Wife's Chamber, which must not be removed on Pain of Death. When the Wife is with Child, she names the Husband who is to father it, and he is to take care of its Education; but those Children do never inherit their Father's Estate; that descends to the Male Issue of the Father's Sister; but if she have no Issue, the Estate comes to the nearest Relation of the Father's Mother.

ntirely broke off between us ; and, to convince her I am sincere in what I write, to crush all her Hopes at once, in a few Days I intend to embark for *Virginia*, where I have some Relations in Power, that I am assured will provide for me. Do so, said my Uncle. But how shall we see this Letter ? Why, returned Mr. *Wigmore*, I'll be walking before the Court-Gate, under the great Trees, three Hours hence. My Disguise will prevent my being known by any one, but you two Gentlemen, or my Lady ; and if I can meet with my Lady, I should be pleased to deliver the Letter to her myself. Well, said my Uncle, let it be so. But *Will* tells me, there's some Letters missing, as you have number'd 'em. Pray what might they contain, if it is not improper to know ? Really, reply'd Mr. *Wigmore*, I can't very well remember the Contents, but, in gross, they were something too free for a Woman's Pen. I believe, said my Uncle, if the Story of the *Norman Monk* was true *, and this Woman was in his Condition, it would not be hard to guess which Angel would have the Guardianship

* Richard, surnamed the Religious, Grandson to Rollo, Duke of Normandy, was esteem'd a Prince of singular Piety. Among many Monkish Stories of him, the following one seems to be calculated for those of large Faith.

A Monk of Normandy, given more to the Flesh than the Spirit, used to visit his Mistress by Night, for more Secrecy. One very dark Evening, going to the Rendezvous, his Way lying over a Bridge, he fell in, and was drown'd. When his Soul was descended into the Regions of the Dead, an Angel of Light, and another of Darknes, had many Strugglings about it ; but not agreeing, they resolved to put it to the Decision of the pious Duke Richard. The Angels pleaded like themselves before their Judge ; who, wisely weighing the Matter, gave Sentence the Body should have its Soul again, and placed near the Bridge where he fell from ; if he fell in, the black Gentleman should take him for his Perquisite. The Sentence being put in Execution, the Priest had learnt more Wit, return'd to his Convent, and there defy'd the Devil, and all his Works. This Affair was so quick in the Dispatch, that Duke Richard going to the Convent to see what was become of the Monk, found his Habit all wet with his Fall into the River.

Guardianship of her Ladyship. Come, Sir, said Mr. *Wigmore*, may be Heaven intends all for the best. I hope so too, reply'd my Uncle; but I fear, without a Miracle, she'll go the other Way, for all that. However, I'll wait patiently, tho' with little Hope; more for the Peace and Quiet of my Brother and his Family, than any good Will to such a wicked Woman.

I fear, Sir, said I, you will not have Time enough for Reflection now, for *Burleigh* walks at a very great Rate; therefore, the sooner we think how to prevent his getting to the House, the better. Odso! said my Uncle, that's true; then let us be gone, and leave Mr. *Wigmore* to think of his Epistle.

The Horse-Road to our House was even with the Foot-Road, 'till within a Furlong of the Gate, and then there was no other Way but the common Road. We kept just before *Burleigh* all the way, and as he came over the last Style, he stumbled, and fell on his Face. Why, how now! honest Friend, said my Uncle, you seem so much in haste, that you don't regard your Way. Take care, Remember the old Saying, *The more Haste, the worse Speed*; which has, indeed, no other Meaning, than when People go about things unlawful, they should not succeed. If you were a *Roman* now, you should take that for an ill Omen. Why, (reply'd *Burleigh*, something furlily) what Matter is it to you, or any body else, whether I am a *Roman*, or a *Protestant*, a *Dissenter*, or a *Muggletonian*, an *Anabaptist*, or a *Quaker*, or — Hold, hold! cry'd my Uncle (smiling at his Absurdity) you seem to be pretty perfect in the Names of many Opinions; and yet I fancy you are a mere Stranger to the Tenets of any of 'em. I am well skill'd in *Physiognomy*, and to assure you that I am, you are now going about a black Work, that, let it go which way it will, must, of mere Necessity, bring you into extreme Danger and Trouble.

Why, the Devil's in the Gentleman, (reply'd *Burleigh*, with a less-assured Tone than at first) or if the Devil is not in you, you must be the Devil himself, or, at least, a Conjuror. Good Friend, return'd my Uncle, I am neither the Devil, nor a Conjuror; and yet I can tell, and foretell; and farther, I assure you (looking him full

in the Face, which put the other out of Countenance) if you proceed in this Business, you'll be in some Danger of a Halter. Examine your Conscience. You know if what I say be true, or no. Return from whence you came: And, for the future, amend your Life, and know me for your Friend. *Amend your Life, and know me for your Friend!* cry'd Burleigh, muttering; sure I am asleep, and all this is a Dream. He stood some time gazing at my Uncle, and then at me. Pray, Sir, said he, after a Pause, who the Devil are you, and what Business have you with me? I am going about my Affairs, and shan't stay any longer losing my Time. Upon saying this, he was pressing on. But my Uncle cross'd him with his Horse, and calling him by his Name, with a menacing Tone, told him he should severely repent it, if he moved a Step farther towards that House, pointing at my Father's; neither is the Lady whom you go to seek, at home, she's gone to visit a sick Person. Return three Days hence, and it may be you will meet with better Success than you expect. Whether my Uncle's stern Looks frightened him, or that he really thought him the Devil, I can't tell; but at those last Words, he went back again over the Style, turn'd to give us another Look, and ran back the Way he came, as fast as his Legs could carry him.

There is more, said my Uncle, in a guilty Conscience, than a Brace of Evidences. 'Tis not impossible but this is the sure Means of your Mother's getting rid of this troublesome Retainer; so I suppose there will be an annual Pension saved. But what shall we do with this Woman? If she has any Grace left, the best way of shewing it will be, to hang herself, out of the way; for, I must own, I cannot find any other Method to give Peace to the Family. If we should conceal these horrible Crimes in Hopes of her Amendment, and she should commit more, we are in some sort accessory. But Heaven guide us for the best! We must proceed as Things occur. When the Groom had taken our Horses, my Uncle ask'd him, if he knew where his Master was. He answer'd, that he rid out presently after us, being inform'd we were taking the Air, and that he took the same Road as we had done.

Sure,

Sure, said my Uncle, softly to me, Providence, by its secret Workings, intends to reclaim this Woman; or, by its mysterious Darkeness, will have her stumble into more Wickedness; for my Brother's missing us must be almost a Miracle. Pr'ythee let's go into the Summer-House, and think on these wretched Accidents over again.

As we went thro' the Hall, I saw *Betty* at work, and letting my Uncle go before, I inform'd her, in brief, of the Day's Affair. She seem'd quite dead with my Relation. For God's sake! said she, if you have any Value for your own Life, get out of her Power; for if she can be so wicked to do as you say, I fear she'll arrive at the same Pitch she was at before. I must own, continued she, my own Life is but of small Value, and I would freely part with it to atone for my past Crimes, if it could save my dear Master's; but, methinks, I would not have it made a Sacrifice to a revengeful Woman, who will be sure to rid her Hands of me, because she remembers I know her former wicked Intention.

Well, *Betty*, said I, rest contented, you are provided for, if you can like my Uncle's Service; for I have prevail'd upon him to accept you for his Housekeeper; therefore, whenever you think fit, you may leave my Lady, and be received there, without any other Recommendation. She was very much rejoiced at the agreeable News, telling me, such good Fortune was far beyond her Hopes; yet nothing, she told me, could make her easy, till I was entirely out of my Mother-in-law's Reach. Well, *Betty*, I return'd, I hope every thing will be determined in a few Days, and so follow'd my Uncle.

When I came into the Summer-House to him, he ask'd me why I staid? When I inform'd him, he did not seem pleased. It had not been much matter (said he) *Billy*, whether *Betty* had been let into the Secret so soon; but however, it can't be help'd; I must own she knows enough already to be trusted with every thing. We canvass'd the Matter over several times, but could make very little of it; and before we could come to any Resolution, *Betty* interrupted us, by bringing a Letter directed to my Uncle, which she said, the Messenger

that brought it told her, it required no Answer. Pr'ythee, Billy, said my Uncle, read it, for I have no Secrets shall be hid from you. As soon as I had cast my Eyes on the *Directions*, I told him it was my Mother-in-law's Hand. Odso! said he, this is an Honour indeed! for I never was favour'd so far before. But let us hear what her Ladyship can say for herself. May be it's a Letter of leave to dispose of her sweet Person; or rather, now I think on't, to be careful of her dear *Wigmore*. But read it, that we may be acquainted with her Commands.

S I R,

WHAT shall I say, to gain Credit that what I write to you is sincere? If the ripping out my false Heart would do it, it should be done this Moment. What you have (guided by Fate) seen to-day, I must confess is not my only Crime. But whatever I have been guilty of, shall be remember'd only with a sincere Repentance. Do not imbitter our Lives, by discovering to my too indulgent Husband, the Faults of his wicked Wife. If you knew with what Horror my Soul is fill'd (not for the Fear of Punishment, but for what my unthinking Heart has done) even you would pity me. Consider the rarer Virtue is in Forgiveness, 'tis that which distinguishes us from Brutes. Do you stand in the Place of my Husband; think no more of what's past; and upon the Assurance of a hearty Repentance, I will never have a Thought of my former Guilt, but to bewail my Fall from Virtue. Tho' you are no great Admirer of the Female Sex, I am assured you have Humanity. I shall expect no Answer, but come home in the Evening, as usual, where, if I find all discover'd, I shan't in my Heart blame you; but I will, to get rid of my Shame, put an End to the Life of

Your affectionate Sister,

J. V.

That Word, *Affectionate*, at last, said my Uncle, puts me out of Conceit with all the rest. However, we'll comply, and beg the Hand of Heaven to guide us. While we were debating, my Father came in. I thought, said he, you were both run away, you disappear'd so suddenly.

suddenly. Pray, which way went you? And how was it possible for me to miss you? We only rid into the Copse after a Hare, reply'd my Uncle, that a Countryman inform'd us he saw there, but the Greyhound lost her.

We took several Turns in the Garden, and I could not look upon my Father without the Tears coming into my Eyes. How different, thought I, is this Woman from my dear Mother! And how unhappy has a second Marriage made the Family! My Father took Notice of my Melancholy, asking if I was out of Order? But my Uncle made him an Answer; for the Question came so much unlook'd for, that I could not tell what to say. *Billy*, said he, I believe is out of Humour, because I hinder'd his going to pore over his Books, for he thinks every Hour lost out of such Company. I made him no Answer, which confirm'd what my Uncle said. I hope, *Billy*, return'd my Father, has read enough not to take any thing Ill his Uncle says. My Uncle finding he could not make me dissipate that Discontent that sat on my Countenance, turn'd the Discourse, and by that brought me out of my Confusion. Our uneasy Conversation was broke by the Ringing of the Bell for Dinner, where I was forced to eat against my Stomach, for fear my Father should take more Notice of me.

When we had dined, my Father went to take a Nap, as usual, which gave my Uncle and me an Opportunity of waiting, without Observation, for Mr. *Wigmore*, with his Letter. About three in the Afternoon, we saw him approach us, in the same Disguise he had on in the Morning. We went out to meet him, that we might not be observed by the Servants of the House. When he was within hearing, my Uncle bid him turn back, and we would follow to the Copse.

When we came there, said Mr. *Wigmore*, This Place strengthens the Memory of my Crimes I have already repented of, and shall to my dying Breath. Here, Sir, is the Letter I promised in the Morning, and whatever Fault you find with it, I'll do my Endeavour to mend it. My Uncle took the Letter, and gave it me to read, which was as follows:

MADAM,

MADAM,

IF my Life would call back past Years, I would freely render it for that Satisfaction, to die an Innocent. Heaven sees our Guilt, and if we do not repent, I fear will severely punish us. All the Hours I have to come, I shall remember our past Crimes with Horror; and I do not in the least doubt, but you will do so too, when you reflect what it is to defile the Marriage-Bed, even with a Thought. Do not imagine Fear obliges me to write to you in this manner. No, it is the Result of my Thoughts, from an unquiet Conscience. I do not say it is easy for me to part with you for ever; therefore, as I am assured our guilty Commerce ought to have an End, I intend to-morrow to embark for another Climate, where I shall have Leisure to reflect on my past Follies, those, I confess, are very numerous: But my Capital Sin was, my Tenderneſs for you, and that I fear, will press in sometimes, in a manner not pleasing to virtuous Men; which Character, for the future, Heaven assist me to maintain! So, wishing you an eternal Farewell, I beg you to think on the Advice of your sincere Friend in Virtue,

T. WIGMORE.

Well, said my Uncle, as there is, I hope, Truth in it, there's no Want of Rhetoric. But how must this be deliver'd to the good Gentlewoman now? It will not be at all proper for either my Nephew, or me, to have a Hand in't, for that may raise Suspensions. Suppose, reply'd Mr. Wigmore, we should give it Mrs. Betty: With all my Heart, said my Uncle, if Billy approves on't. I must own (I reply'd) that is the safest Method we can take; but, as the Case stands, Betty must know the Contents, or she will not deliver it. We agreed it should be so, and took our Leaves of Mr. Wigmore, with Thoughts of never seeing him more. I must confess, I could not look upon him without the utmost Horror, tho' his Guilt was not near of so black a Dye as my Mother-in-law's. And I had such a Conflict between Reason and Rage, that I had often Thoughts, young as I was, to call him to a more strict Account; but the Hopes of his going abroad, laid asleep my Repentment.

I thought

I thought I made but an odd Figure in tamely listening to these Interviews; and told my Uncle afterwards what I had suffer'd. 'Tis well, Boy, said he, smiling, he that conquers his Passions, overcomes his greatest Enemy. Even *Scipio* could do no more.

When we came home, we were told my Father was still asleep. I therefore went to find out *Betty*, to give her the Letter, and proper Instructions; first acquainting her with the Contents. This, *Betty*, may work upon her. I pray Heaven it may (says *Betty*) for if she still continues her ill Life, there's no farther Hopes, we must discover all to your Father, to prevent her Ill Designs for the future. While I was talking with *Betty*, my Uncle came to us, and, in a merry manner, told her, he should soon have Occasion for her; nay, he would be sure to manage it, that her Mistress should give her Consent. But, said my Uncle, I think I ought to limit your Power, for my last Lady had something too much. However, I'll take your Word, and *William's* Bond, for the Performance of Articles. But, to think of more serious Matters, continued my Uncle, I wish my Brother could be got out of the way, when his good Lady arrives, that we may have a little more Freedom of Conversation; for I am not yet fully determined what to do with her. Sir, said I, I know the ready way to send him abroad; only tell him, in such a Place is a Covy of Partridges, and he and his Man will soon leave us; neither is it a Falshood, for the other Morning, as I was going to meet the old Woman, a Covy sprung up almost under my Feet. Be it so then, said my Uncle; and here he comes, get him out of the way as fast as you can. I then went to my Father, and inform'd him of what I knew; who immediately call'd for his Man, his Dog, and his Gun, and out he went, first asking us if we would accompany him, but my Uncle excused himself, and me too.

He had not been gone above half an Hour, but my Mother-in-law came in, with a Countenance full of penitential Sorrow. As soon as ever she had an Opportunity, she fell at my Uncle's Feet, and with her Face sprinkled with Tears, and a broken Voice, interrupted with Sighs, spoke to my Uncle after this manner.

How

How shall I look up! or what shall I do to gain Credit for what I am going to say? It is but Justice to suspect the Sincerity of my Words, after what your Eyes have seen. But be assured, from this Day, I will take my Date of Virtue. While I have Life, never will I wrong my worthy Husband, even with a Thought. What a gaping Ruin have I avoided, if you will be prevail'd upon by Repentance, to believe me! And to gain more Credit from you, I am obliged to let you know, that even *Adultery* is not my greatest Sin. I have, since you saw me last, weigh'd well my past Crimes, and think there is not such another wicked Woman breathing. But Heaven, I hope, has in its infinite Stock of Mercy, Forgiveness in store for a sincere Repentance. If my Words cannot gain Credit, let your Sword blot out with my Blood, my former Wickedness! I know I have deserved Death, and shall with Satisfaction resign myself to your Punishment; if you can conceal my Crimes, you may term it Accident, or whatever you think fit, for I am even weary of this World, made burdensome to me by the Weight of Sin I have laid upon myself, and would freely make an End of this wretched Being with my own Hands, but that I consider, I should commit a Crime never to be repented of; and take away all Hopes of Salvation, even in the very Act. Tho' I doubt not but Sorrow, in a few Days, will end my Crimes with my Life, and the sooner that Day comes, the sooner I shall be rid of a terrible Load of Reflection, even worse than Death itself. Here Tears choak'd her Words, and she sunk to the Ground, quite overwhelm'd with Sorrow.

Well, Madam, said my Uncle, raising her, if all this Grief is not real, you are an excellent Counterfeit: But I am willing to believe you sincere in your Confession. And for my own Part, I'll strive to forget all that's past, or think of it as a Dream. But you must pardon me, if I am more careful for the future, in observing your Actions; for if you should make an ill Use of my Credulity, I should, in some sort, be guilty. Sir, said my Mother-in-law, Words are too poor to speak my Thanks, but you shall find my Sincerity by my Actions. If in the least of all my future ones, you find me erring, I shall expect

expect no Admonition from you, but to be delivered up to the Hands of Justice. And that you may have it in your Power to call me to an Account when you please, I shall succinctly tell you which way I deserve the worst of Deaths. She then related what you have read already, concerning her first Husband's Death, but solemnly protested, the Poison was given by Mistake; for tho' she procured it for that Intent, yet she had repented of her wicked Design; and it being put into the Closet by Mistake, among some Cordials, the Nurse gave it her Husband as such; for she was so far from believing that he came by his Death thro' her Means, that she accused the Apothecary's Man, and had followed the Accusation, if she had not found out the Mistake. I must own, I had a guilty Commerce with the Apothecary, who left off making his Visits after my Husband's unfortunate End. This Proceeding exasperated me so far, that I often wish'd his Death; and the Devil, to back my Wishes, brought me acquainted with one *Burleigh*, who used to work in the Gardens, as Helper to the Gardener, tho' otherwise a Trooper. He undertook the black Deed; and the Day he first knew my Mind, he put me past the Power to recall it, by making an End of the unfortunate Man; for even as soon as I parted with him, I repented of the Crime; and tho' I sought him all the Day after, to prevent the Deed, I never set Eyes on him, till he came to tell me my Commands were obey'd. The Concern I felt at the wicked News, could hardly be express'd by Words; but the Wretch, taking hold of my Weakness, made me comply with every thing he desired, and even to this Day compels me to maintain him.

All the while she was relating her horrid Deeds, my Uncle seem'd perfectly Thunderstruck. Who would think, said he, one Woman could be so wicked! Sir, said she, that is not all. Then she proceeded to tell us of her Designs against me; but that, said she, I have long since repented of, as my worst of Crimes.

Well, said my Uncle, I hope, by this Confession, we shall find your future Sincerity. But what do you propose to do with this *Burleigh*? It was with some Difficulty I prevented his coming here to-day. Tho' I am amazed to find you know any thing of him, said my Mother-in-law,

law, yet I should be much obliged to you for your Advice in this Affair. Well, said my Uncle, in Hopes of future Amendment, I have it in my Head to get rid of him, which shall be done to-morrow, if you'll let me know where to find him. This, Sir, said she, will double all my Obligations to you. I'll give you a Direction in Writing. While she was writing the Direction, Betty brought Mr. *Wigmore's* Letter, which she took and read. Well, said she, I take Heaven to have an Hand in my Conversion, for here's another Convert, which very much pleases me, because I was troubled before how to make an End with him. She then related what had past between them. And all her Relations agreed so well with what we knew before, that we thought it a Crime in us, not to believe her Promises for her future Behaviour.

A little while after, Word was brought us, my Father was come home. How, said my Mother-in-law, shall I look upon that dear injured Face, without betraying my Guilt? When I was enveloped in Sin, without Thought of Repentance, I could form my Behaviour as I thought fit, without any Difficulty; but now, I cannot tell how to appear before him, without the utmost Confusion. Pray, said my Uncle, let this be the last Act of Dissembling, and hide from him the Combat in your Mind. Time will bring you to the Tranquility of Virtue again.

When my Father came to us, he seemed very much pleased with his Diversion. What, said he, you must be idling at home, while I am obliged to go abroad to procure you a Supper. Well, I have got every Man his Bird. 'Tis your Duty, reply'd my Uncle, to provide for your Family; tho' *Bill*; and I are, at present, Interlopers. Heyday! cry'd my Father, What's the matter with *Jane*! (meaning his Wife) are your Patients got well upon your Hands, my Dear, that you have not an Opportunity of shewing your Art, you look so melancholy? I am not very well, my Dear, reply'd my Mother, in some Confusion. I am sorry for that, return'd my Father. But as you can cure other People, I hope you know what's good for yourself. Yes, Sir, said she, I have been troubled with it a great while; 'tis a Heaviness

vinefs of Heart, but I have taken that I hope will cure it. A Heavinefs of Heart, reply'd my Father! there's nothing eures that Distemper like a Glafs or two of good Wine; nay, I think it a general Cure for all Difcafses, and the fooner you take the Remedy, the fooner you'll get rid of your Malady. I think, faid my Uncle, that *Phyſick* is good for us all, therefore let's have it. While the Wine was gone for, my Father ſeemed to carefs his Wife, which occaſioned her burſting into Tears. Pray, faid he, my Dear, tell me what is it diſturbs you. In Truth, Sir, faid ſhe, I am not very well, and beg leave I may go to Bed; perhaps Reſt may help me. So ſaying, ſhe took leave of the Company, and retired. When my Father had drank a Glafs of Wine, he followed her to know how ſhe did, and left my Uncle and me together.

Well, *Billy*, faid he, what think you of Affairs? Do you believe ſhe is ſincere in her Proteſtations? Yes, really, Sir, faid I, if ſhe does continue it. I am confounded, returned my Uncle, at what I have heard. If ſhe ſhould be as good as her Word, and let murdering Sorrow make an End of her, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be very eaſy, notwithstanding her Penitence. However, we muſt find out *Burleigh* to-morrow, and get rid of him: And tho' I am aſſured he deſerves an Halter, yet I'll give him a few Pieces to ſend him into another Part of the World, with all my Heart, and then, ſure, ſhe will be eaſy. I am of your Opinion, Sir, faid I; I fancy her Decline of Years will prevent her ſeeking another Lover. I do not know that, reply'd my Uncle, that itching Folly never conſiders Years; however, I believe we have nothing to fear from her; but if we ſhould be deceived, I ſhould never forgive myſelf. I muſt own, 'tis but ſeldom Virtue ſucceeds Vice, yet ſuch things have been, and therefore may happen again. We have all the Proſpect we can deſire, in the Confeſſion of her Guilt; for as ſhe was ignorant of our Knowledge of it, ſhe might have ſpared the Relation, if ſhe had not intended for the future to amend her Life. We had much Diſcourſe concerning her, till interrupted by my Father, who told us, his Wife ſeemed very much indiſpoſed, but he hoped Reſt would reſtore her. For my own Part, I freely declare,

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her Death would certainly have grieved me; but the Content I should have found from the Family's being intirely out of her Power, would have soon wiped away my Tears.

After Supper, I informed *Betty* of all Passages, whose Hopes and Fears agreed with mine, tho' our Hopes, by far, over-balanced our Fears.

In the Morning, my Uncle told my Father, that he and I had a Visit to make, and very possibly might be obliged to stay Dinner. Accordingly, we took Horse, but in order to find out *Burleigh*, who lived in an obscure Village three Miles from my Father's. When we arrived, we could perceive him running out of the Back-Door, at the first Sight of us; and I believe would have got away from us, if his Over-haste had not often made him fall in the Stubble. When we overtook him, my Uncle ask'd him, why he made such Haste from his best Friends? Why, to tell you the Truth, Sir, said he, I don't care for conversing with the Devil, for I can hardly take you for any thing else. Why, said my Uncle, were you not afraid of conversing with him, when you made away with Mr. —, the Apothecary? for Murder is always instigated by the Devil. At these Words, the Fellow fell a trembling, and cry'd out, *I am a dead Man!* No, said my Uncle, tho' Murder should never be forgiven, and tho' I am no Devil, yet I have sufficient Reasons to assist you in making your Escape; for, if you stay Four and Twenty Hours, Justice will lay hold on you, and there will be no other Road to get away, but that of the Gallows. In short, such a Person, naming my Mother-in-law, has discover'd it. Now I would save both your Lives, which cannot be done without you fly immediately. Alas! Sir, said *Burleigh*, whither should I fly? I have no Money or Friends, or I would be gone with all my Heart. For that, said my Uncle, I'll take care. Go and provide yourself with what Necessaries you have, and then follow me. We were not long before we mounted, and pursued our Journey toward *Bristol*.

As we rid along, my Uncle ask'd him how he could be so inhuman to murder a Man in cold Blood, and one, very probable, almost a Stranger to him? Why indeed, reply'd

reply'd *Burleigh*, I had but little Knowledge of him; but, as to murdering him, I can't give it that Name, for I fairly fought with him; tho' indeed that can't be proved, because I am only my own Witness. What d'ye mean by fighting fairly, cry'd my Uncle; is taking a Man's Life, without any Provocation, to be call'd fair? I can't directly argue the Point with you, Sir, return'd *Burleigh*; but when a Person has equal Arms to his Opposer, and the other fairly runs the risk of Death, I say it can't be call'd Murder, for he always rode with a Pair of Pistols, as I did the same; and I gave him fair Warning; told him, either he or I had breath'd our last Hour. 'Tis true, he was not very willing to fight, but he found it was to no Purpose; and I must own, if he had not, I must of Necessity have kill'd him; but he fired both his Pistols, and mis'd me; and I, with one of mine, shot him thro' the Throat. After he fell from his Horse, I dragg'd him into the neighbouring unfrequented Wood, ty'd his Horse to a Tree in the same Wood, and rid home with my own. The same Day I got leave to be absent for a Week, return'd to the Wood, took the Horse I had left there, and sold him at *Chester*, with a Pretence I was bound for *Ireland*; so return'd home on Foot. I must own, I was too hasty in executing my Lady's Desire, for she never peremptorily bid me; but I was willing to get him out of the way, that I might have her all to myself. I continued my Correspondence for three or four Years, and constantly received an annual Pension. But when she was about marrying, she gave me three Years Allowance together, telling me at the same time, that what I then received was the utmost she could do for me. And, indeed, gave me good Advice. But my Money was soon gone; therefore I apply'd myself to her again, and almost forced a Subsistence from her, by threatening to declare what she has now done herself, like a silly Woman as she is. I must own, I often threaten'd a young Gentleman, who I am assured keeps Company with her, of declaring something might endanger her Life; but I can assure you it was only to fright some Money out of her.

This Talk had brought us to the Town's End. We went directly to my Uncle's Friend, and, by good For-

tune, found him at home. My Uncle, in private, declared to him the Cause of this unexpected Visit; and the Bargain was soon struck for the Disposal of my Friend *Burleigh*. My Uncle, at parting, gave him Twenty Guineas, for his own Use; but with a strict Charge to his Friend not to trust him out of his Sight. And in three Days after we were inform'd, by Letter, that the Ship set sail on her Voyage to *New York*.

Now, said my Uncle, I hope we have laid an excellent Plan for raising your Mother's Virtue; and I hope the Superstructure will answer the Basis. I am in Heart convinced of it, I reply'd. And indeed my Thoughts were now intirely bent on my lovely *Isabella*, and the Contemplation of her Perfections produced a careful Musing, which my Uncle took notice of. Why how now, *William*? said my Uncle, What are those wise Thoughts that have ty'd your Tongue up? I hope all Affairs at home are accommodated. Come, let me know the Reason of your Ruminatation. Sir, said I, my Mind was fixt upon the Company we left behind us in your Neighbourhood. I hope, reply'd my Uncle, the fair *Isabella* is not stealing into your Heart? No, Sir, I return'd, I have kept her Image there from the first Moment I saw her Face, never to be defaced by Years, or Misfortune. Why how now! Youth, cry'd my Uncle; is your Heart susceptible of Love so soon? But I thought as much by your Uneasiness to leave 'em at our last Visit: But come, we'll make 'em another to-morrow; for I must own, I long to be at home too. Indeed, Sir, said I, I freely confess, there lies my Loadstone, and turn which way I will, my Inclinations look that way.

Well, said my Uncle, I must own, I am not against your embarking on the Sea of Love, if I was sure you could arrive at your desired Port, without meeting with Storms in your Voyage. Have you had any Talk with your fair Mistress? Sir, (said I) I will never conceal any thing from you, and therefore I shall declare all my Proceedings. I then told him the whole Progress of my amorous Affairs. Well, return'd my Uncle, I don't find you have any great Reason to despair. Neither, Sir, said I, can I find any thing to beget a Hope, especially when I think of the implacable Aversion rooted in the

the Minds of the Mother and the Aunt, against Men and Matrimony. Indeed, said my Uncle, they have both sufficient Reasons for that Aversion; the one, from the complicated Humours of an ill-natured Husband; and the other, from the Ill-usage of a Man unworthy the Name; which, to beguile the Time, I will relate; I mean, the Story of the Aunt, which I learnt from her own Mouth, but the last Time we were there.

When she had scarce seen Seventeen, she was courted by a Person remarkable for his good Make, and Address, with the Addition of a large Fortune, which, in many People, serve only as instrumental to evil Actions. This Man of the World, by the common Wiles, gain'd the Heart of the young Lady, and, by his subtle Insinuations, prevail'd upon her to steal from her Relations. His Pretence for it was, his Friends Aversion to the Match; for indeed his Estate might have commanded, as the World goes, a more ample Dowry with a Wife. Blinded by Love, and his Hypocrisy, she comply'd with his Desire, and stole away from her Father. When he had got her Person in his Custody, he endeavour'd to gain his Ends without giving the Priest any Trouble; but the Lady, tho' much in Love, abhor'd his base Intentions, and, by her Resentment, shew'd the Spark had nothing to hope for from that ungenerous Way. He then got into her good Graces again, by declaring, his Attempt was only to try her; letting her know at the same time, how happy he should be with a Woman of such an impregnable Virtue. In a few Days after this Trial, he marry'd her, and in a Month after the Wedding, told her he would have her go home to her Friends, for he expected his Wife out of the Country, who was of such a violent Temper, every thing was to be fear'd from her Rage.

The poor Lady was dumb thro' Astonishment, and many times fancy'd he had a mind to try her Temper, and gave him to understand as much. Well, Madam, (said the base Wretch) I am resolv'd to make the Matter as plain as I can to you. Here, *John!* (calling to one of his Servants) this, Madam, said he, is the good Man that gave us a Commission to go to Bed together, and he is come to take his Leave of you, being to attend a

Gentleman of my Acquaintance in his Travels, in the Quality of his Footman; and I believe he is so far from being a Churchman, that he never was in a Church in his Life. I hope, said the Fellow, your Honour will pardon my contradicting you in that, for I have been many a Day in Twenty, one after another. The poor Lady too soon found the Truth of her Misfortune; and her Rage and Despair, vented in the bitterest Reproaches, had no Effect on the inhuman Brute. But, instead of giving her any Comfort (finding she made no Hastē in leaving him) left her in sole Possession of the Lodging he had taken for that Purpose, where she was forced to part with every thing she had of Value, to support her in common Necessaries of Life; and, if her careful Father had not found her out, was resolved to part with Life, to put an End to her Shame and Misfortunes. The old Gentleman took her home; and, to comfort her, gave her his Word he would forget her Unhappiness, being well assured of her honest Intentions. And this is the Cause of the Aunt's Aversion to Men and Matrimony.

I must own, Sir, said I, I can't well blame the Resolution she has taken. I must declare, I wonder how such barbarous Notions can enter the Minds of Men! and if there were not Instances of it every Day, I should think such Relations Fables. How is it possible that the Nature of Men should be so very different! Every kind of the Brute Creation are much the same; but Man sympathizes with every Degree of 'em; and are full as various. A Man had better not be, than to be born with such Appetites; and the Dignity of his Figure only makes him the greater Monster. I own (reply'd my Uncle) your good Sense, at so early an Age, gives me the utmost Contentment; and tho' Philosophy may be learnt without practising, yet I believe I have nothing to fear from your Conduct.

It was late in the Evening before we came home; and we were inform'd by my Father, that his Wife's Indisposition increased. My Father seem'd so very much concern'd, that he was not very inquisitive about the Journey we had made that Day. We sympathized with him. However, my Uncle inform'd him, that we intended to be gone in the Morning early; and all
his

his Intreaties could not prevail upon him to stay longer. Well then, said my Father, since you will go, I would have you take Leave of my Wife to-night; which was agreed to. A Message was sent to her, to know if it was proper to see us; and she sent Word she should take it kindly. When we came into the Room, my Uncle and I sat on each side her Bed, and neither of us spoke for some Moments. At last, my Mother-in-law broke Silence. Well, Sir, said she to my Uncle, has your Journey succeeded, and am I to number this Day's Work among the many other Obligations I have to your Virtue? Madam, reply'd my Uncle, every thing has fell out, I hope, according to your Desire; for, I am fully persuaded, *Burleigh* will never come more to interrupt your growing Quiet. He then related the Transactions of the Day to her. Well then, said my Mother, my Mind's at rest, and I hope Heaven will pardon me, as you have done; 'tis all I have now to do, to gain it, for I find I am not long to continue in this World, for the Wounds my Virtue, tho' a Conqueror, has received, in the sharp Combat with overgrown Vice, I find will not be heal'd but by the Hand of Death; therefore, when you hear I am no more, bury my Failings with my Body, in my Grave, nor never think of me, but as a sincere and humble Penitent.

The Behaviour of my Mother-in-law, brought Tears into my Eyes, which she observed with a Tenderneſs I had never perceived in her before. Dry thy Tears, my Child, said she; thy soft Disposition overwhelms me with Confusion. If I survive, I beg you will look upon me as thy own Mother, for my Actions shall ever declare me so. And if Death releases me from this troublesome World, remember me as such in every thing, but thy Grief. I could not return any Answer, my Heart was so overburden'd with Sorrow; which she perceiving, flung her Arms about my Neck, prest me to her Cheeks, and we mingled our Tears together. We continued in this sorrowful Employment till my Father came in and interrupted us. Come, said he, no more Grieving; by the Grace of God, a few Days will chase away this Indisposition; and then we'll come and make my Brother a Visit. I must own, I parted with her in the utmost Sorrow,

Sorrow, for I found my Tenderneſs increaſe every Moment; and if the Thoughts of ſeeing my dear *Iſabella* had not ſtole into my Memory, I ſhould have been inſoluble in this Parting: But every thing muſt give way to Love. We alſo took Leave of my Father over-night, that Ceremony might give us no Hinderance in the Morning. When the Veil of Obſcurity was drawn, to let in the chearful Beams of the Sun, my Uncle and I mounted, and purſued our Journey. My Uncle, to make the Way leſs tedious, told me many pleaſant Stories; which gave me ſo much Satisfaction; that we got home before I thought we were half way.

After Dinner, my Uncle aſk'd me if I had Stomach enough to pay a Viſit to the Ladies? I told him, nothing could be more agreeable to me. We were ſoon ready, and ſoon on Horſeback. When we arrived, we found a great many Female Viſitors, and *Iſabella* preſiding over the Tea-Table, as uſual: I obſerved a Bluſh in her Cheeks, when ſhe firſt ſaw me; which I interpreted in my Favour at firſt, as Love's a Flatterer. Yet ſhe took ſo little Notice of me, during the reſt of the Day, that my Uneaſineſs was very great. The Company ſtaid Supper; and *Iſabella*, to compleat my Diſcontent, took all Occaſions to avoid me. One Lady I took particular Notice of, a Woman about Thirty. She ſeem'd to have a languiſhing Sweetneſs in her Countenance, that diſcover'd a Temper without any Gall. She often took notice of my Sadneſs, without the Heed of *Iſabella*, or the reſt of the Company. I have heard, ſaid ſhe, many Commendations of this young Gentleman's Underſtanding, which makes me imagine ſomething extraordinary has put him out of Humour. This Speech, I muſt own, put me into ſome Confuſion; and I thought myſelf under the Neceſſity of making a Reply; but my Uncle gave me time to recover, by anſwering for me. A Man, ſaid he, muſt have a fine Time on't, to give Proofs of his Underſtanding among ſo many Female Tatlers (begging this Lady's Pardon, bowing to the Stranger) but yet I think *Billy* has made his plain, by holding his Tongue. Women have not Souls capable of edifying by his Diſcourſe. And I am ſure there is nothing learnt by their eternal Clacks, except

cept it gives us an Idea of a Perpetual Motion. We are sure of your good Word, reply'd the Aunt. Yet I am as much concern'd as you are, if the young Gentleman has met with any thing to put him out of Humour. Perhaps, reply'd the Stranger Lady, he had rather be in Company more suitable to his Years. I think *Isabella* should entertain him. Really Madam, return'd *Isabella*, I am not of your Opinion; I have left off Play-things for some time, therefore I imagine I shall be as dull Company for him, as he will be for me. You are a little too free with the young Gentleman, return'd the Mother; and, in general, you are all too hard upon him. I have done, Madam, reply'd *Isabella*, I shall say no more, and ask Pardon, if I have offended him. Their Discourse was interrupted, by the strange Lady's Husband's Entrance, who came to fetch her home. When she was gone, my Uncle ask'd who she was, for, to the best of his Remembrance, he had never seen her before. There is something very extraordinary in that Lady's Fortune, said the Aunt, and if it were not so late, *Isabella* should read her Story, wrote by her Husband, which she has procured a Copy of from the Lady's Original. Why then, reply'd my Uncle, with *Isabella's* Leave, we'll trespass upon the Time; 'tis Moonlight, and we shall find our way home without a Candle. I am ready to satisfy you, return'd *Isabella*, if I once receive my Mother's Commands. My Commands are at your Service, reply'd the Mother. Upon that *Isabella* went out, and return'd immediately, with a Paper in her Hand. This true Story, said she, is call'd, by the Person that wrote it,



E L E A N O R A :

O R, T H E

W I L L I N G C U C K O L D.

ELEANORA, was Daughter to a wealthy Citizen of London; but having many Children, he could not give her a Fortune equal to her Merit. She had all the Advantage of Education, even for one of a higher Station; and there was nothing wanting, but Grandeur, to make her the finest Woman in the World. A Physician, of good Practice, fell in Love with her, and declaring his Passion to her Father, gained his Consent to address his Daughter. But like an indulgent Parent, considering the Bargain he was driving was to last for Life, frankly told him, if he could not gain his Daughter's Heart, there was no Advantage to be expected from his Consent; for he valued the Repose of his Children beyond every thing else in this World. The Doctor approved of his Sentiments, therefore endeavoured to gain the Affection of the young Lady. As he was a Man of a tolerable Person and handsome Address, he gained upon her to receive the Proposals of Marriage without any Reluctance.

The Nuptials were solemnized, and, in all Appearance, they bid fair for a very happy Couple. Some Years passed with an uninterrupted Series of Contentment. In the Summer-Season, when Business would permit, he, with his Family, would retire into the Country. In the rural Neighbourhood lived a Gentleman of a great Estate, who seeing *Eleanor* by Accident in her Garden, fell desperately in Love with her. *When the Gifts of Fortune are thrown upon an Undeserver, they only serve to encourage Baseness.*

This

This Gentleman was resolv'd to enjoy the virtuous Lady on any Hazard; and his first Step was to get acquainted with the Husband, which was no very difficult Point to gain; it was easy to feign an Indisposition, and the Physician gains as much by the Sound, as the Diseas'd; imaginary Distempers out-number the real ones. The Gentleman was liberal in his Fees to the Doctor; and the Doctor had Understanding enough in his Profession to know, that he received his Money for nothing; but that was his Curse, the Curse of Avarice.

The lovesick Gentleman took all Occasions to visit the Doctor at his own House, where he had many Opportunities of conversing with the Lady, and the Charms of her Understanding were as strong as those of her Person: But then, to freeze his Hopes, he found her one of an impregnable Virtue. He had oft declared his Passion to her, and she as oft threaten'd to acquaint her Husband; but her Threats were of no Use, for he was too powerful, and too much in Love, to fear any thing but her Scorn. When the Lady found no Usage would make him forbear his Visits or Addresses, resolv'd never to appear when ever he came; but this only added Fuel to the amorous Fire, and rendered him the more impatient.

Burning in this unlawful Flame, he was resolv'd by Force to possess her, since every other way failed. He found means to corrupt her Maid, for few Servants are Proof against Gold; and being inform'd by her, that the Doctor was oblig'd to attend a Nobleman, his Patient, to the *Bath*, he determin'd that very Night, with the Assistance of the treacherous Maid, to execute his villainous Design. In *Eleanora's* Bed-chamber was a Closet, that opened on the Inside with a Spring-Lock, into which the Gentleman was convey'd, disguised, by the Servant, who took the Key in her Pocket. When the innocent Lady came to go to Bed, which she did early, in the Absence of the Husband, she inquired for the Key of her Closet, to go to her Devotion, as usual; but the Maid, after hunting a great while, told her she could not find it; therefore must send for the Smith in the Morning. The Gentleman has oft-times declared since, that the Fervency of her Devotion had

had almost made him forgo his rash Attempt. But Love proved too powerful for those pious Thoughts. As she was undressing herself to go to Rest, her Husband returned. She expressed a great deal of Satisfaction for his sudden and unlooked for coming back; but it is easy to guess what the Gentleman in the Closet felt at so cruel a Disappointment; and he sometimes thought that Heaven had heard her Prayers, and prevented his wicked Intention. The Doctor told his Wife, that he had met his Patient upon the Road, who came to Town on Purpose to be near him and his own Apothecary, for his Advice. After some trivial Talk, he called for Supper; but the Maid, who stood upon Thorns, desired that he might go and sup in the Parlour, that she might have an Opportunity of conveying the baffled Lover out of the House: But the Doctor proved obstinate, and swore he would sup there, and no Persuasions could alter his Resolution. Therefore Supper was brought up, and the Lover and the Maid wished him heartily choaked. Among other Discourse, the Doctor ask'd his Wife, Why she appeared so strange to the Squire? meaning our closeted Lover. You should consider, my Dear, added he, he's one of my best Patients, and, in all Probability, will continue so; for he, like my Lord, has no other Disease than what's formed by Fancy, which is a Companion certain for Life. The Doctor said so much upon the Subject, that *Eleanora* at last confessed his unlawful Solicitations. And she further added, the Way to be freed from his wicked Addresses, was never to come into his Sight. Ay, but my Dear, reply'd the Husband, if that be his Motive of visiting us, I shall lose my Patient, when he perceives the Deprivation of your Company.

Eleanora was something surprized at his manner of Reasoning, imagining he would resent it, as a Man of Honour ought. The Husband perceiving her Confusion at his unexpected Answer, cry'd, No, no, my Dear, I am very well satisfy'd in your Virtue, and that no Temptation will be strong enough to overcome it. Therefore I desire, whenever the Squire comes, you would appear as you were wont, and only make a Jest
of

of his Passion ; I'll warrant you, nothing that he can say will hurt your Features, or deaden your Complexion : Therefore, prythee, let him say what he will ; as long as I am satisfy'd, you need not have any further Regard. *Eleanora* was confounded with the Sentements of her Husband, plainly telling him, that Avarice had blinded him, and the prattling World would soon declare her guilty, if the Squire continued his Visits ; and if your own Honour will not prompt you to put a Period to this dangerous Correspondence, I hope, said she, my Quiet will be of sufficient Force with you. The Doctor still proved obstinate, and insisted upon her receiving the Squire with favourable Looks. He being of an obstinate passionate Temper, she seemed, at last, consenting to his Will, hoping Time would, some way or other, put an End to such an Affair.

The Gentleman in the Closet, tho' uneasy at his Confinement, yet received some Consolation in the Sentiments of the Husband, and conceived Hope even of succeeding in his Wishes, thro' the Doctor's Avarice, and bad Principles. All his Uneasiness was, now, how to get away undiscovered ; his being near the Object of his Wishes, gave him no Contentment, when his Ideas gave her to the Arms of a dull insipid Husband. The Closet where he was, look'd into the Garden, and being a Ground-Floor, he got out with little Difficulty ; but, getting over the Garden-Wall, a Mastiff-Dog belonging to the House, seized him by the Leg, and pull'd him down again : and having no Arms about him, but what were prepared for Love, it was with much Difficulty and Danger he escaped the Mastiff's Fury.

When he came home, he was obliged to send for a Surgeon, for the Dog had bit him, in several Places, and a reasonable Person would imagine the Smart of his Wounds might have cured the Pain in his Heart ; but he was more in Love than ever. The Cure of his Hurts kept him at home much longer than his impatient Soul would permit, which retarded his Cure. The Doctor visited him every Day, and never without a Fee ; and, no doubt, in his Heart, he wish'd when he was cured of this Hurt, to meet with another Such, the first time he went abroad. Tho' the

Gentleman had form'd a Story, far from the Road of Truth, yet the Doctor told him, he did not doubt, but he met with the Accident in pursuing some Love Intrigue.

One Day, when they were together in the Squire's Garden, pretty well warm'd with the Juice of the Grape, he spoke to him after this manner: Sir, I stand in very great need of your Advice, without prescribing to the Apothecary. I am sick, I own, but my Disease lies in the Mind. I have long languish'd for a beautiful Lady, that if I do not enjoy, I must seek for my Contentment in the Grave, for there is nothing else in this World, can give me Ease. This Charmer is marry'd, and I believe strictly virtuous. I shall conceal the Name, till I hear your Advice and Sentiments on this Occasion; but, by the way, before you speak, I am willing to give 500*l.* to compleat the Business, and 20*l.* every time I have the Enjoyment of the Lady. The Doctor did not take a long time to consider the Proposal, but made him this Answer: Sir, were it my own Case, I should not long demur upon it, for, I can assure you, I should take the Money; and tho' it might seem strange in the Eyes of the World, yet, in my own private Opinion, there is no Crime in't. What the worse is a Woman for being enjoy'd by more than her Husband, especially with his Consent; for I believe there are but few guiltless without it, and commit the Sin, if it be one, without any Profit.

The Gentleman finding the Doctor pretty willing in such an Affair, told him the whole Truth, and that it was his Wife whose Eyes had wounded him. To deal as freely with you, reply'd the Doctor, I imagined as much; for my Wife has been complaining to me of your criminal Addresses, as she calls 'em; and I find (not as I have put it directly to her) that there is no Hope in gaining her, knowingly, to consent; or perhaps if she were willing, I should not be easily brought to treat about the Matter: But I suppose if it were so, I should never have heard of the Affair. Well then, said the Squire, since you are willing to assist me, I'll give you my Word and Honour, every Article I have mention'd to you, shall be made good; and let us begin as soon as you please. Hold, Sir, reply'd the Doctor, we are now driving a Bargain, I am well assured you would

not

not apply to me, if you could get your Business done without me; therefore I am resolv'd you shall come to my Terms, or you shall never see my Wife more. — First, you shall enter into Bonds, never to disclose the Secret to any Person: Next, you must make the 500*l.* a 1000*l.* for the first time; for how do I know but you may repent your Bargain, after Enjoyment? for I am convinced, Expectation exceeds Possession of our Wishes: And for the second time, 100*l.* the third 50*l.* and the fourth 20*l.* and so to continue.

The Gentleman, eager as he was to possess the Lady, was surpriz'd at his Proposal; but, as his Passion exceeded his Reason, soon agreed to the mention'd Articles. But the Difficulty was, how to have 'em drawn with Secrecy; but the Doctor soon solv'd that, by telling him, he would draw up the Bond himself, and the Squire's Servants might sign it, without knowing the Contents. The first 1000*l.* should be brought in Specie; and so the rest, as they should become due. The Gentleman was too much blinded with Love, to stop at any thing. The next Day the Bond of Secrecy was sign'd; with the Penalty of 3000*l.* and the Night after that, was agreed on for the first Time, when he should take Possession of all he desired. In the Interim, the Doctor had many Discourses with his Wife, upon the Levity of Women, and that the Crime of Adultery was only as People were pleas'd to form it to themselves. The poor innocent Lady little imagin'd the base Design that was hatch'd against her, and only begg'd her Husband would cease such Discourses, that but ill agreed with her Sentiments.

The better to carry on the Contrivance, the Squire had not made one Visit at the Doctor's, since the Night he was confin'd in the Closet; and the poor Lady, far from Ill-Nature, was not displeas'd that he had any thing to hinder his troublesome Visits. When the fatal Evening came, the Doctor took care in conveying the Gentleman with his 1000*l.* into the Closet, unperceiv'd by any; and that his Wife should not have an Occasion for any thing that was there, had order'd all her Female Geers out two Days before, with this Reason, That he should want that Place intirely to himself, for some time.

Bed-time came, and the poor Victim was laid in Sheets, the Emblem of her Innocence, ready for the Sacrifice of unlawful Love. The base-spirited Husband took an Occasion of putting out the Candle, and dismiss'd the Maid. Upon the Instant, the expecting Lover took his Place, and the Doctor prudently and decently retired to his Closet. I can't give the Reader his Thoughts of what was doing; but 'tis reasonable to suppose, even the Possession of his *Mammon*, could not quite banish some scurvy Ideas. The Gentleman, after revelling several Hours in guilty Joys, retired into the Closet, as was agreed on, dress'd himself, and went home, with the Help of his Cuckold; who, to favour his Retreat, pretended he heard some Noise in the House, Every thing thus succeeded as the Wretch desired; who, notwithstanding his Guilt, went to Bed, and slept as sound as unpolluted Innocence.

The next Day he made a Visit to the Squire, where he applauded his own Wit, for his nice Conduct in the Affair: But his chief Reason of visiting the Lover, was to know if he design'd another Visit that Night; and was much rejoiced to find the Gentleman as eager, as he was willing. In short, the Gentleman went much oftner than his Fortune would permit; and the Cuckold wore his Antlers all over Gold. But tho' the Gentleman's Love was not dead, yet the Edge was so far taken off, that he began to reason with himself, and therefore went not so often as the Doctor desired; he reproach'd him with his Decay of Passion for his Wife; and the Gentleman wanted to be upon better Terms. In short, there had like to have been a Breach between 'em: For the Doctor would not bate an Ace of his first Price, imagining it would be undervaluing the Goods in Trade. The Gentleman told him, tho' he loved his Wife as much as ever, yet he should be obliged to make less frequent Visits, or his Fortune would be much impair'd. The Husband was greatly chagrined at it, but made himself easy with this Reflection, that if his Love continued, as he had no Reason to think the contrary, his Prudence would give way to it. The Lover imagined, if he could disclose the Intrigue to the Lady, she would, out of a just Resentment, continue the Correspondence more

to

to his Advantage. He therefore laid a Plot to get the Husband out, when he was expecting the happy Moment in the Closet. Accordingly, at the Time, a Servant came with a Coach and Six, to bring the Doctor to my Lord —, his Patient formerly, who was taken dangerously and suddenly ill. He had just time to step into the Closet, and to inform the Lover he should be back in two Hours; therefore desired him to have Patience till that Time. As he went out, he desired his Wife not to go to Bed, till he came back.

The Gentleman had taken care he should not return so soon as he imagined, for he had given Directions to his Servants to turn him out upon a Common, fifteen Miles from his own House, in the middle of a dark Night. So there we shall leave him, to his Disappointment and inward Vexation; and go home to the Doctor's House again. His Wife sat up beyond the expected Time, and would have sat up much longer, if the Maid, to go to Bed herself, had not persuaded her, that my Lord might be in very great Danger, and consequently her Master obliged to attend him. The Wife, upon these Persuasions, went into her Bed-Chamber, and dismissed her Female Attendant; but not being quite easy in her Mind, concerning her Brute of a Husband, sat down to read; which the Gentleman perceiving, imagined she would be less surprized while there was Light, than if he should make his Discovery in the Dark, therefore open'd the Door softly, and came out of the Closet.

His first Appearance had so much affrighted her, that she had not Power to speak, or cry out. Madam, said the Gentleman, don't be surprized at this unexpected and unseasonable Visitation; for, on my Honour, I mean you no Injury; and, to open your Eyes, and prepare you for what I shall say, I was conducted hither by your Husband. He then proceeded, and acquainted her with every Circumstance of their Agreement. The grieved Lady had not Strength enough to hear it out, but fell in a Swoon upon the Bed where she sat. The Gentleman was truly concern'd for this Accident, and used all the means in his Power, to bring back her Sense again: But when her Understanding was restored, her Lamentations, Sighs, and Tears, were beyond Ex-

pression moving. She seem'd resolv'd to receive no Consolation, but look'd upon him as the hateful Executioner of her Honour. Madam, said the Gentleman, if I could have imagined you would have felt this Injury so sharply, I never would have committed it; and I shall ever repent, to the last of my Life, the Sorrow I have given to a Woman of such impregnable Virtue. But it is all owing to the Baseness of that Wretch, who is no longer worthy to be call'd your Husband. If you can bury the Remembrance of what is past, be assured, for the future, I shall be a Friend to your Virtue, and never once attempt any thing injurious to your Honour. After Death (reply'd the Lady, in Tears) 'tis too late for Physic, I am for ever miserable; and, to aggravate my Sorrows, I am even ty'd up from resenting, as I ought, this irreparable Injury; for tho' the Baseness of my Husband might cancel every Matrimonial Tie, yet I have a Soul that tells me, my Resentments will be to grieve in Silence, till Death releases me from all my Pain.

All the Gentleman's Endeavours to sooth her Sorrows, proved vain; and he took his Leave of her, with a solemn Resolution never to have any Correspondence with the hateful Husband more; sincerely repenting for his Follies past, and in the utmost Grief it was no farther in his Power to redress her Injuries.

The next Day, about Noon, the *Willing Cuckold* return'd, loaden with Curses for the Trick, put upon him; and tho' his Wife endeavoured to conceal her Sorrows, yet it was impossible; for her Tears stole from her Eyes, pursuing one another, and Sighs heaved in her Breast, as if every one intended to be her last Breath. The Husband soon found the Meaning of them, and set himself, awkwardly, to comfort her; and, by degrees, came to understand the best part of their last Night's melancholy Conversation. But when he learnt the Gentleman had resolv'd to make no more Visits in that criminal manner, he was almost distracted at the Loss of so good a Customer, as he term'd him; fell out with the poor innocent *Eleanora*, and was outrageous out of all Bounds. 'Sdeath! said he, this is your Doings! Pray, what the worse are you, for what

is past? Have not I gain'd more by the Squire in one Month, than I have got in three Years by my Practice? But however, I have one Card more to play yet; and since he has resolv'd to make no more of his Visits, I'll make him pay well for the last. He then declared he would have the Penalty of the Bond, which he had broke, by disclosing to her their Terms of Agreement, and if he would not pay him willingly, the Law should force him.

The poor Wife was quite overwhelm'd with this avaricious Declaration, and intreated her base Husband, as well as her Sorrows would permit, that he would desist in such a mean Proceeding; but to no Purpose. Nay, he farther told her, she must be his chief Evidence in the Cause. And tho' she declared she would put an end to her Shame by Death, yet he still persisted, and went to the Gentleman the next Day, who, at his unreasonable Demand, gave him no other Answer, but a sound Bastinado; and the Cuckold was obliged to go home with more Pains in his Body, than ever he felt in his Conscience. His Head being broke, and his Face bruised, he was obliged to stay at home some few Days, till his Hurts were heal'd. But the poor *Eleanora* felt the Effects of his Ill-humour; yet, notwithstanding this hard Treatment, she could never once think of hating him, but bore all with the utmost Patience. She knew, by his Expressions, that he had resolv'd to go to Law upon a double Score, as well for the Assault, as Breach of Articles, whenever he was able to go abroad; therefore she prevail'd upon herself to send the Gentleman the following Letter.

S I R,

YOU know, I am already injured past Redress; and 'tis my greatest Unhappiness, that I must sue to one who has been the chiefest Instrument in my Undoing. Nothing in this World can make me forget my Misfortunes; yet they will, in some part, sit lighter on my Mind, if you will make up the Quarrel between Mr. T—— and yourself; otherwise, you will have a Life to answer for, having resolv'd on Death, if there is any farther Proceeding. Whatever Charge you are at, you shall be repaid

paid out of my yearly Allowance. Your Compliance with this, will be the only way to gain Forgiveness from Heaven, and the wretched

ELEANORA.

The Gentleman, who had now conceived a disinterested Friendship for her, was resolved to comply with her just Request, without expecting any Return, according to her Letter. Thereupon he sent a Message to the fordid Wretch, that he was willing to come to an Accommodation, and in the End, got clear of him for 500 *l*. But the Matter could not be finish'd without Witnesses to general Release; these having no other Concern than to make an End for their Friend the Squire, were not so choice of keeping the Secret, and as most Secrets are whisper'd about to the Enlargement of every thing, this Story lost nothing by the Carriage.

At last Lady *Fame* trumpeted it about the whole Kingdom; 'till the cornuted Doctor could not peep abroad for the Scoffs of the Neighbours; and his Patients, in general, abhorring the Fact, fell from him; which struck so to his Heart, being wounded in the tenderest Part, Interest, that, in less than a Year, his wretched Soul took its last Farewel of his vile Body.

The poor *Eleanora* (who resided with her Father when the Story began to be publick) could not avoid grieving, out of her Sweetness of Temper, for a Wretch that did not deserve her least Regard; and beg'd her Father to seek out some Retirement for her in the Country, where she might end the rest of her Days in peaceful Contemplation, free from the Censure of the World. Her Father had just procured her such a Place as she desired, when the Gentleman that had been the Cause of her Sorrows, put an End to them. For, being as much in Love with her Virtue, as her Beauty, made his Addresses to her; and, as that was the only Way to save her Credit, she consented to the Match, after her Year of Mourning was over, and they have lived ever since, a Pattern of conjugal Affection.

When *Isabella* had finish'd this short true Story, her Manner of Reading was approved by every one of the Company,

Company, but myself; for I must own, I had not recover'd Spirit enough even to open my Mouth; for I observed she cast her Eyes, by turns, on all the Company, but still avoided me.

They were sometimes descanting upon the Story, and every Person gave their Sentiments; but I was in no Humour to give mine. Immediately after we parted, and as we rode home, *Billy*, said my Uncle, you seem'd very melancholy all the while you were at my Lady's; you hardly took any Notice of those about you, and your dumb Civility, when we parted, spoke your Mind full of some melancholy Thoughts, which I judge were concerning the young *Isabella*. To deal ingeniously, Uncle, (I reply'd) the Carriage of that amiable Creature almost distracts me, and I find Love strengthens with every Morning's Sun; and tho' I would give all the World for her Esteem, yet her Behaviour to me to-day, raises in me a decent Pride, which Pride will make me shew my Resentments in refraining my Visits.

Pr'ythee, *Will*, return'd my Uncle, don't appear more a Man in this Boyish Passion, than thou dost in the rest of thy Actions. I intend to part you and your Mistress, next Spring; therefore prepare your Mind accordingly, for you and your Tutor shall make the Tour of *Europe*, for three Years; and by that time you may even forget the Name of *Isabella*. Nothing, Sir, said I, can make me forget her, or her Usage; tho' her Scorn will touch me nearer than any thing can fall upon me in this World, after losing your Affection. Pr'ythee, have done with this Topic then, said my Uncle. The remaining Part of this Summer, I intend you and I shall make a Journey over most of the celebrated Places in our own Country, that you may not be, as many of our young Travellers are, inquisitive after the Knowledge of foreign Climates, when they are Strangers to their own. Sir, the sooner you make this Journey (I reply'd) the better; and you could not propose any thing I like so well. Why then, said my Uncle, to-morrow we'll be going, after Dinner; I suppose you have nothing material to hinder you. Should we not acquaint my Father and Mother with your Intention? said

said I. No, no matter, reply'd my Uncle, we'll take no Leave of any one, but the Company we have just now left; neither would I do that, but as their House will stand in the way of our first Day's Journey. The Thoughts of seeing *Isabella* so soon, gave me some Satisfaction, tho' mixt with a great deal of Anxiety.

The next Morning we set out; my Uncle altering his Resolution of dining at home, intending to dine at my Lady's. When we came there, we were inform'd the whole Family were gone to dine with the Husband of *Eleanora*. This News, and Disappointment of not seeing *Isabella*, according to my Expectation, almost overcame my Spirits; but I bore it outwardly well enough; and my Uncle seem'd very well pleas'd with my Calmness of Temper; tho', alas! he little guess'd the Perturbation of my Thoughts. My Uncle intended the first Tour as far as *Edinburgh*, and accordingly pursued our Journey, with one Servant only. My Uncle was such pleasant Company, that I had not Leisure to think of *Isabella*, till I went to Rest; and even the Fatigues of the Day would hardly prevent my waking all Night. Sometimes I imagined *Isabella* might have some tender Thoughts of me; especially when I call'd to mind her former Conversation and that my sudden Absence might possibly create her some Uneasiness. But then, her late Behaviour to me, cancell'd those pleasing Hopes. It is needless to describe the Towns we pass'd; but we arriv'd safe at *Edinburgh*, without any Accident, the once Regal Town of *Scotland*.

But as we have many Descriptions of *Scotland*, I shall take no farther Notice of this City.

After visiting several Places in this northern Kingdom, we return'd, viewing the noted Places in *England*, in our Way home. Tho', I must own, Curiosity very often took up all my Thoughts, yet my Love was not in the least lessened; and the nearer I came to the Place of the Divine *Isabella*'s Abode, the more was the Increase of my Anxiety. My Uncle had not once mentioned that Passion, thro' our whole Journey, till the Morning of the Day that put an End to our first Tour. Now, said my Uncle, I imagine you have some Thoughts of your young Mistress.

I intend

I intend to dine there to-day, but shall leave the Conduct of that Part of your Life to yourself, and say no more upon that Head. But when you stand in need of my Advice, or Assistance, ask it, and you shall have it, because I am assured you will not ask any thing contrary to the Honour of a Gentleman. I returned suitable thanks for so kind a Condescension, and changed the Subject, because I thought my Uncle seem'd pleas'd to have it so.

We came to my Lady's about Twelve o' Clock, and were told they were Dressing. My Uncle, notwithstanding his Freedom, would not interrupt them, but went to rest upon a Couch in the Parlour. I not being so much fatigued, went into the Garden to indulge my Thoughts. But what was my Surprise, when I found the lovely *Isabella* sitting by the Fountain, with a Book in her Hand, on which she seem'd very intent; her Back was towards me, so that I came within six Paces of her, before she saw me. At the Noise I made in approaching her, she turned about, and upon seeing me, gave a Shriek, and put the Book hastily in her Pocket. Madam, said I, if I had thought that my Presence could have created in your Mind any Disturbance, I would have sooner cut off these Limbs that brought me hither, than have occasioned it. Last time I saw you, has made me think my Sight distasteful to you; but if you will inform me, that I deserve to be thus punished, I have Courage enough to put an End to my Life, if it will be any Satisfaction to you.

No, Sir, reply'd *Isabella*, I should grieve to be the Death of any thing of the Brute Creation, much more any thing that bears a Human Form. And I am so far from thinking there is any Bravery in putting an End to Life, that, beside the unrepented Crime, I think it a Poverty of Spirit, and want of Fortitude to bear the Ills of Life. Both *Brutus*, and *Cato*, were, in my Opinion, proud and pusillanimous, and parted with Life, to rid them of their Fears. I could, Madam, I returned, bear all the Ills of Life, but slighted Love. Young Gentlemen, like you, reply'd *Isabella*, talking of Love, is like Fools talking of Divinity; it will leave but little Impression on the Judicious; and I have formerly told you,
this

this Topic is not proper for you to talk of, or me to hear. Well, Madam, said I, if, by covering the Flame of Love, I had any Hope Time would kindle that innocent Fire in you, that Thought would give me Ease; and whatever Climate this Body should be in, my Soul would be with you. I doubt not, reply'd *Isabella*, but your Body and Soul were together in your short Travels, and this new Passion, Love, was laid by for Curiosity. I will not deny, I return'd, but Knowledge is what my Mind is bent upon; but even the acquiring that, does but the more indear the Thoughts of you; and all of your Sex that I see, does but oblige me to make Comparisons, tho' there is none when I think of you.

Well, Sir, reply'd the Fair One, we'll leave this Discourse, that I may not provoke any more Compliments, and desire to know the Progress of your sudden Journey. Sudden indeed, I reply'd, for my Uncle did not take a Night to consider on't; but if you had felt one Particle of the Sorrow, if we may so divide it, that I felt, when we were disappointed of seeing you, in our first setting out, you would have some Motion of Pity. Must every thing, cry'd *Isabella*, smiling, administer to this youthful Folly? In me, I reply'd, 'tis a Whirlpool, that swallows every thing that comes near it. Well, no more Similies, nor no more Love, return'd *Isabella*, but the Account of your Journey. Well, Madam, said I, you must be obey'd. I then gave a Description of every thing curious we had observed in our short Travels, with which she seem'd very much pleas'd. I am convinc'd, said *Isabella*, that all young Gentleman that travel, do not make the same Improvement; or rather, many do not improve at all, but bring home greater Fools than they carry'd with them; I mean, those that go into foreign Countries, for I take yours to be no more than a Journey, as we call it. But I believe, by this time, my Mother and Aunt are dress'd, therefore it will be very proper for me to wait on them. Dear Madam, said I, relieve my Torments, and say you do not despise me. I shall say no more at this time, reply'd *Isabella*, than that I must wait on my Mother; therefore come along, and hold your Tongue. Upon this I led her by the Hand, and had not an Opportunity of speaking to her
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in Return, because there were several Workmen in the Garden would have heard our Discourse. As we were hurrying along, the Wind blew her Petticoat upon my Spur, which, stooping to untangle hastily, I prick'd my Fingers with the Rowel, and they bled very much; searching my Pocket for a Handkerchief to wrap my Hand in, I remember'd that I had left it in my Hat in the Parlour, when we first came in. *Isabella*, upon that, took hers out, and gave it me, and at the same time let fall a folded Paper, she drew out with the Handkerchief, unseen by her. I took it up without Observation, by letting the Handkerchief fall upon't, and secretly convey'd it into my Pocket. When I came into my Uncle, he was fast asleep; upon which, I stole out again, not seeing the Ladies in the Parlour. As soon as I came to a convenient Place in the Garden, I took out the Paper I had found, and when I had open'd it, perceived it was the Letter, and Song I had formerly sent her; and by being much worn in the Folds, I imagin'd with a pleasing Satisfaction she had often perus'd it for my Sake. At the Bottom of the Letter, I found these Lines of the Poet:

*In vain, all Arts the Love-sick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seems severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes.
If the dear Youth her Pity seems to move,
And pleads with Tenderneſs the Cause of Love,
Nature asserts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part:
By Love, her Self, and Nature, thus betray'd,
No more ſhe truſts in Pride's Fantaſtick Aid,
But bids her Eyes confeſs the yielding Maid.*

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Those Lines I remember'd very well in the celebrated Play of *Tamerlane*: But the following Verſes, as I could not charge my Memory with, I fancy'd were of her own Composition, and ſeemed as an Answer to the others.

*Too ſoon, alas! I've felt the tingling Dart,
And Love triumphant rides within my Heart:
But, ſpite of pleading Love, and Nature's Cauſe,
That thro' the World diſpenſes rigid Laws:*

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*The' Flame shall be conceal'd within my Breast,
Tho' the sharp Pangs disturb my balmy Rest.
I'll learn my Eyes (those Tell-Tales of the Mind)
To look severe, tho' my poor Heart is kind:
My Tongue no Whisper of my Grievs shall tell,
E'en Love shall teach me to dissemble well.*

I had the Vanity to imagine, the last Lines very much concerned me; which certainly would have made me lose me Senses with Joy, if a Doubt had not arose, that some other might be meant. The Thought of that kept the Balance even with Hope, and sometimes seemed to weigh heavier.

I was upon the Rack of Thought, when a Servant came to acquaint me the Ladies were dress'd, and in the Parlour. After the ordinary Salutations, the Mother and Aunt began to rally my Uncle, for going his Journey without taking Leave of them. Why really, reply'd my Uncle, I think it the best way to avoid Impertinence, for I hate your formal Partings. However, you are such eternal Gadders, there's no finding you at home; for we did you the Honour to call upon you as we set out; and, that we may spare ourselves some Trouble, we shall now take our Leaves for one Month more; for we shall set out upon another Tour to-morrow. Why this is doing Business indeed, reply'd the Aunt! You'll fatigue the young Gentleman too much. Fatigue! returned my Uncle; sure if I am able to bear it, he very well may. But my chief Reason of this sudden Journeying is, to shew my Nephew some of his own Country, before he begins his Foreign Travels, that he may satisfy the Curiosity of any Person that wants to be informed, when he's abroad. Pray, when do you intend he should begin his Foreign Travels, as you call them, said the Mother. Even as soon as he has finished his Home ones, return'd my Uncle. At this I observed *Isabella's* Colour to change, and rising hastily, to hide her Concern, threw up the Sash, and look'd out of the Window, unobserved by any one but myself. The Joy I felt was almost without Bounds, and I stood in need of the utmost Art to conceal it. There were several Discourses, *pro* and *con*, upon young Gentlemen's Travelling; but my Mind was so

so full of the happy Extasy I had conceived, that I took but little Notice of either. Well, said my Uncle, what you Women say upon these Subjects, is but whipt Cream, all Froth, and nothing substantial. But how must we employ ourselves till Dinner, for I can't walk? What think you of *Ombre*, or *Quadrille*, said the Aunt? With all my Heart, a Game at *Ombre*, reply'd my Uncle. But that won't employ us all, said the Mother. *Isabella* complain'd of a Pain in her Head, and therefore was unfit to make one; and for my Part, I declared I did not understand the Game. So the Mother, the Aunt, and my Uncle, sat to it. *Isabella* went up into her Chamber, and carry'd with her the Object of my Adoration. When she was gone, I went into the Garden to feed upon Contemplation; and, in my own Imagination, thought myself the happiest Creature in the Universe. But my Satisfaction did not last long, for, walking upon a Terras that overlook'd the Country, I saw a Coach and Six stopt at the Gate. There came out of it an elderly Gentleman, follow'd by a young one about Twenty, as I guess'd; and before I could make any Judgment of them, two Fellows that were at work under the Terras-Wall, who did not see me, were observing the Coach. Adso! said one to the other, There's young Lady's Suitor, Sir *Euface*, and his Father, comed again. I had not Power to stir, at this unexpected Knowledge, and remain'd a considerable time like one thunderstruck. A thousand Resolutions crouded into my Mind, and all to the destroying of my Peace. My Rival was hated with an immortal Hatred, before I knew him, and his or my Death was fixed irrevocable as Fate. The Perturbation of my Fancy work'd so violently, that my Strength fail'd me, and I fell, almost Senseless, upon a Grass-Plat, where my feeble Limbs had unknowingly carry'd me. When the Hurry of my confused Thoughts was over, they gave me absolute Despair. I was assured an Hour before, she loved, and Hope had flatter'd me, that I was the happy He; but now I as surely thought, my Rival was the Object of her Wishes. Why then, thought I, why should I endeavour to destroy one, whom she would wish should live? that will not be the way to gain her, but rather make her loath me. Death seem'd to me the

only Friend; yet, thro' a Principle of my Faith, I could not put an End to Life. I only wish'd for Death, without the Thought of separating Soul and Body.

Long I lay in my Confusion of Thought; till at last I beheld the divine *Isabella* in the Garden, looking about, as for something she had lost, which I imagined to be the Paper I took up. She was within two Paces of me before she saw me, she was so intent on what she was about; and when her Eyes encounter'd mine, she started back, as tho' she had beheld something baneful to her. Well, Madam, said I, must I ever be the Object of Horror to your Eyes? and must you always start at the Sight of me, as if you saw the Form of one risen from the Grave? A little Time will take this Bugbear from your Sight, I hope, for ever. I know, I can never deserve your Love; and yet I cannot bear to see you make another happy. For Heaven's sake! cry'd *Isabella*, surprized, what is it moves you so? Why do you lie stretch'd on the Ground, and look as if some Distraction had seized you? Come, give me your Hand, and let us walk; I have a Question to ask you, which I expect to be truly resolved in. Have you found any Paper of Writing, since you came into the Garden? There, Madam, said I; and would to Heaven I had never seen it! (giving her the Paper) there, take it. I must own, I cannot blame you. Love is not to be forced; 'tis a free-born Child of the Mind. I only think the young Gentleman is compleatly bless'd. I am sure, I should be distracted with the mighty Joy, in such Return of Love.

Well, Sir, said *Isabella*, this Freedom I can forgive, because I see something extraordinary has ruffled your Temper. I doubt not but you have read these Lines (pointing to the Letter) that were writ on the Blank Leaf; 'tis the Thought of a young Gentlewoman, a Neighbour of mine; I, liking the Lines, transcribed 'em. I was under some Concern, I own, for the Loss of the Paper, because the Ballad that you sent me was along with it, and I promised her to copy it, and send it back this Evening.

I soon perceived, by some Confusion in the Utterance of these Words, that what she said was to disguise the Truth, and that Thought stabb'd me to the Heart;
tho'

tho' her Civility to me, seem'd tender enough, yet I imagined that was only to blind me, and prevent any farther Enquiry. While we both were in great Confusion of Thought, we perceived Sir *Eustace* coming down out of the Hall, into the Garden. To let you see, your Suspicions are unjust, said *Isabella*, (for I had inform'd her what I heard one of the Workmen say) I'll instantly avoid the Person we see coming. With that she went into a private Walk, and opening a Door that led into another Garden, took me by the Hand, and pull'd me in after her, then shut to the Door again. I must confess, this Proceeding began to revive Hope, that, 'till then, seem'd quite expired. This Condescension, said I, does, indeed, something ease my Heart, but yet will not cure my Pain. That young Gentleman, no doubt, comes here to make his Addresses to you, and coming thus publickly attended by that elderly Gentleman, which I suppose to be his Father, tells me he has the Approbation of your Mother and Aunt.

I will not deny, reply'd *Isabella*, but that Sir *Eustace* pretends to be my Lover, and my Mother and Aunt do not discountenance him. But they have more Tenderness for me, than to force my Inclination. And you more Duty, I reply'd, than to contradict 'em. No, Sir, return'd *Isabella*, I am satisfy'd they never will impose any one upon me for a Husband; or should they endeavour it, tho' Duty is very prevalent with me, yet in that one only Thing, I would dare to disobey.

Well, Madam, my Destiny, I find, has mark'd me for unhappy, for Title and Riches must prevail. I have told you before, reply'd *Isabella*, that Fortune I despise, and Title can no more make a Man Good and Virtuous, in my Opinion, than a good and virtuous Man can make a Title. A King can give Honour, but not Honesty; yet, like the Sun, it shines upon Weeds that are often admired for their eminent Worthlessness. Your Sentiments of Honour, divine *Isabella*, I reply'd, are so just, that inspires me to ask you one Question, and hope an Answer. What is it, return'd *Isabella*, in some Confusion? Am I to hope, said I, or despair? I would not have made the important Question so abruptly; but the Time of my Departure is so short, and my Unhappiness

of not seeing you so often as my impatient Heart desires, will, I am assured from your Goodness, stand excused, whatever your Heart can say, for, or against me. Why will you press me, reply'd *Isabella*, now? I have (I return'd) told you my Reasons already. Think, ere you answer me, for my whole Peace of Mind depends upon't; and if I am banish'd from your Presence now, with cold Despair, I am assured I cannot survive it. No Love was ever more pure than mine, or stronger. A distant Hope of once possessing you, would arm me for all Dangers; and I could wait patiently an Age of Torments, if in the End I should be blest with your consenting Love. Do not surmise my Passion, youthful Folly; 'tis rooted in my Soul so deep, that no Storm of Fortune can ever shake its Foundation. If you cannot love, freely declare it, as you would your Vows to Heaven; I shall only blame my Stars, not you; and take for ever from your Sight, an Object hateful to himself as well as you.

Hate, reply'd *Isabella*, is not in my Nature; and since you press me to declare myself, the Person you saw me fly from, never shall have my Heart; and be assured, if you remain ever constant, I shall, no doubt, in time, be willing to reward that Constancy. This Declaration, continued *Isabella*, blushing, is much more than I so soon intended to let you know; and what Constructions you put upon it, keep it a Secret from the whole World: Let not your Uncle, whom I know you can hide nothing from, be acquainted with the least Syllable. This, from a Person of *Isabella's* Character, was enough to raise me from the Dead. I said all an impatient loving Heart could suggest; and was so extravagant in my transporting Joy, that *Isabella* check'd me, telling me, I should certainly discover something extraordinary had happen'd to me, if I had not a Heed to my Eyes and Tongue. Before we parted, she open'd all her Soul to me, telling me, her Passion did not seem so violent as mine, but more lasting.

In short, never was a Man more happy than I thought myself. However, Prudence obliged us to part, tho' I could have lived for ever in her Company. She gave me the Key, to let me thro' the same Way we came in, while she went another Way; first commanding me not

to shew the least Resentment to the young Nobleman, if we should meet. I reply'd, I knew so well the Nature of his Disease, that, if he truly loved her, he had now a Title to my Pity. We left each other, with a Promise to meet in the Afternoon again, in the same Place, if an Opportunity offer'd.

When I had parted with the divine *Isabella*, I went up the Walk with the utmost Contentment in my Heart; tho' I endeavour'd to conceal it in my Countenance as much as possible. Upon the Terras I met Sir *Eustace*, whom I saluted, and pass'd him; he return'd it indeed, but with too much Pride, as I thought. However, I pass'd on, and took no farther Notice of him. When I came into the Parlour, I found the old Gentleman, with the two Ladies and my Uncle, playing at *Quadrille*, and *Isabella* reading in the Window. Immediately after, Sir *Eustace* came in, and finding *Isabella*, express Abundance of fulsome Joy at the Sight of her, I must own, I was obliged to make use of all my Philosophy, to keep my Temper, and should very hardly have done it, if *Isabella* had not rally'd him with so much Wit, as, in the end, gave me a malicious Satisfaction. I observed, all the Company seem'd as well pleas'd, only the Gentleman that came with him; but he being something deaf, could not understand every thing that was said.

When Dinner was served in, Sir *Eustace* placed himself next *Isabella*, and was continually helping her to such Quantities, that would have served her a Week. I observe, Sir, said *Isabella*, you would have me eat for the whole Family; or, if you imagin'd every body in Company had as good a Stomach as you suppose me to have, by your loading my Plate, they might rise ready for another Dinner. However, I am obliged to you. You mistake the Gentleman, reply'd my Uncle, he's a young *Cannibal*, he only fats you as we do Chickens, in hope of feeding upon you. Sir *Eustace* took what my Uncle said, as a very good Jest, and laugh'd heartily; saying, if he should feed upon her, she would go very much against his Stomach. At the End of his ridiculous Jest, he laugh'd so immoderately, with his Mouth full, that he sputter'd it in my Face. I would the Gentleman, said I, had taken an Opportunity of laughing when his
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Mouth was empty, I should have been the more obliged to him. Harkye, young Gentleman, reply'd Sir *Eustace*, you were told before I was a *Cannibal*, and I can assure you, I often eat Youngsters that are too forward. Really, Sir, said I, very calmly, I can't see that prodigious Stomach in your Countenance, or any thing there, would make me afraid to meet you any where fasting.

The Company laugh'd to see his Uneasiness at my Reply, but he gave me no Answer. *Isabella*, I observed, seem'd much concern'd at what I said, and, with a Look with her Eyes, told me, I should carry the Jest no farther. Well, Sir, said I, without jesting, I mean no Harm; if you make any farther Constructions on my Words, but as a Jest, you go beyond my Meaning. This mollifying Speech seem'd to raise his Anger more. A Jest has often cost the Maker his Life, reply'd Sir *Eustace*, and such young Gentlemen as you, should remember the Smart of the Rod, and curb their Tongues for fear of a Whipping. Sir, said I, I presume your voracious *Cannibal's* Stomach is not quite appeased, therefore I'll take a Walk in the Garden, for fear you should fall foul on me in an improper Place; saying this, I arose, and taking my Hat and Sword out of the Window, went into the Garden.

The whole Company arose to stop the Baron, who offer'd to follow me. My Uncle began to be very much disturb'd, upon my Account; and, as he told me afterwards, did intend to follow me. But, thinking to oblige me, he desired the Mother to send *Isabella* after me. When she came up to me, she began to reproach me with my Conduct, telling me, if I had any Hope or Desire to gain her Heart, I must conceal my Passion from all the World, and this Proceeding will betray the Secret; if not on your Side, said she, tenderly, I fear my Concern will. Those Words have Force enough to restore me to my Senses, were I in the Grave, said I; and after this Confession, that makes me the happiest of Mortals, even Blows shall not make me draw my Sword, if you desire it. No, said *Isabella*, I know what Men of Honour should bear; and I should despise the Wretch for being a Coward. Yet, Madam, I reply'd,

ply'd, Cowardice can no more be help'd, than the Tincture of a Skin; 'tis rooted in the Nature, and known Cowards, like Fools, should be pity'd. Certainly, no Man would be a Coward if he could help it, reply'd *Isabella*; but when I say I should despise a Coward, I imagine to myself, the Man that has true Courage, has every other noble Qualification, that will make him deserving; as on the contrary, a Coward Soul inherits every weak Failing, and is as incapable of doing a worthy Action, as the Man of Spirit is of doing a mean one. I shall ever submit my Actions, to you, Madam, said I. Then, said *Isabella*, immediately return, and be reconciled to the hot Spark within, whom the more I know, the more I despise; and I fancy that Declaration won't displease you; but I'll have no Reply now. Nothing more but this, said I, you promised me a Meeting in the Afternoon, which I fear will be a difficult thing to bring to pass. Do you start Difficulties, reply'd *Isabella*? Never fear, I warrant we'll bring it about. The same River that runs thro' your Garden, runs thro' the Bottom of ours, therefore I'll propose Fishing. We'll go first, and the Man shall take us two over to an Island in the River, and return. My Mother does not care to go into a Boat, and the rest of the Company, I suppose, out of Complaisance, will stay with her. But I fear, Madam, the young Spark will come to interrupt us, said I. Why that's all we have to fear, reply'd *Isabella*; but as soon as he comes, we'll return; and that, I hope, will give you some Satisfaction. Do but consider my Temper, and you'll find this is enough to make you easy. This I can do, without Suspicion from any one; for none of my Family suspects either you or me to be in Love. There have so many Accidents odly concurr'd to-day, that I will no longer conceal it from you. First, your sudden Departure, then this Rival, and the disagreeable Quarrel. Tho' your Rival is the main Motive, join'd with your Foreign Tour, which I understand by your Uncle, is for three Years. But I'll say no more now, in the Afternoon we shall have a better Opportunity. As soon as I came into the Dining-Room, Sir *Eustace* met me with a constrain'd Smile, and told me, he was sorry any Uneasiness had been created by Words
utter'd

utter'd without Thought, and should, for the future, be willing to have more Acquaintance with me. I should have consider'd indeed, there is some Difference in our Years, said he; therefore I own myself the Criminal, and ask Pardon for what's past. Years, said my Uncle, do not always imply Age or Understanding; for some at Fifteen have the Discretion of Thirty; and Fifty-Five, in a good Constitution, is an abler Man than Five and Thirty; I mean, continued my Uncle, smiling, some Men are younger at Sixty, than others at Thirty. That is a Compliment, reply'd the Aunt, we may very reasonably suppose, design'd for yourself. However, let's have no more of them; we'll make an End of our Dinner, and drink a Cup of Oblivion, and then all will be well again. Meaning Tea, I suppose, reply'd my Uncle, where every Cup is broaching new Scandal, and we shall have so much Noise, and so little understood, that it will put me in mind of the Confusion of *Babel*.

I found the Company were not rightly in Humour, yet I perceived, with some Satisfaction, that I was not the Occasion; even the old Gentleman that came with Sir *Eustace*, appear'd concern'd for his Behaviour. After we were risen from Table, the Company divided into Parties, all but my Uncle, who went to take his usual Afternoon's Nap. The deaf old Gentleman singled me out, and led me into the Garden. Said he, I have the Misfortune of having but an ill Hearing, yet I heard enough to know my Son was much in Fault. Youth, Fortune, and Title, make him too presuming. I have, with the best Advice I am capable of giving him, endeavour'd to soften his too turbulent Temper; but, I fear, 'tis rooted too deeply in his Nature, ever to be erased. Honour should be tack'd to Nobility; yet, I find Mankind so depraved in their Nature, that the more Power they have, the greater Propensity they have to do Evil, which shews, to the Judicious, Riches and Titles ill placed. But as Nobility can be no more inherited than Virtue, so, in my Opinion, he is noble that has noble Inclinations. I should not talk to one so little advanced in Years, in this manner, as I do to you, if I had not been inform'd by my Lady, of a ripe Understanding in so early an Age. I expect no Reply in the Complimen-

tal Way; I only beg you would forgive my Son, and, for the future, know me for your Friend. I should desire your Conversation, but my Infirmary will not admit of it, therefore I shall take my Leave of you. Upon this he went from me, and left me full of Regard for his right Way of Thinking.

While I was musing upon what he said to me, *Isabella* came down the Walks, followed by a Servant with Fishing-Tackle. Come, Sir, said she, as she past me, you are to teach me how to catch Fish, for, as yet, I am but a mere Bungler. With all my Heart, Madam, I reply'd. When the Servant had put us over to the Island, *Isabella* said to him, *John* I desire you would bring over no Strangers. No, no, Madam, *John* reply'd; if you'll be pleas'd to tell me when I shall wait on you, to bring you back, I'll lock the Boat on the other side, and be out of the way till then. Do, said *Isabella*, and fetch us about an Hour hence. When *John* was gone, I fell at the Fair One's Feet, and gave her Thanks for this surprising Condescension. What Words, divine *Isabella*, said I, shall I use to express my Gratitude! but there are none that will speak the least Part of what my Mind feels; you have rais'd me from the Bottom of Despair, to the Summit of Joy; and when my Heart forgets this Goodness, may I be for ever miserable! Your Protestations I believe, return'd the divine *Isabella*, raising me from the Earth, and I will freely declare, if you ever should prove false, the Knowledge will break my Heart. I was going once more to fall at her Feet, but was interrupted in my exalted Bliss, by a Noise we heard at the Boat.

Sir *Eustace* missing us in the Garden, and being inform'd by the Aunt where we were gone, follow'd us. But *John* had made the Boat too fast for him to undo, without his Assistance. But in the Bustle he made to unloose it, he tumbled into the Water, and by that time I came to the Water-side, he was sunk to the Bottom. All other Passions flew immediately from my Breast, but Pity, and when I saw the Danger he was in, I threw myself into the Water, and, by good Fortune, caught hold of a Shoulder-Knot he wore, and brought him to the Island, without any Appearance of Life. When I had dragg'd him on Shore, with the Assistance
of

of *Isabella*, I held him up by the Heels against a Tree, where he disgorged the Water he had swallow'd, and fetching two or three Groans, he came to himself; tho' so faint, he could not stand; and for want of proper Remedies, we were in Fear he might not survive the Accident, for we were too far from the House to make them hear us. I therefore pull'd off my Coat and Waistcoat, and swam across the River to the Garden, and inform'd the Family of the Accident; but *John* was no where to be found. The Difficulty we had to get the Boat loose, took up so much time, that Sir *Eustace* was almost perish'd with Cold, ere we could bring him Assistance; and *Isabella's* Fear had almost put her in the same Condition. It was with much Difficulty, by pouring Cordials into his Mouth, that we brought him once more to his Senses. He was put to bed; but the Fright, and the Water he drank, threw him into a high Fever. The Hurry of my Spirits, and being so long in my wet Cloaths, gave me a great deal of Disorder; and, having no other Cloaths to shift me (for my Uncle's Servants were gone home with our Equipage) I was obliged to go to Bed too, but had the Satisfaction, of being laid in *Isabella's* Bed; and, what heighten'd that Satisfaction, I was strip'd of my wet Shirt, and, by the Mother's Order, had one of *Isabella's* Shifts put on me. The Joy took away all Thoughts of my Disorder; but it could not hinder a strong Fever seizing me, to the utmost Concern of all the Family. The Father of the Nobleman express'd more Concern for me, than his Son, giving me all the Encomiums due to the most consummate Virtue; that maugre the Distaste I might have justly conceived against his Son, I had hazarded my own Life to preserve his. I must own, the Action gave me a great deal of Satisfaction, and the Praises, without the least Pride (for that's a Failing I hope I shall ever be a Stranger to) yet pleas'd me, because I had done what many of my Age would have neglected, or refused.

The following Day, my Fever abated, but Sir *Eustace* seem'd worse and worse. I was grieved I could not have an Opportunity of seeing the Divine *Isabella* alone, during my short Illness. But I had the Happiness of receiving a Letter from her, which she put into my Hand unobserved

unobserved by any one. But the Joy I felt in reading the following Lines, had more Force than any of the Doctor's Prescriptions towards my Cure.

WHAT shall I say, to describe the Anxiety of my Mind for your Illness? My Heart, unguarded now from all the Niceties of my Sex, freely declares itself yours. But yet, let us both be careful. I would not have our Passions whisper'd in a Desert; tho' perhaps, thro' the Knowledge of your Virtue, it might not meet with many Obstacles. My Mother and Aunt, I am assured, condemn the Addresses of your Rival, even as much as I do. However, once more, I beg you to be cautious; conceal our Loves even from your good Uncle; and be assured, the two Persons under our Roof, are the entire Joy and Contempt of ever yours,

ISABELLA.

P. S. At our next Meeting, I shall declare more.

I wished my Indisposition had continued longer, that I might have had the Satisfaction of being under the same Roof with my dear *Isabella*. But my Health return'd, and I was obliged to go home to my Uncle's, without conversing in private with her. However, the Contentment of my Mind appear'd in my Face, and my Uncle several times took Notice of it, yet I conceal'd, according to her Desire, even from him, the Reason of it.

When we had been at home a Week, my Uncle told me we should make another Tour the next Day; and I gather'd by his Discourse, that we should not make any more Visits to *Isabella's* Mother, till we came back, which would not be in six Weeks. The Heart-breaking I felt almost kill'd me. I did not doubt, but I could have gain'd Leave to make a Visit alone; but I knew I must then have discover'd more than *Isabella* would like. I cast about, several Hours, how to send her a Letter without Suspicion; but, to my Mortification, could not pitch upon an Expedient. But while I was perplexing my Brain to no Purpose, I had the unexpected Joy of seeing her Coach stop at the Door; and before I could recover myself from the pleasing Confusion, she enter'd,

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with

with her Mother and Aunt. But understanding my Uncle was in the Garden, the Mother and Aunt went to him, and left the divine *Isabella* alone with me in the Parlour. The sudden Surprise had ty'd my Tongue fast, and it was some time ere I could speak a Word. All I could do, was to fall at her Feet with the utmost Transport of Joy, which was increased by her raising me, and putting her Lily Hand round my Neck, pressing my Head close to her Bosom. I spoke at last, but such wild incoherent Speeches, that gave her more Satisfaction, she told me, than if I had utter'd Volumes of regular Nonsense, vulgarly called, Love. But when I told her of our intended Journey the next Day, her amiable Countenance was overclouded with Sorrow, and ere we could recover ourselves, my Uncle, her Mother and Aunt came out of the Garden; but before they enter'd the Room where we were, *Isabella* told me she had provided a Place where we might send Letters to each other, without any Suspicion; she would seek for an Opportunity after Dinner to inform me, and if that should not happen, she would contrive to let me know by a Line before to-morrow Morning.

After Dinner, *Isabella* and I were engaged, much against our Inclination, to make up a Set at *Quadrille*; and, to add to our Mortification, we were obliged to part without any further Opportunity of Converse. However, I was forced to keep up a chearful Countenance, that my Uncle might not suspect the Chagrin I felt. The Night proved as disagreeable a one to me, as the Evening; and I could not get any Rest, till it was almost time to rise. As I was dressing myself, my Servant told me there was a Boy at the Door, had brought me a Present of a Brace of Partridges; I ordered him to come in; when I ask'd him from whence they came, he told me he had a Note in his Pocket would inform me. As soon as I received it, I soon knew the dear Character to be *Isabella's*. When I had dismissed the Boy, I opened the Note, and found the Contents as follows:

SIR,

WHEN I left you Yesterday, I carry'd Discontent home with me, which never left me till Sleep (which

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was slow in coming to my Aid) drove it away. Whenever you have any Time hangs heavy on your Hands, you may write an Account of your Home-Travels, and direct them to Mrs. Jane Stubbs, at ——. The poor Woman has the Misfortune of wanting the Use of Letters, and always brings them to me to read; therefore whatever comes to her Hands, will be sure to come to mine. I shall say no more (my Time being short) but this, I care not how much Trouble the good Woman gives me; so that you may write to her as soon as you please, who will bring it to one who is intirely

Yours, &c.

The Pleasure this little Note gave me, was partly taken from me, in that I did not detain the Boy to send an Answer. Yet, upon second Thoughts, I imagin'd it would be safer to carry one myself. I was soon determin'd, wrote one, and went to the House, and was there before the Boy, who, I suppose, might loiter by the Way. -This Woman was a Tenant of the divine *Isabella's*, and had formerly been her Nurse; she could not be said to love her Mistress, but rather doated on her. This Creature was the Picture of Honesty; and she was so well assured of her young Lady's Conduct, she made no Scruple to tell me, the Letters I would honour her with, should faithfully be convey'd to the proper Hands. Why then to begin, said I, there's one, I don't care how soon it was where it should be. I don't think it proper till after Dinner, reply'd the good Woman; for tho' I am ever welcome at my young Landlady's Mother's, yet, as I have not been come long from thence, I think it will not be quite so well to go so soon. I agreed with her in that Particular, and took my Leave; first making her a handsome Present; for tho' those sort of People may continue uncorruptively honest, yet it is as well, when it is made their Interest to be so.

The next Day my Uncle resolv'd we should make a Visit to my Father and Mother, and I was of the Opinion it would be highly proper, as well as a Desire I had to see how the Family went on. When we arrived there, we found every thing according to our Wishes. There was such a Harmony between my Father and my

Mother that my Father told my Uncle, smiling, his Wife's Illness had mended her Temper prodigiously, and he would not have her be indisposed in the same manner again, for ever so much; for if, said he, she should, and be better in proportion, she would be too good for him, and only fit for Heaven. We found every thing so much to our Liking, that we took our Leave of them with a great deal of Satisfaction; and my Uncle told me, as we were going home, that Miracles were not ceased, for there was one ill Woman mended.

The Day following we set out on our intended Progress, and met with nothing extraordinary in our Course; only one Thing I thought was odd enough. In a small Village, near the Sea-Coast in *Sussex*, as we were at Church on a *Sunday*, with a full Congregation, a Man came to the Church-Door, and cry'd out, *A Wreck! A Wreck!* The Congregation immediately unbuckled their Devotions, and were crouding out as fast as they could, tho' the Parson had not gone thro' half his Sermon. When the good Man found they were going to leave him to finish his Sermon by himself, he called to them with an audible Voice, desiring his Audience to hear *one* Word before they went: Upon his earnest Entreaty, most of them turned about to hear the *one* Word. When the Parson found they seemed willing to hear him, he cry'd out, *Pray, good Folks, let us start fair!* and upon that, prest to the Door with all the Expedition he could, and, in a few Minutes, my Uncle and I might have robb'd the Church, for there was not a Soul to hinder us. The Oddity of the Thing very much surprized us, tho' it often made us merry afterwards. Well, *Will*, said my Uncle (when the Church was empty) we may as well say our Prayers at home, as stay here by ourselves. What, Sir, said I, have you no Curiosity to see the Proceeding of this wild Congregation? Why, I cannot say but I have, reply'd my Uncle; let us get our Horses and follow them. When we came to the Gentleman's where we lay, a Friend of my Uncle's, we found the House as empty as the Church; for they were all gone upon the same Design, and my Tutor, with our Servants along with them, as we supposed. So we were forced to be our own Grooms,
and

and followed them. We could not well miss our Way, for we saw People from all Quarters running before us. When we came within Sight of the Sea, we could perceive several Vessels labouring to keep from the Shore, with all their Art and Industry; for the Wind was very high, and blew right ashore, as the Sailors term it. But what Horror had I in my Mind, to see in what Anxiety the Wretches on Shore were, for fear they should escape, and save themselves. At last, one of them bulged upon the Rocks, and split in Pieces, at which Sight the Barbarians (for I can term them no less) gave a Shout, and threw one another down for Eagerness, who should be foremost, not the least regarding the poor unfortunate Wretches plunged in the Waves. But my Uncle and I, with my Tutor, and our Servants (that were there before us) gave them all the Assistance we could, and with much Trouble, and some Hazard, saved Five out of Eight that were in the Vessel; tho' with many a hearty Curse for our Pains; for it seems they could not make the Vessel a Wreck, if there were any of the Crew alive. However, the inhuman Brutes fell to securing every thing as fast as ever they could, while we carry'd the poor Shipwreck'd Wretches to the next Village, to give them some Refreshment. The Vessel was a *Frenchman*, laden with Wine, which they brought to exchange for Corn, the common Custom of all the Sea-Coast contiguous to *France*; which may prove a pernicious Custom, if the Produce of Grain should ever fail us in *England*.

We took our Leaves that Evening of my Uncle's Friend, who, in my Opinion, seem'd very glad to be rid of us, for he was as busy about the Wreck, as any of the rest. What Horror must it be to the poor Sailors, when having weather'd many a Storm, and perhaps escaped from their Enemies, to come in Sight of their native Country, and perish for want of timely Assistance from their Countrymen, who wish for nothing more than their Deaths. What can the worst of the Savage Kind do more? Nay, I have been inform'd, that to make a Vessel a Wreck, they have often murder'd the poor Sailors that have been struggling for Life, lifting their Hands in vain for Succour, to those that have proved their Murderers. We ought not to

condemn the Heathenish *Indians*, that serve the *Europeans* in the same manner, who do it from the Love of Liberty, who imagine (and not unjustly) that the *Europeans* come to enslave them. These Reflexions cast a Melancholy upon our whole Company for some time after, and the Diversity of new Objects could hardly wipe away the Thoughts of the other. When my Uncle ask'd a Farmer in that Neighbourhood, how he could be so inhuman to feed on the Loss of his Fellow-Creatures? he answer'd, if it were not now and then for such a lucky Hit, he should never be able to pay his Landlord his Rent; besides, Custom had made it natural to him, and he could not call that a Crime, so generally follow'd by all his Neighbours. All we could say, could not make him think of leaving off so profitable a Perquisite, as he was pleas'd to term it.

Some few Days after, my good Tutor was attack'd with a violent Fever, which we imagined he had got by endeavouring to save the poor shipwreck'd People, tho' we were all as much wet with the Billows of the Sea, as he was. This Accident stopt us at *St. Edmund's-Bury* in *Suffolk*, several Days, and tho' my Uncle spared no Cost for his Recovery, yet the good Man expired, to the great Grief of us all. We bury'd him decently, tho' privately, not without wetting his Grave with my Tears, for he was a Person that deserved, and had a great Share in my Friendship.

After his Funeral, we set ourselves forward for Home; and for my own Part, with a heavy Heart; and my Uncle seem'd very much grieved, because he ever express'd a great deal of Satisfaction in trusting to him the Conduct of my Youth in my Tour of *Europe*. Yet the Imagination of my Travels being retarded for some time, gave me some Pleasure, because I should have the Happiness of seeing my dear *Isabella* longer. When we came home, *Betty* inform'd me my Mother-in-law had made her a Visit, and express'd such a Horror at my former Treatment, that they did nothing but weep all Day. She made her several Presents, and seem'd very much pleas'd at her Settlement in my Uncle's Family. But the Idea of my charming *Isabella* took up

all my Thoughts, and fatigued as I was, I sent her the following Letter, as soon as I dismounted.

MY FAIREST,

THE Thoughts of You, took from me all the Satisfaction I should have received from the Variety of Objects that opposed my View. Every thing I saw, put me in mind of you. The Roses and Lillies, were Remembrancers of your amiable Face; the Down of Swans, of the Whiteness and Softness of your Skin; when I heard the Warbling of the Nightingale, it put me in mind of your Voice; the Dove, of your soft Disposition; and the soaring Lark, of that compleat Beauty that surmounts all other Women's, as that surmounts the Soaring of all other Birds. When I think of your Perfections, my Mind is fill'd with a thousand Inquietudes, for such wond'rous Charms are far above the Possession of any Mortal. What would I give to read the Book of Fate, to see if my happy Stars had allotted me the Possession of so much Beauty! But if the eternal Volume were disclosed to me, and I had the Liberty of reading my Destiny, and should find we were not pair'd above, my Woes would be of short Duration, for Death would soon put an End to my hated Life. What shall I say to express my Passion? The Sun, the Moon, the Day, and Night, all put me in mind of you; and the Grievs I feel at our near Separation, almost rend my Heart asunder. The three Years I am to be absent from my Love, to me, will far exceed the Age of Nestor. The very Imagination disturbs me Day and Night, for every Hour is spent in thinking of the divine Isabella.

*When gloomy Night o'erspreads the Earth,
And all retire to downy Rest,
My Sorrows feel a second Birth,
And dismal Thoughts disturb my Breast.*

*Yet ev'ry Thought is still on thee,
Thou Image of the Queen of Love!
Even halting Age would fly to see
Those Charms that would a Hermit move.*

When

*When I behold the Silver Light,
With dusky Spots upon her Face,
I know my Fair One shines more bright,
And think the Moon usurps thy Place.*

*What Dangers would I face for thee !
(Whose pointed Eyes have pierced my Heart)
Thy Captive never would be free,
But hug with Joy the pleasing Dart.*

Forgive me, dear Isabella, in pretending to Poetry ; but be assured, the Inspiration comes from you ; and tho' the Numbers fall short of your all-conquering Charms, receive them as a Tribute from my Love. How many Ages more will it be ere I behold thy Face ? I am but a worthless Flower, that must perish, if deprived of thy all-cheering Beams. I hope my hated Rival has not renew'd his Addresses. It is the Fears of Love that make me dread even my Isabella should be look'd upon by other Eyes than mine, who wishes the End of Life, if I should view that Day, when I shall cease to subscribe myself eternally

Yours, &c.

The next Morning I received an Answer to mine ; which gave me more Joy, than a Mariner receives after escaping a dangerous Tempest, and no Hope left for Safety.

I*T is in vain to hide my Heart from one that has it in his Possession. Use it with the Tendernefs it deserves, for taking Shelter in your Breast. Be assured of my Constancy, for nothing shall ever make me change my Love. I am almost ashamed to commit my Weakness to Writing, but almighty Love will have it so. I thank you for your Poetry ; and, be it good, or bad, I have sent you some Trash of my own ; but find no Fault with it, for you are the Apollo that has inspired me. However, destroy it, when you have read it, as I would have you destroy all Thoughts of Jealousy of him you call your Rival.*

*If I within the Heavens should be,
Instead of Cynthia's lucid Rays,
I'd borrow all my Light from thee,
And rule the Nights, as thou the Days.*

*Should there a Flower be placed for me,
To nourish, as it blooming grew,
Sweet William should that Flower be,
For I would shine on none but you.*

I almost repent of being so open, as Murderers do when the Deed is done, and Punishment appears in view. But it is done, and past Recall, as is the Heart of your ever constant

ISABELLA.

P. S. I had clos'd this Letter, but unseal'd it again, to let you know that your Uncle has just sent a Footman to my Mother, to tell her he intends to dine with us to-morrow; but if he comes alone, I can't, for my Soul, say, he will be heartily welcome.

As we were going the next Day to dine at Isabella's Mother's, my Uncle received a Letter from a distant Relation, which he gave me to read :

S I R,

Understanding Mr. Meredith, my young Cousin's Tutor, is dead, I take the Liberty to recommend a young Gentleman to you, who, I dare promise, will answer every thing you desire from such a Person. He shall wait on you to-morrow. I chuse to give you this early Notice, for fear you should provide yourself. He understands the dead Languages, as well as the modish Living. Mistake me not, I mean all the European Tongues, but Low Dutch, and Muscovite, which, I presume, you will have but little Occasion for.

Your affectionate Kinsman,
N. L.

After

After I had read the Letter, my Uncle told me, it was from a Person he could very well confide in, and his Recommendation was sufficient to him; however, *Billy*, said my Uncle, you shall see the Gentleman, for this is your Affair: If you can't like him, I won't force him upon you, no more than I would do a Wife. Well, Sir, said I, to-morrow will decide that; tho' I am apt to believe I shall like him as well as you do. I am glad to find he is not a Man in Years; for they are generally so ill-natured, the Precepts they teach us favour too much of Severity. And very often, reply'd my Uncle, Youth borders too much upon Levity. However, I have told you, more than once, that I shall leave you to your own Discretion.

When we came to the House, we found the Company together in the Parlour, and the Cloth laid ready for Dinner. I am glad you're come, said *Isabella's* Mother, for we are obliged to dine very early, because, after Dinner, we are to make a formal Visit to a Neighbour Lady, but we shall leave *Isabella* to entertain you. You may imagine, I felt no little Joy, when I understood *Isabella* was to be left behind; and the Freedom of my Humour had almost betray'd my Contentment, for I was rally'd both by the Mother and Aunt. Nay, my Uncle could not help having a Fling at me. Why, good Ladies, said my Uncle, don't be too hard upon my Nephew; do you imagine a young Lad past Fifteen, cares a Fig for Womens Company looking hard towards Forty. No, no, it's very seldom Youth and Age can agree, except Youth is very sober indeed, or Age is not tinctured with its old Distemper, Peevishness, with a Hatred of all Mirth. Ay, but (I reply'd) we find nothing of that in this good Company; there's none here forgets they were once young. Very true, return'd the Mother, your Uncle, I believe, imagines he is as young now, as he was thirty Years ago. Pray speak for yourself, Madam, return'd my Uncle, you are as unwilling as I am, to be reckon'd in the Catalogue of Old. Why sure, reply'd the Aunt, my Sister has not quite so many Years over her Head, as your Worship! No, nor so much Experience neither, return'd my Uncle.

Uncle. Dinner coming in, ended this Dispute. And after it was over, the Mother and Aunt went to their several Chambers to dress; and my Uncle went to sleep in the Summer-House; so I was left alone with the divine *Isabella*. We said all our young Hearts conceived, and I thought myself the happiest of Mortals, But when I touch'd upon my Absence for so long a time, she begg'd we might do something to divert that terrible Thought; for if she gave herself leave to look into her Breast, she was assured, such a Torrent of Tears would follow, that her Sorrow would be taken Notice of by the Company, and perhaps the Cause of Grief surmised, if not in reality found out. Therefore, said she, to divert the Thought, let us play a Party at Picquet. My Uncle, Madam, I reply'd, will not forgo his Afternoon's Nap, for any thing, therefore we must play by ourselves. Before we had play'd out one Game, the Ladies came down, and the Coach being ready, drove away to their Visit.

When they were gone, I could not refrain opening my whole Soul to *Isabella*, who felt the Pangs of Parting as sharp as myself, and her lovely Face was all bedew'd with Tears. We were so long in this tender Scene of Parting, that my Uncle had finish'd his Sleep, and was coming towards us. *Isabella*, at the Sight of him, was obliged to retire to hide her Tears; and I was forced to have Recourse to *Otway's Orphan*, to have a Pretence for the Gloom that was settled upon my Countenance. Why how now, young Man, said my Uncle, when he enter'd, what all alone, and melancholy? Yes, Sir, said I, I never can read the last Act of this Play, without being sensibly touch'd with the Catastrophe. Pr'y-thee read Comedies then, said my Uncle, for I will not have you sad. Sir, said I, I can't find many Comedies fit to read; for those that are good, I have read so often, I'm as well acquainted with them as the Authors, or Actors in them. What's become of the young Lady, said my Uncle, have you not Rhetorick enough to keep her here? So it seems, Sir, said I, for she is retired. Well then, said my Uncle, since we are alone, and the Time short we shall be together, let me give you a little Advice before we part; for it is not an Improbability, when

when we part, we may part for ever. I find, Sir, said I, you intend to increase my Melancholy, for if I thought that, by my Consent, we would never part. Never the nearer Death for talking of it, neither, return'd my Uncle. But what I am going to say to you, I would have you often think on, to strengthen your Mind in Virtue.

When you have changed your Climate, don't change your Nature, but always think *England* your native Country; and not like some young Gentlemen that I know, who return with Contempt for their own Country, with their Understandings like a Fool's Coat, patch'd all over, and nothing of the Ground seen. Never stay long at a Place; for even *Rome*, with the Help of Books which describe their Antiquities, may be seen in three Months, as well as so many Years. Converse with elder People than your self, for their Knowledge will increase yours; and do not, as I know some of our Countrymen do, because they are brought up in the Protestant Religion, avoid all Conversation with the Clergy abroad; for when I travell'd, I found, among all their Holy Bodies, Men of the profoundest Learning and Judgment, who never attempted to make me a Profelyte, or gave me any Uneasiness about my Religion. I would have you go into all Companies, but take care of being too particular. Make no Intimates, but as many Friends as you can. The *French* have too much Levity, the *Spaniards* too much Moroseness, the *Italians* too much Jealousy, and addicted to overmuch Pleasure without Mirth; the *Germans*, tho' learned, love the Juice of the Grape too well; and the *Dutch* are all Men of Business; tho' there is no general Rule without an Exception. Always live soberly; for as you will be frequently changing Place, a spare Diet will best agree with your Constitution, and will learn you never to be disappointed. If Heaven should afflict you with Sickness, take my Method: Send for the most eminent of the Profession, tell him your Stay in that Place is but short, and agree with him for such a Sum when you are thoroughly cured. This Management, will make it his Interest to set you upon your Legs as fast as he can. You must hire a Native Servant at every Place you intend

tend to make any stay at. Give him good Wages, but trust him not; let him know as little of your Affairs as possible; and keep him ignorant of your next Station, and the Time you intend to set forth; for some of them, I have proved, are Confederates with Robbers, and are as inquisitive after Foreigners, as some Foreigners are after new Fashions. The Variety of Drefs (I mean Fashions) is what I abhor; yet you must put yourself in the Garb of every Place you make any Stay at. It will not only prevent your being gazed at, but will ingratiate you with the Natives, when you take their Habit upon you. Hear much, and speak little. Be not too intimate with the *Feminine Gender*; for an Intimacy there, too often creates Discontent and Trouble. Be very cautious in making Acquaintance with your own Countrymen, for most of them now-a-Days enter into Society, to enter into all the fashionable Vices of the Places they go thro'. Be like the industrious Bee, suck Honey from every Flower, and condemn the gawdy Weeds that bloom and flourish to no Use. Avoid all Quarrels; but if you should unhappily fall into one, behave your self with Courage and Resolution; and if you should succeed, don't let your Sword hang the looser in its Scabbard. A Man of true Spirit will be as cautious how he draws his Sword, as he would be of treading in the Dark over Heaps of Ruins. Be cautious of every one you deal with, for in many Places they make it a common Practice to overreach Foreigners; and the fairer their Looks, often the fouler their Hearts. Whenever you come to have your Equipage examin'd by Officers of the Customs, make a handsome Present beforehand, which will either prevent their giving you any Trouble, or at least will prevent their tumbling your Things, which often proves of more Damage, than the Present you make them comes to. When you go by Sea, as you must, to arrive at several Places of *Italy*, bargain with the Master of the Vessel before you embark; but pay him not before you arrive at the End of your Voyage; nor then, till all your Things are brought to your Lodgings, to answer your Bill of Parcels; and be sure you have two drawn at the same time, one for the Master, and the other for yourself. When you are to embark, if you can, get a Re-

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commendation

commendation from the last Place you leave ; or, if you cannot, enquire out some *Englishman* (for there is no fear of finding them at all the noted Places) and beg he would recommend you to some Native of the Place, where you may reside ; for I have often made it my Observation, to have more Respect shewn me, when I took up my Quarters at one of the Natives, than when I did at one of my own Countrymen's. Tho' it is possible I may get you several recommendatory Letters. One I am sure of, from the worthy Person that we received a Letter from this Morning concerning your new Tutor ; he was Envoy at *Florence* two Years, and has a good Acquaintance in several Courts of *Europe*. Now, said my Uncle, giving me a Paper, here is written the Heads of what I have been speaking, which I would have you read over once a Week. And I desire I may hear from you all Opportunities, with a succinct Account of every thing worth Notice you see abroad. It will serve to kill some Part of your Time that may hang heavy on your Hands. Besides, it will be acceptable to me.

We had several other Discourses on the same Subject ; but we were interrupted by the Arrival of the Mother and Aunt. They got into a Chat, no way agreeable to me, of their Visit, which gave me an Opportunity of looking after my dear *Isabella*, who I had observed some time before, to go into the Garden. I found her in a by-Summer-House, bathing her lovely Cheeks in Tears. When she saw me, she strove to dry her Eyes, but freely confess'd, the Thoughts of Parting had rais'd that Sorrow in her. She told me, various Objects and Climates might alter my young Heart, and wipe her out from thence. It was with much Persuasion I could settle her Mind to talk of any thing else ; and tho' it gave me unconceivable Transports to see the Strength of her Love, yet it was necessary we should have some time to settle our future Correspondence by Letter. When that was finish'd, I took my solemn leave of her, not without shedding Tears at our tender Separation. But poor *Isabella's* Grief quite overcame her, she fainted in my Arms. The tender Proof of her Heart, however, gave me some Uneasiness, lest we should be discover'd,
for

for it was some time before she came to herself. When we had compos'd ourselves as well as we could, we were troubled to find a Means or Pretence for *Isabella's* Tears, for there was no concealing her Grief from the Company within. At last she told me, she would make them believe a Bee had stung her Hand.

We went, with some Confusion, into the Parlour where they were sitting. *Isabella* was soon discovered to have been weeping. When she was ask'd the Cause, she told them, as she went to pluck a Rose, a Bee, concealed, had stung her. I thought you had more Philosophy, reply'd my Uncle, young Lady, than to shed Tears for Pain. Truly, Sir, said she, I shall never be so much a Stoick, to think Pain is all Fancy, for I am sure I feel it still. Well, reply'd my Uncle, you find, young Lady, the sweetest thing sometimes conceals a Sting. However, your Pain will not hold you long, there is a Balm to cure it; Honey, and a little Time, will soon ease you, I warrant you. A while after, my Uncle ordered me to take my last Leave of the good Company, which I did, with ten thousand Pangs. But as I prest my Lips to those of my dear *Isabella's*, I found them tremble so much, that I feared a Discovery; yet she bore it outwardly very well; but did not come out to see us to the Coach, tho' no one took Notice of it but myself. 'Twas well the Dusk of Evening was approaching, for the Concern in my Countenance was not to be concealed; however, I compos'd myself as well as I could before we came home.

The next Morning, the Gentleman, that was to be my Tutor, arrived; and I must confess, I took an Affection to him at first Sight. His Countenance pleas'd me, as well as his Behaviour; and my Uncle seem'd as well pleas'd as myself. He was not above Five and Twenty, and tho' young enough for a Tutor, yet we found him old in Experience and Understanding, and answer'd fully the Character the Letter gave my Uncle of him. My Uncle was so well assur'd of his Abilities, that he resolv'd we should begin our Journey in two Days. In the mean time I wrote several Letters to my dear *Isabella*, and received Answers so tender and passionate, that my Heart felt all the Joy it could desire;

but that Joy was lost in the dismal Thoughts of being separated from all my Soul held dear, so long.

At length the Day came we were to set out. My dear Uncle would accompany me to *Dover*, where we arrived. But the Weather proving a little boisterous, he would not let me embark before it was settled, tho' the Vessels set Sail, as not regarding it; however, as it was his Tenderness and Good-Nature, I comply'd with his Desire, tho' there was no apparent Danger.

The Sight of the Cliffs of *Dover*, put me in mind of those Lines in *King Lear*, of our inimitable *Shakespeare*:

How fearful!

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's Eyes below!
The Crows, and Choughs, that wing the midway Air,
Shew scarce so big as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen, that walk upon the Beech,
Appear like Mice. And yon tall anchoring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Boat; her Boat a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebbles beats,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn, and the Disorder makes me
Fall headlong down.

The next Day, the Weather proved so calm, that the Sea look'd like polish'd Glass; or, as the Sailors say, *so smooth, you might throw Dice upon't*; therefore my Uncle, after mingling our Tears, gave me leave to embark, with my Tutor and one Servant; and we left the *British* Shore behind.

We arrived at *Calais*, after a pleasant Passage of Six Hours, and took up our Lodging at the *Table-Royal*; where we were obliged to wait for some Part of our Baggage forgot in our Hurry of embarking at *Dover*.

But the Cause of my Stay gave me infinite Joy, for the Return of the *Packet-boat* brought me a Letter from my dearest *Isabella*. This proved a Consolation to me in all my Travels; for whenever I was melancholy, I had Recourse to this dear Epistle.

My Dear VAUGHAN,

WHAT shall I say? I have not Expressions enough to paint out my Passion. Thy Absence, and the farther thou goest from me, increase my Love and Anxiety. I look on the all-seeing Sun, and bless his Beams, because it shines on thee. I worship the Winds, as the Indians do the Devil, for fear their Rising should be prejudicial to thee; and the Number of them, with their Names, almost equals the Roman Catholick Saints, yet I am obliged to revere them all in gross, as they do. My Time is almost spent in reading the Accounts of Places where I suppose the Disposer of my Heart is to visit. I have found the Road to Dover, and dined with you in Imagination, tho' Food is almost a Stranger to me. I saw your Horses brought out, and pursued the Way with you to Dover. I saw the Castle, the Pier, and view'd the fatal Vessel design'd to waft from me all my Peace of Mind.

I follow'd it as far as my poor Eyes could see, and waited on the Beach, sighing to the Winds, till you arrived at Calais. To be a Day without seeing the Idol of my Soul, I have thought long; but Oh! to be absent for three times three hundred and sixty five Days, nay, perhaps, for ever! what Heart, like mine, can bear the Imagination? But yet the Day will come; two tedious Days of the Time are gone already. If Heaven will be pleased to send you back, I shall be grown, by that time, well versed in Geography, for that shall be now my only Study; and I shall think it some Satisfaction in all my Grievs, to know the Situation, Climate, and Constitution of those Places my Love intends to visit: I could dwell on this melancholy Subject for ever, but must take Leave of the dearest Object to the disconsolate

ISABELLA.

We took Post Chaises, and arrived at Paris in three Days; from whence, in compliance to my Uncle, I sent him a Lettet, wherein I gave a short Account of my Journey; and another to my Father, which Method I observed in all my Travels. In my Uncle's Letter I always inclosed one to my ever Dear, and tender *Isabella*.

I am extremely pleased with my Tutor; yet he seems very reserved in giving me any Account of his former Condition or Family. Tho' an Accident happen'd, that makes me imagine there's something very extraordinary in his Affairs. An *English* young Gentleman, a Traveller, did me the Honour to make me a Visit some few Days ago; and my Tutor coming in, seem'd in the utmost Confusion at his Sight, and went out of the Room (unperceived by my Visitor) with a great deal of Precipitation. In a Day or two afterwards, when I inform'd him I was to dine with the same Person, he intreated me very earnestly to be excused; and told me, he had such Reasons for not seeing him, that if I was acquainted with them, I would certainly pardon him in desiring not to be in his Company. Ifancy, when we are a little more familiar, he will be more free.

We were obliged to leave *Paris* sooner than I intended, upon receiving the following Letter from a *Dominican*; that my Uncle had recommended me to, one of his former Acquaintance, and who had conferr'd many Obligations upon me for his sake.

SIR,

I know for certain your Life is in Danger, therefore I would advise you to quit the Place as soon and as secretly as you can. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance imagines the Coldness of his Mistress proceeds from the Esteem she has for you. I have in vain endeavour'd to convince him of the contrary. Perhaps I should not be in so much Fear for you, if he had Generosity enough openly to resent his ill-grounded Hatred to you; but I know him to be a Person as void of Honour, as of Courage, therefore every thing is to be fear'd from him. Take care of the Servant you have hired, for I have taken notice they are often together. It is possible there may be no Harm in their Intimacy; Therefore, if you please, I will borrow him for a few Days, and send him upon a Business that he may execute for me as well as an honest Man, if he should prove a Villain. I would not have you stir out to-day, nor receive
any

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any Visits, if you can handsomely avoid it. I'll be with you in the Evening, and inform you farther.

Entirely yours,

RAIMOND.

The receiving of this Letter very much surprized me; for all the Time I remained in *Paris*, I had not made any Acquaintance with the Fair Sex; and, bating the Visit I made to Monsieur and Madam *D'Acier*, I had not been in the Company of any Females. The Thoughts of leaving *Paris* very much rejoiced my Tutor, who was never easy, upon the Account of that young Gentleman. I communicated the Letter to him, who was as much surprized as I was. In the Evening Father *Raimond* came, and pressed me to be gone the next Day. He informed me his Acquaintance had courted a young Lady, and shewed him a Letter from the very Person, where she herself informed him of all he knew, and was as pressing for me to be gone, as the good Father. Therefore I agreed to set out for *Marseilles* the next Day, in order to imbark for *Italy*, and my Baggage was to follow me. I sent my *French* Servant to the good Father, who took him home that Night; and the next Morning I pursued my Journey with my Tutor, and my *English* Servant, who might very well pass for a *Frenchman*, for he spoke that Language as well as his native Tongue. I was very much surprized and vexed at this Accident, for having got acquainted with several Persons of the *Royal-Academy* at *Paris*, I had the pleasing Hope of cultivating my Understanding by their Conversation; for Study, and the Thoughts of my lovely *Isabella*, fill'd up all my Time.

In our third Day's Journey, near the Skirts of a Wood, we were attack'd by half a Dozen Robbers, who would have certainly got the better of us, if, while we were engaged with them, two *French* Gentlemen, with their Servants, had not arrived seasonably to our Rescue. We left two dead upon the Place, and the other four made their Escape. I returned the *French* Gentlemen the Thanks they deserved for their Succour; for if they had not come to our Assistance, we must certainly have been murder'd; but, by the Providence of God, not one of us were wounded.

The Gentlemen were bound for *Toulon*, therefore I resolved to accompany them to that Place, which lay as convenient (they informed me) to embark for *Italy*, as *Marseilles*. We thought it proper to push on, without taking any Notice of what happened to us, because it would retard our Journey; tho' we might have received a Reward for the Death of the two Thieves. We all arrived safe at *Toulon*, without meeting any other Accident by the way; from whence I sent Orders to *Marseilles* for my Baggage to be brought from thence. But the French Gentlemen leaving me the next Day, I thought it proper to go to *Marseilles* myself. When I arrived there, I received a Packet of Letters from *England* which the good Father *Raimond* (my friendly *Dominican*) took care to send, with another from *Paris* from an unknown Lady, that unravell'd the Meaning of my so suddenly leaving that City.

S I R,

I Am in Love, and have long been beloved by a Gentleman, that has taken it into his Head to be jealous of you, tho' I never had the Honour of conversing with you. I have seen you, I must confess, and had the Inadvertency to commend you before him, tho' without any farther Thought; for the Person I mention has laid such Hold of my Heart, it can never get from him. 'Twas I that used that Method with Father *Raimond*, to make you abandon *Paris*, which I hope you will forgive, for I should never have brought to Temper the Heart of him whom I love more than myself, if you had continued here. The Design upon your Life was all Fiction, for the Man whom I adore has too much Honour to deal so treacherously with any Person. His only Fault is Jealousy, but that's a Sign of his Passion for me. As you came to *Paris* as a Traveller, I hope your sudden leaving it will not prove prejudicial to you. And remember, the Women of *France* are not so fond of Variety, as many Foreigners imagine: Tho' I believe you have too good an Understanding to fall into that mean way of Thinking. I am so much a Stranger to you, that I hardly know whether you are vers'd enough in our Language to read an Epistle of this Nature, therefore it has given me some Trouble to have it translated into English; I might have let you continue in Ignorance of this Adventure,

Adventure, but I could not bear you should have a hard Thought of the Person I esteem, tho' an utter Stranger to you;

Your humble Servant, &c.

I must own, I was a little uneasy to be made such a Tool of. However, I soon forgave the Lady, considering the Power of Love.

I embark'd for *Genoa* in a *Dutch* Vessel bound for that Place; but in the Dusk of the Evening, which succeeded the first Day of our Voyage, we were pursued by a Corsair of *Tunis*. The Fright and Confusion was very great, for our Vessel carry'd but Eight Guns, and Sixteen Men, besides Eight Passengers. The Master made many false Tacks, in hopes to lose him in the Night; but at the Dawn of Day we discovered him about two Leagues to Leeward of us, and the Wind ceasing with the Rising of the Sun, we had no Hopes to escape, for they made up to us with their Oars, which we were without. However, both Sailors and Passengers resolved upon their Defence, and the rather, because we observed a Vessel under the *French* Shore, who, by her Working, seemed to endeavour to come up to us; tho' some of the most timorous would have it another Rover of *Barbary*. Notwithstanding, we made ready to receive them. But the Wind freshning a little, we chose to make all the Sail we could for the Port of *Toulon*, not above Seven Leagues distant from us. But our Endeavours proved fruitless, for before Eight a Clock she came within Gun-shot of us, and ply'd us with her fore-chace Guns, tho' without any Damage, for not one of the Shot entered our Ship; which they perceiving, left off firing, because it retarded their Course, and rowed hard to come along side of us, which they did in an Hour from their first Firing. When they came within Hailing, they bid us strike that Moment, or every Man (when we were taken) should be flung overboard. But we gave them no other Answer, than with our great Guns, and small Arms, which I believe they did not expect. But they returned our Civility with Interest; and after plying it warmly on both Sides for half an Hour, they boarded us on our Forecastle; and those that understood their Language,

guage, declared we should all fall a Sacrifice to their Revenge. The Knowledge of that gave us fresh Resolution to sell our Lives as dear as we could; but an accidental Shot taking away our Colours, the Rovers thought we had struck to them, which gave them some Pause. But when they found we continued the Fight, even to Desperation, they fell on furiously again. But a lucky Shot from us, flew into their Powder-Room, and blew up their Quarter within two Foot of the Water. This gave us fresh Courage, and we cleared the Deck of all that were alive on Board us. They cut off their Grapples, and fell a Stern, but still ply'd us with their small and great Shot. We made all the Sail we could to get out of their way, and, by degrees, left them out of Gun-shot; but found our Ship shot thro' in several Places between Wind and Water, and we were forced to lie by to stop our Leaks. While we were endeavouring to find them out, it was a great Satisfaction to me to see the other Ship we saw under the Shore, get up with the *Corfsair*, and engage her; they fought furiously about half an Hour, but at last overcame her; yet that Satisfaction was allay'd, by my being inform'd our Leaks could not be found; and the Water gain'd upon us, notwithstanding they labour'd hard at the Pump. The Master immediately made a Signal of Distress, and the Ship and Prize came to our Assistance. The Ship proved a *Spanish Gard de Coste*. The Captain came on Board us, and very civilly offered me a Cabbin of his Lieutenant's, who was killed in the Engagement with the *Corfsair*. I was much pleased with the Offer, and got my Things removed on Board. The Captain's Name was *Don Juan de Fonseca*; his Ship from *Barcelona*, of 30 Guns, where he was obliged to go to refit, for this was his second Engagement. In the first, he had sunk a Rover of *Barbary*, who went to the Bottom, without saving one Human Creature. Our Ship had made shift to stop her Leaks, but not so effectually as to pursue her Voyage; so, after a Consultation, the Master determined to put into *Toulon* to refit. Therefore I resolved to accompany the *Spanish* Captain to *Barcelona*, having satisfy'd the *Dutchman* for my Passage. I had much ado to make him accept it, telling me I had done him more Service than that came to,

in

in the Engagement. Tho' I, my Tutor, and Servant, had the good Fortune to escape without any Wound in our Bodies, yet several Shot had pierced our Cloaths. The Stock of my Carbine was shot away, as I was charging it, without doing me any Hurt; and the Hat of my Tutor had part of the Brim shot away. We lost but three Sailors in the desperate Engagement, and five wounded, two of which were Passengers. Before Night, we parted with the *Dutchman*, and saw him, by the Help of a Telescope, enter the Harbour of *Toulon*, ere it was dark; and we pursued our Voyage for *Barcelona*, accompanied with the *Algerine Prize*.

The Captain of the *Spaniard* lost nineteen Men in this last Engagement, and thirty-five in the former, besides thirty wounded in both, so that his Complement was so very much lessened, that if it had not been for the Help of the Galley-Slaves out of the *Corfair* (who were most *Spaniards*) he could not have work'd his Ship. The Captain of the Prize was a *Flemish* Renegade, who was intended to be executed as soon as we arrived in *Spain*; but a Wound he received in the Groin prevented it, for he expired before we got into Harbour. The rest were *Moors*, therefore intended for the Gallies of *Spain*; their Complement was 280 Men, when they first set out a Roving, but they had lost 27 in the Engagement with us, besides 11 that were blown up with their Powder; and 59 with the *Spaniard*. *Don Juan de Fonseca* made me a Present of a very fine *Turkish* Scimitar, adorn'd with wrought Gold, which very much pleas'd me; and in Return, I made him, with a great many Intreaties, accept of a Gold Watch of *Tompion's* make; but I had almost affronted him, when I offered to satisfy him for my Passage to *Barcelona*, where we arrived without any Impediment. He did me the Honour to introduce me to the Governor, and said so many things in my Commendation, that made me ashamed to hear them. But the *Spaniards* are noted for Hyperboles. However, the Governor used me with a great deal of Civility, wondering a Person so young, should begin his Travels so early; and ordered me an Apartment in the Castle; *Don Juan de Fonseca* was hardly ever from me; and the Civilities I received from him, I shall never forget.

I found

I found nothing of the stiff formal *Spaniard* in him, nor indeed among any I had the Fortune to converse with; so that I imagine the general Character of the *Spaniards* we receive in *England*, is not altogether true. They are certainly cautious concerning their Women, yet not so much as I expected, for I never was introduced into any Family, without seeing the Female Part of it; but they never stay long in Company, or indeed seldom look at any Strangers, but when they are spoke to, or just upon their Entrance into a Room, and when they take their Leave.

I was advised by every Body to Winter at *Barcelona*, which I resolved to do to perfect myself in the *Spanish* Language.

Nothing extraordinary happened to me during my Residence there; tho' Murders were committed almost every Night, which is made little Account of. One Gentlewoman was murdered by her Brother, as she came from her Devotion at the Cathedral Church. This poor Lady, it seems, had an Intrigue with one of the Dons of the Place, and the Brother came from *Toledo* to wipe out the Stain of his Family, as he call'd it.

Before I left *Barcelona*, I received a Letter from my dear *Isabella*, with several from my Uncle and Father; that of *Isabella's* was as follows:

My LIFE,

I Thought I never should have heard from you more. And tho' I allow'd of the Difficulty of sending to *England* at all times, yet I began to have the utmost Uneasiness. But now I know the Reason of it, my Fears are redoubled. Your Tutor has wrote an Account to your Uncle, of your Engagement with a Corsair of Barbary, where he declares you were their Guardian-Angel. Consider, my Love, you have two Lives to answer for, that of your own, and (I hope) of your *Isabella's*; tho' yours is far more dear to me, than my own. If the Love you profess'd to me be not a Fiction, do not trust the Sea, but with the utmost Necessity. You have proved it an unconstant Element already, and more Dangers attend it, than Storms and Shipwrecks; you may go from *Barcelona* to *Italy*, if you please, by Land; for I am now grown a Mistress in Geography,
and

and Love was my Teacher. I thought that Face and Heart too tender to fight with any thing; therefore, as I am deceived in that, I tremble to think you may deceive me in your Love. No question but France, Spain, and Italy, have Beauties enough to put the strongest Faith to a dangerous Trial. But if your Love should cease, don't put an end to Pity; keep it a Secret; for should I once know you false, 'twill end the Life of your

ISABELLA.

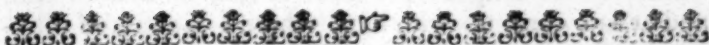
P. S. I am concerned to let you know, that I am persecuted afresh by him you have often called your Rival; but be assured, while I have my Faculties, you shall never have any Rival in my Heart, which is, and ever shall be entirely thine.

This Letter was the only Joy I received, all the while I was at *Barcelona*; tho' I was disturbed at the Account of my Rival's renewing his Addresses. The Governor ask'd me if I had not gained a Mistress, since my Arrival; and when I answered him in the Negative, he seemed surprized! Sure, said he, you must have a very insensible Heart, not to feel the Charms of Love in so warm a Climate, where it is almost the chief Business of the Nation. But alas! he knew little of my Soul, which felt the Pangs of Love in a much colder Climate than *Spain*. I received so many Civilities from this Gentleman, that very much perplexed me, because I had nothing extraordinary to make him a Return; and, to add to the Obligations I had to him, when I left *Barcelona*, he gave me Leave to redeem a Slave from the Gallies, which is esteemed the greatest Honour can be done to any Stranger: The Person I redeemed, was both old, and unhealthy, and therefore I thought him the properest Person among them, that he might have the Satisfaction of ending the Remainder of his Days in Freedom.

I observed a gloomy Melancholy had seized my Tutor, and tho' I strove all I could to divert him, yet I found it to no Purpose; neither could I prevail upon him to know the Cause of his Sorrow; he only answered me, that it was his natural Disposition. But I saw too much of him, not to know his Disease lay in the Mind; yet had Hope,
R Time,

Time, and the various Climates we should visit, would cure him; but hitherto his Malady increased. One Day, when I was retired to my Closet, to write some Letters to *England*, he came into the Room, not knowing I was there, and for some time sighed and wept bitterly; at last, he broke out into something like the following Complaint. Sure never wretched Mortal ever felt the Pains and Disappointments that I have undergone! They are too great to bear! All-seeing Heaven, that inflicts these Punishments upon us, creeping Things, sure will forgive us, if we seek a Remedy by Death, for nought but Death can cure my Misfortunes. As he was going on with his Complaints, I purposely made a Rumbling in my Closet, which he hearing, was going down Stairs; but I prevented him, by opening the Closet-Door, and call'd him back. Well, Governor, said I, will you still persist in Grief, and yet tell me you have nothing troubles you? I am sorry you betray a want of Confidence in me, whom I would have you reckon among the Number of your Friends, and you may command every thing in my Power as such. Sir, answered my Governor (in much Confusion) I am convinced of your Goodness to me, and therefore have, in a short Narrative, written the Account of my Misfortunes, which I intended for your Perusal after my Death; and, when you have considered them, I am well assured you will not blame me for cutting off my Cares with my Life. I shall blame you for nothing, I reply'd, but your persisting in that melancholy Thought. Consider the Task you have undertaken, that of returning me safe to my Uncle: Also remember, Time works many strange Cures of the Mind, as well as the Body. In common Calamities, I own, reply'd my Tutor, Time is a very good Physician; but when the Malady is lodged in the Soul, and no Balm to heal it on this side the Grave, Time only makes the Burden too heavy to be born. However, I own there is a Duty incumbent upon me, on your Account, and I will lay aside my Resolution of Dying, till you have perused this fatal Account of my unfortunate Life, and then, I doubt not, but you will, out of Compassion, dismiss me to the peaceful Grave. When he had done speaking, he put into my Hands the following Relation.

T H E



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
C L E R I M O N T.

MY Family is not of the meanest. In my Youth, I was brought up in the *Roman* Persuasion; but being left to the Care of an Uncle, a Clergyman of the Protestant Religion, he soon wiped away the Notions I had received from my Infancy, of the *Roman* Faith. But as it little concerns my wretched Life to relate any thing farther of my Minority, I shall step at once into my melancholy Story.

After leaving the University, my Uncle took me to dwell with him, intending, as soon as possible, I should take my Degrees, in order to procure me a Living; but in the mean time, Fate was at work. Riding one Summer-Evening to take the Air, the Sun so powerfully shone upon me, that I was constrained to go to the Skirts of a Wood, for Shelter from his fiery Beams. The Place being inviting, I got from my Horse, and laid me down upon the Grass, setting myself to read, and insensibly fell asleep; but was awaked with the Neighing of a Horse in the neighbouring Wood, which I found was my own, that had slipped off his Bridle, and left me; taking the Bridle in my Hand, I went to catch him, but, being a Horse of Spirit, he led me from Place to Place, not suffering me to come near him. I was so much fatigued in following him, that I was constrained once more to sit down, and let him graze in my Sight. In a few Moments I heard the Neighing of another Horse, in the adjacent Thicket, which mine soon answer'd, and galloped that way the Noise proceeded

from. I was obliged once more to rise, and follow him, and at last came up with him, where I found him playing his Pranks with another Horse, and a Gentleman whipping him, to get them asunder; but with the Bustle, the other Horse got loose also, and away they ran together, kicking and biting each other, so that each of us fear'd the Loss of his Horse. As I was going to follow them once more, I heard a Female Voice call to me, *For Heaven's sake, Sir (said she) if you're a Man, succour a distress'd Woman, who is in danger of losing her Honour, and her Life.* Tho' I did not set up for an Knight-Errant, Curiosity and Humanity made me turn back, where I perceived a Woman ty'd by her Hair, to the Stump of a Tree, all bloody; the Sight very much surprized me; but as I was going to release her, the Gentleman that was pursuing the other Horse, cry'd out to me, Villain! if thou offerest to set her at Liberty, this Moment is thy last. Turning about, I saw him within ten Paces, with his Sword drawn, running upon me; I had no Weapon, therefore thought it adviseable to desist, and expostulate with him; but he would not hear Reason, nor tell me the Meaning of this Adventure. I was in a very great Dilemma, between his Threats, and the persuasive Rhetoric of the suffering Lady; but at last resolved, notwithstanding the apparent Danger, to release her, if possible; but as soon as he perceived my Intention, he ran at me with his Sword, crying, Nay then, take thy Death first! Having my Bridle in my Hand, I struck at him with a good Force, and, by good Providence, struck his Sword out of his Hand; and as he stoop'd to take it up, I repeated my Blow upon his Head, and the Bridle being a Curb, I stun'd him with the Stroke, so that he lay speechless, groveling on the Earth, and I run to free the Lady. But finding some Difficulty, and not regarding the Man, he was got up; and running once more upon me with his Sword (which I should have secured) would infallibly have dispatch'd me, if the Lady had not cry'd out; yet I could not avoid being run thro' the Side, tho' no more than a Flesh Wound; he then seized me, and we struggled together a long time; but he being very strong, and I weak with my Wound, he got me down, and with the
Fall,

Fall, the Sword flew out of my Side. I grasped him close about the Neck, so that he could hardly breathe; but he must have made an End of me, if the Lady had not released herself, with the Assistance I had given her before, who took up his Sword, and run him into the Leg, the Pain of which made him let go his Hold of me, and I got up again, snatch'd the Sword from him, which he had drawn out of his Leg, and struck him so forcibly over his Head, that I once more sent him breathless to the Ground. I was just going to run the Sword into his Body, in my Heat of Passion; but I consider'd immediately, it would look like an Action of Barbarity to stab a defenceless Man, therefore I desisted; and in a few Moments after, I fell speechless by him, with Loss of Blood; but was brought to my Senses by a violent Pain in my Leg, that the barbarous Wretch had given me, in wounding me several times with his Penknife, as I lay incapable of Defence.

He did his utmost to reach my Breast, but he was so feeble with his Wounds, that he could not get any farther. I rose in a violent Passion, and wrench'd it from him, intending to put an End to his Life; but my feebleness could not obey my Fury; therefore I seated myself as far from him as I could, expecting my last Moments, for the Lady was fled, and little Hopes of Succour appear'd, we being in a Wood above a Mile from any Road. I had nothing now to do, but make my Peace with Heaven. While I was meditating, I perceived five Men with the Wretch's Horse, coming towards us. As soon as he perceived them, he cry'd out, with all the Transport his Strength would allow of, Now, Villain! thy wretched Fate approaches. Here, said he, to one of the Fellows, take that Villain, that has in this manner basely abused your Master, and hew him to Pieces. Notwithstanding I thought Death was near, without any farther Violence, yet I was resolv'd to defend myself as well as I could, therefore snatch'd up the Sword that lay near me, and put my Back against a Tree, for without that Support, I had not Strength to stand; the Villains, one and all, came furiously towards me, but I kept them some time from wounding me, by means of the Sword, thrusting the most eager

of them into the Throat. But finding my Strength failing me, I made one Effort before I fainted, and thrust my Sword into the Body of their Master, who was endeavouring to rise, falling upon him at the same time, for want of Strength. That Moment, several Country Fellows came rushing upon the Servants of the inhuman Villain, and drove them out of the Wood, wounding several of them; two of them came to me, and supported me, while another, that was a Surgeon, examined my Wounds. Have Courage, said he, Sir, your Hurts are not dangerous, tho' your Loss of Blood makes you faint. I thank'd them for their seasonable Assistance, which was surely sent from Heaven, for one Moment longer must have brought me inevitable Death. Sir, said the Surgeon, the Lady whom you rescued, sent us to your Assistance, who will be here immediately to return you the Acknowledgments due for such a signal Service.

After my Wounds were dress'd, the Surgeon went to examine the Wretch that lay speechless, with his Sword in his Body; upon drawing it out, he gave two or three Groans, and open'd his Eyes, staring wildly about him for some time: When he found how Matters went, What, said he, does that Villain live still? Yes, I reply'd, Heaven guards the Good; and the Title of Villain properly belongs to thee, who would oppress Virtue, and wrong the Innocent; and thy Treatment of her and me has been so barbarous, that if thy Crimes do not draw the Punishment of Heaven upon thee, I will seek thee out, and endeavour to chastise thee in a manner, that shall shew thee I have not forgot I'm a Gentleman; tho' thou art of the Brute Creation, and only bearest the outward Form of Man. I'd give, reply'd the Brute, half my Estate, to have it in my Power to scourge thy Presumption. He would have said more, but the Probing of his Wounds made him faint. Before they had made an end of Dressing him, the Lady arrived, attended with several Servants. Thank Heaven, said she, the Preserver of my Life and Honour lives. How shall I shew my grateful Acknowledgments? I reply'd, I had done nothing but what every

every honest Man would have done, or ought to have done.

The Surgeon interrupted our Discourse, by informing the Lady, it would be dangerous for me to talk much. But I could not avoid speaking with my Eyes, for I found my Heart insensibly leaving me. The Charms of the Fair one were too powerful to be withstood, tho' ruffled and disorder'd by this unlucky Accident. After the Surgeon had dress'd the Wretch, the Cause of this Disaster, he ask'd the Lady what must be done with him. Leave him, said she, to consort with his Fellow-Creatures, the Beasts of the Field, for Human Society will disown him. Immediately after, the Countrymen return'd, bringing along with them three of the Servants they had taken, all of them very much wounded. There, said the Lady, take your villainous Master, and shut him in some dark Cave, for 'tis not fit he should breathe common Air, with honest Men; and you (continued she) must be Brutes like him, to serve such a Monster. The Servants made their Excuse, as well as they could, urging their Master's Commands, and promising, for the future, never to be Partners in his Crimes, if they continued with him. Well, reply'd the Lady, learn to be honest, and Heaven will forgive you: Take the Wretch, your Master, and bear him where I may never see him more; perhaps he may also repent, since he finds his Punishment comes from Heaven. The ablest of the Fellows got upon his Master's Horse (which was brought along with mine by the Countrymen) and his Master was laid along before him, hardly sensible of what they did. But I was so weak and faint, they were obliged to cut Boughs and make a Hurdle, on which I was laid, and carry'd to a fair House about two Miles from the Wood; yet, notwithstanding my Weakness, I found a secret Pleasure in being under the same Roof with a Woman, that had intirely robb'd me of my Heart.

My Wounds made me keep my Chamber several Weeks; tho' I had the Happiness of seeing my Fair One twice a Day, during my Illness; and my Passion increased with my Strength. One Day before I left my Chamber, I begg'd her to inform me how a Woman of her Condition,

Condition, could be brought into such a dangerous Adventure? Sir, said she, by base Treachery, which I will inform you in as few Words as possible.

This Wretch (for I cannot call him Gentleman, tho' blind Fortune has bestowed her Favours; upon him in a lavish manner) long courted me in vain; tho' my Father, who is now abroad, prest me very much to accept him for a Husband, blinded by his vast Riches, yet my Heart disdain'd him. When my Father went into *Spain* to settle his Affairs, I forbid him the House, and ordered the Servants, whenever he came to visit me, to shut the Doors against him. This Treatment put him in such a Passion, that he broke my Windows, and endeavoured to come in by Force, threatening to murder all my Family. Such impudent Proceedings obliged me to have my Country Neighbours in my House as a Guard from his insolent Fury; this was not only troublesome, but expensive. However, tired with his Attempts to no Purpose, he left off his Persecution, and I began to recover my former Tranquility. Near four Months past without my once hearing of him; and when I did, I was informed he was making his Addresses to a Lady on the other Side of the Country. The News was infinitely pleasing to me, and I durst once more venture abroad, as usual.

One Day my Woman that had been my Servant from my Infancy, begg'd I would be Godmother to a Grandchild of hers, whose Parents lived in a Village about five Miles from my Dwelling. I could not refuse such a trifling Request, tho' it was an Office I did not take any great Delight in. When the Day came, I was obliged to go on Horseback, attended with one Man-Servant, and my Woman; for my Coachman was ill of a Fever. When we came within a Quarter of a Mile of the Wood, where Heaven sent you to my Assistance, my Woman called to mind she had forgot some little Presents I had intended for the Mother and Child; therefore she sent the Footman, in a Hurry, back for them, while we propos'd to ride on softly, till he overtook us. As we came within a few Yards of the Wood, my Horse gave a Start at something, and looking towards the Wood, I perceived, to my dreadful Surprize, the Villain that brought me to the Distress you rescued me from. He flew

flew out of the Wood, and, on the Instant, seized my Horse by the Bridle: Come, Madam, said he, we may now converse together, without scaling Walls to come at you. Fear had so ty'd my Tongue, that I could not give him any Answer; but when I found him leading my Horse to the Wood, I jump'd off, and ran towards the Plain as fast as my Fear would permit; but to no Purpose, he soon overtook me, and bore me by Force into the Wood, maugre all my complaining Sighs.

When he had hurry'd me about a Furlong, I perceived five or six of the Villain's Servants; they immediately seiz'd me, and put me before him on Horseback, he ordering them at the same time to catch my Horse, and wait at a certain Place in the Wood, till he came to them. The Barbarian then carry'd me to a more unfrequented Part of the Wood, where he proceeded to fill my Ears with his nauseous Courtship; but still threatened to use Force, if I did not immediately comply. I try'd by all the Persuasion I was Mistress of to prevent his horrid Purpose, telling him, Time might produce strange things; and if he would forbear any Violence, I would give him leave to visit me as usual. No, no, Madam, that's only a Wile (reply'd the Monster) to get out of my Power; but I'll do the Deed, and then leave you to determine whether you will send for me, or no. When I found Intreaties would not prevail; I called Heaven and Earth to my Assistance, but to no Purpose. He then proceeded to Violence, using the most horrid Imprecations that he would satiate his most abominable Lust, and then murder me to conceal the Deed.

I resisted as long as my weak Strength would permit; but he at last overpowered me so far, as to bind me to the Root of the Tree where you found me; and, no doubt, had fulfilled his damnable Purpose, if your timely Assistance had not saved me. When I found my Deliverer in such imminent Danger (pursued the Lady) I took up his Sword with an Intention to have killed the Villain; but using the Weapon with fearful Aukwardness, wounded him only in the Leg; and perceiving you faint, ran out of the Wood to seek for Succour; by good Fortune, I met the Surgeon, and my Servant returning, who got together

together some of my Father's Tenants, that were Hay-making in the Meads near the Wood.

As we came to your Succour, I saw my Woman lie upon the Ground, bleeding; I ran to her Assistance; but she cry'd, Good Madam, trouble not yourself with a Wretch that has basely betray'd you; but Heaven has punished me for my Perfidy, and all I ask is Forgiveness from that and you. She informed me, that my intended Ravisher had given her 500 *l.* to betray me to him in the Manner I have related. I asked her, how she came thus wounded? She answered me, by the Hand of Heaven; as she was waiting till the odious Deed was finished, a Horse came galloping out of the Wood, and running furiously upon the Beast she was on, the Creature, in a Fright, ran away with that Swiftnes, she could neither stop him, nor get from off his Back, till he threw her down; her Foot hanging in the Stirrup she was dragg'd till the Stirrup broke, and left her in the Condition I found her in. I was surprized at this Treachery, because I little suspected it, tho' it was obvious enough; yet the Hurry of my Spirits never gave me Leisure once to think upon any thing but your Safety.

The Surgeon, however, was about to dress her; but she pushed him from her, telling him, his Art was vain, for she was that Moment expiring; and accordingly, she breathed her last, begging Forgiveness of me and Heaven. Maugre the Relentment I had against her, I could not help shedding a few Tears for her Loss.

The rest of my Story you are sufficiently acquainted with, since you hazarded your Life to save me from the Ravisher, who, as we are informed, is expired of his Wounds; and tho' I am a Creature so far from wishing the Death of any one, that I would give all I am worth to save an innocent Person's Life; yet I can't help being pleased at his Death, since it frees me from the Apprehension of Suffering, from his Brutal Temper, which I am assured never will be changed.

To make my Tale as short as possible, I will freely declare to you, dear Sir, that I gained her Heart; tho' she protested, she would never wed till the Death of her Father, without his Consent; but that I almost despaired of, considering the Disparity of our Fortunes. Besides,
he

he was accounted the most penurious Wretch on Earth. This gave a Damp to the Joy I received, when she gave me an Assurance of her Heart, tho' she vowed she would suffer a thousand Deaths, rather than give her Hand to any one but her Deliverer, as she was pleased to call me.

During my Cure, no Man ever thought himself so happy as I did! beloved, and ever in the Presence of her I loved, tho' we concealed our Passions from all the World. But my Wounds being healed, Decency required I should be gone, tho' our Separation was equal to the Pangs of Death. All our Consolation was in our Intercourse of Letters, and sometimes meeting as by Accident.

A few Days after our Parting, the Father to my Fair One arrived from *Spain*. She sent me a Note, wherein she advised me to make him a Visit, and endeavour to insinuate myself into his Favour. I waited on him accordingly, but was very much surpris'd at my Reception; instead of giving me Thanks for the timely Assistance I gave his Daughter, he seem'd very much out of Humour with me; and in an odd, stiff, formal Manner, told me, The World had been censorious upon his Daughter on my Account, and therefore desired I would never enter his Doors again. I found, to my Grief, there was nothing to be done with him, in favour of my Love; therefore took my Leave, with a Heart full of the greatest Sorrow. Yet, notwithstanding the Danger, we continued our Correspondence tho' with a thousand Fears.

I kept nothing a Secret from my good Uncle, who perswaded me to forget my Passion; but that was the only Thing I could not obey him in. The Knowledge of it gave him a great deal of Uneasiness; tho' he was so just, to pity me, and hoped Time might work a Cure.

One Day as I was going in Disguise to the Place where I was to receive a Letter from my Love, I saw in the Road, a Country Fellow grovelling in the Dust; when I came up to him, he inform'd me, with a great deal of Pain, that his Horse had thrown him, and, with the Violence of his Fall, had broke his Leg. He intreated me to give him some Assistance. Tho' my Time was short for my own Affair, Compassion would not suffer me to

to leave a Man in such Distress and Anguish; therefore I caught his Horse that was grazing near, and mounting him, led him to a neighbouring Village, where I procured a skilful Surgeon to attend him; but before I took my Leave, he begged to speak with me in private. When every body had left the Room, Friend, said he (for I was drest in a Country Habit) I have one Favour more to beg of you, which is, to take that Letter; carry it as directed, and for your Pains there's half a Crown; but you must do it with all Secrecy. Tell the Person you give it to, of my unfortunate Condition, and, upon Return with the Answer, I shall reward you, by giving you another Half Crown with many Thanks for the Favour. As a Crown was a very extraordinary Reward, for one in my Habit, to go half a Mile, I durst not, for fear of some Discovery, refuse it; therefore took the Letter, with Promise of a quick Return; neither was it out of my way, for it was directed to a Person that kept a Publick-House, in the Road where I was to pass.

As I went my little Journey, I called to mind the Person to whom the Letter was directed, had formerly been a Servant to the Father of my Mistress; for she once proposed a Meeting at his House, but better considering, we found a Place more convenient, and less to be suspected. I therefore began to be jealous of some ill Design, which possessed my Fancy so strong, that I resolved to open the Seal in such a manner, that the Arms (which further'd my Suspicion) should not be defaced, if the Contents were innoent of any ill Intent. The first Publick-House I came at, I went in, and opened my Letter, where I found to this Effect:

SAM,

I Send the Bearer to you, to consult how we shall get that scornful Minx into my Custody. The Vessel and all things are in Readiness, and the false Report I have caused to be spread of my Death, will favour my Design. I have likewise sent three trusty Rogues to dispatch that Fellow who rescued her out of my Hands before; for I must have my Revenge, as well as Love, satisfy'd. 'Tis but within these few Days, I learnt where he lived. To-morrow Night I shall come in Disguise, the back Way to your House, and

and bring the other 500 l. with me: Take care of Privacy in my Reception, and send your Things to my Retreat, that I may put them on Board. I hope you have overcome that Scruple of parting with your Wife, which so much possessed you when I last saw you. Be sure to keep thy Tongue within thy Teeth, for if Women are big with a Secret, they are in Pain till they are delivered. I'll assure you, you may rely on Tom the Bearer; therefore conceal nothing from him. I send you this Letter as his Credentials, because you never saw him before, as my Ambassador. He is faithful, for I have try'd him.

Yours, &c.

You may judge my Surprise, when I had read this villainous Writing, and found my Mistress, as well as myself, in such imminent Danger. My Thoughts were in such Confusion and Disorder, that I could not determine with myself how I should proceed in this Affair. At last I resolved to deliver the Letter as directed, to see what farther Inlet I could receive in the dangerous Affair. I therefore made the best of my way to the House, where I fortunately met the Man alone. He changed Colour in the reading of it, several times examining the Seal very circumspectly (but that he should have done before he opened it) tho' the nicest Observer, even he that sent it, could not have discovered the Letter had been opened. However, I could find by his odd Questions, he was not over-well satisfy'd with the Bearer, observing my Face, as if he would look me thro'; I began to suspect he might find me out in my Disguise, not being well assured but he might have seen me when I was brought wounded from the Wood, senseless. However, at last, he began to be a little better compos'd. He took some pains to persuade me to drink something, but I informed him I had Business a little further, therefore was obliged to return immediately. He then made me promise to call as I came back; telling me, he would go along with me to the Person that sent me, to which I agreed, and went on to meet my dear Mistress.

When I told her the Story of the Letter, she could hardly give Credit to it, believing her intended Ravisher had been in the Regions of Death: But at last, being

convinced he was still living, she resolv'd not to stir abroad, for fear he should put his wicked Designs in Practice; desiring I would do the same, tho' I had not inform'd her of my Danger. The Grief we felt at Parting, almost overcame us, and it was with some Difficulty I could bring my Countenance to dissemble my Sorrow, when I call'd upon the Innkeeper.

After staying some time, we set out together; but I could plainly perceive his Mind was very much disturb'd. In crossing a Meadow, we observ'd a Kite had pounc'd a poor Pidgeon, and flew up into a Tree in our way as we pass'd. I ran as fast as I could, and with Stones frighted him from his Prey. The Pidgeon, not quite dead, fluttered about the Tree, and at last fell at our Feet, which I took up. Thus it is, said I, in the World, Power, Rapine, Violence, and Lust, which stop at nothing to compass their wicked Desires, tho' they prey upon Innocence and Virtue, yet they often meet with their Reward in this World, as well as the next. That Kite that left the innocent Pidgeon in this Condition, has every one for its Enemy; while the poor Pidgeon is pity'd. But Birds are instigated by Nature, to what they do; the Kite was compell'd by Hunger and Necessity to seek his Prey; but vicious Man preys upon his Fellow-Creature out of Wantonness or Revenge. Your Reflection, reply'd the Inn-keeper, seems something above your Condition, and I will freely declare, very much surpris'd me; therefore beg the Favour to be answer'd one Question, sincerely. I told him I would. Why then, said he, do you know any thing of the Person that gave you the Letter, or any thing relating to the Contents? Or do you know the Gentleman who sent that Messenger? Tho', I must own, I abhor an Untruth, yet I thought it would not be convenient to declare what I knew; therefore answer'd in the Negative. The Man was some time before he spoke, looking stedfastly upon me all the while. At last he broke Silence, to this Purpose: Friend, I know not your Condition; yet do verily believe you are not what you seem; but be that as it may, I have, in this short Acquaintance, such a strong Opinion of your Wisdom and Integrity, by your Countenance and Discourse, that I shall discover a very important Secret to you,

you, upon this Condition, that you will never disclose it, give me your Advice, and not endeavour to prejudice me. I reply'd, his Confidence in me, oblig'd me to be his Friend. Come then, said he, let us go out of this Path, for Hedges and Ditches may have Ears, as well as Walls, as the Saying is.

When we came to a convenient Place, we sat down, and he related to me all the Passages of what I knew before, concerning the Family of my Mistress, and my own Adventure; how the Wretch, who sent him the Letter, had prevail'd upon him to betray the young Lady, his former Mistress, for 500*l.* into his Hands, and fly with him into the *West-Indies*, where he had a large Estate, and should be shrouded from the Law. Now, I must own, the Money has a prevailing Power, and my Poverty pleads for the Gentleman; besides, I have a Wife, that has of late given me Proof how much she strives to send me to Heaven. But yet I have a Conscience for my Monitor, that every Moment tells me, I am about a wicked Deed. And this Letter I have received, which you was the Bearer of, has stagger'd my Resolution; for I find, by the Contents, an innocent Gentleman is to be murder'd, for doing a noble and a generous Action; therefore, the first Thing I shall desire of you, before you give me your Advice, is, to promise me you will go to such a Place (naming my Uncle's House) and inform the young Gentleman, his Nephew, of the Danger he is in; for though I have no Knowledge of him, yet I know his Uncle to be a Person who is an Honour to the Habit he wears, and has the Good-will of every Body. When I had read the Letter, I affected to be very much astonish'd at such a Design, in a Kingdom famous for the Goodness of its Laws, where such Crimes are punish'd with Death, and told him the Danger he run, in such a vile Proceeding; the Usage he must expect from such a Villain, when he had him once in his Power, and the Reward might be taken from him, nay, perhaps, Death might be his Payment, from such a barbarous Wretch, that he might have the sewer to maintain.

He allowed all I said for Oracles, yet he was still hankering after the 500*l.* It would be a Piece of Justice, cry'd the Innkeeper, even to bite him of it. I cannot deny

but it would, I reply'd, but I think that impracticable. I wish we could contrive, reply'd he, to let him run away with my Wife, I then should get 500*l.* and be rid of a base Woman that has made me a Cuckold. The Letters seems to intimate (said I) that you had some Scruples in parting with her. That's true, reply'd the Innkeeper, for when he first moved me about this wicked Business, I had only a Jealousy of her Falshood; but since I have proved it, I despise her as much as I loved her. I began to inquire further into the Affair, and found he had Reason enough to get rid of his Wife; therefore we spent some Time in Conference about bringing this Affair to bear, but could not think of any probable Means. Come, cry'd the Innkeeper, since we can't think to any Purpose, let me intreat you to go and prevent the young Gentleman's Fate. The young Gentleman, said I, is safe enough, for to let you into a Secret, in return of yours, I am the very Person, in this Disguise.

The Innkeeper was Thunder-struck, at what I told him, and seem'd willing to be rid of his Companion; but I brought him to himself by good Words, and some Money which I gave him, as I told him, for his Intention to save my Life. I own, said he, it seems a Mark of Providence, in my meeting with you, and therefore I abhor myself for my wicked Intention, and shall never set my Mind at rest, till I have gain'd Forgiveness from Heaven and you. We were interrupted in our farther Discourse, by a Person that cross'd the Meadow with a Fishing-Rod in his Hand; tho' he was so intent to get over the Hedge, to the River that ran near it, that he saw us not. That is, said the Innkeeper, the Villain that has seduced my Wife! my Blood rises at him; I have a good mind to run after him, and push him into the River. Hold, said I, why did not you shew your Resentment, when you caught him in the Act, and revenge yourself? Because, said he, my Blood was froze with Horror, and I had not the Power to stir. Well then, I reply'd, let him alone now, for I have something in my Head that may be of Service to you, not only to get rid of your Wife, but to secure the 500*l.* too. Did your Wife ever receive any Letters from him, to your Knowledge? I believe not, reply'd the Innkeeper, for when he

comes

comes a Fishing, he generally lies at our House; so that they have Opportunities enough, of Conversation, without writing to each other. Why then, said I, contain yourself a little; go to the Angler, and tell him your Wife has betray'd herself to you, and forbid him your House. Or if you don't like that Method, take any other to prevent his coming to your Habitation; but don't use any indirect Means. Well, reply'd my Host, I'll take your Advice about the Calmness of my Mind; tho' I shan't proceed in the other Affair, quite according to your Direction, for I think, after owning myself a Cuckold to my Cuckold-maker, nothing should follow but his Destruction.

I staid about half an Hour, inly ruminating upon my unhappy Condition, before he return'd. I have don't, cry'd my Host, I believe he won't come to my House in haste. I hope you have not murder'd him, said I? No, no, I proceeded in another manner. By reading a Letter he carelessly dropt once, I found he ow'd a considerable Sum of Money to a certain Person in *London*, who threaten'd to trouble him. Remembring the Person's Name, I went up to him as he was Fishing, and told him, I was glad I had met with him, for there were Officers to arrest him at our House, at the Suit of such-a-one. He seem'd surprized, as not doubting the Truth; and begg'd I would stand his Friend in his Concealment; therefore I have sent him to a Cousin of mine, that keeps an Inn about Ten Miles off, with a Promise to come and inform him when the Officers are gone. You have done well, said I; and now I'll inform you of my Design.

You shall write a Letter, in answer to that I brought you; where you shall mention, that you shall have the Lady in your Possession, ready for him to take her away to-morrow. The Letter I will indite for you, which you shall transcribe. And then I'll write another, as from the Angler to your Wife, to tell her that you have discover'd your Jealousy to him, and forbid him your House; but that, if she consents to fly with him to-morrow Night, he will come, attended with some Friends, and bring her to a Place of Safety. Very well, reply'd my Companion, I understand you; and so put

my Wife upon the Gentleman, instead of the Lady! a rare Contrivance, if it succeeds. Come, said I, let us go to a House, and write the Letters, that we may lose no Time. I wrote to the Villain, in this manner:

S I R,

I Received yours, and have succeeded to my Wish. I have found, by an extraordinary Accident, that your Mistress is in Love with the Person who rescued her from you in the Wood, and she is to come to-morrow Night, to be conducted to him by some of his Friends, from my House. Therefore you must not speak a Word, when you take her away, till we are safe on Board. Come early, for fear we should meet with those Persons she expects; tho' I hope your Emissaries will prevent him, by cutting his Throat. And don't forget my Reward, for I am not Heroe enough to venture my Life for nothing. Be assured, if I have the Money, the Woman is yours.

Ay, marry, cry'd mine Host, as he was writing it, this will do. What I wrote to his Wife, you have as follows:

My DEAR,

THE Cuckold, your Husband, met me to-day, as I was angling, and forbid me the House, having discovered our Intimacy one Night, in the Arbour in the Garden: therefore, if you will fly with me to-morrow Night, I will send some trusty Servants to conduct you to my own Habitation, where you shall command my House as your own; and if we can, by any Contrivance, dispose of your Hornify'd Spouse, it shall be your own Fault, if you are not my lawful Wife. Take no care of what you leave behind you, for I will provide every thing for you, rich, and of the best. Send your Answer by the Bearer, whom I can trust; but send it in Writing, sealed with the Seal I gave you (those Words were put in at my Host's Request, to strengthen the Contents) and be ready; but don't speak a Word, till you see me, for one of the Persons I have employ'd to conduct you, imagines it is a rich Heiress I have stole, one that he knows, and if you speak, will discover you by your Voice.

William Gwin Vaughan, Esq; 211

Voice. Rest contented, and be happy in the Embraces of your constant.

L. M.

Right still, cry'd my Host. But who will be the Bearer? I told him, I would carry it myself; while he went on to the maimed Fellow that brought the Letter, and sent him away, hurt as he was, to his Master. We agreed to part, but I promised him I would come after him, and consult farther.

When I arrived at my Host's, I found his Wife trick'd up like a Dutchess; and to give her her Due, she seem'd an agreeable Woman. She took the Letter, with some Confusion, which something alarmed me, for fear she might know his Hand. She went into another Room, and returned immediately with a Bottle of Wine, and a cold Chicken, and put Half a Guinea into my Hand. Friend, said she, if my Husband should come and catch you, and suspect, there's Money to pay your Reckoning; if not, it is to pay you for your Trouble. I thank'd her as much like a Countryman, as I could. Upon which she went out, and staid some time. When she returned, she gave me a Letter. Give that, said she, with my humble Service to the Person that sent you, and tell him, It's very well.

When I had got my Commission, I made what Haste I could to my Landlord, and found him helping up the Countryman upon his Horse, and the Surgeon cursing and swearing at the Folly of the Fellow, to get on Horseback in that Condition. However, go he must, the Fellow said, if he dy'd by the Way. But the Man of the House sent one to attend him to his Master's, and we staid till the Fellow returned, which he did in three Hours, telling his Master, he had conducted him safe home. In the mean time we examined the Letter I brought from my generous Landlady; which was to this Effect: *That she would fly to the World's End with him, and live upon Roots and Water, to enjoy his sweet Company, and leave that despicable Wretch her Husband, whom she loathed as much as she loved him, &c.* A brave Wife, by my Troth! cry'd my Landlord.

When

When I gave hem the Half-Guinea she made me a Present of, he said, it were well there was not real Bailiffs at his House for Mr. Angler; for his Wife, by her extraordinary Bounty to the Letter-Carrier, would certainly pay her Lover's Debts, if she could any way raise the Money. My Thoughts now began to return homeward; but my Companion told me, he would not leave me, till he saw me safe at my Uncle's, for fear the Wretches should discover me. I thank'd him, and accepted of his Company, because I was to shift my Disguise by the way, and consequently might be murdered in going from thence to my Uncle's, for he knew not of my Transformation; neither should I have gone home till our Designs had been accomplished, if it had not been that my Uncle would have been frightened at my Absence. Therefore we agreed to go both together, and my Landlord to lodge in the Neighbourhood of my Uncle, and both return the next Day to wait the Issue of our Project.

When we came to the House where I was to dress, the Person told me, there were three Men had been with him, to know where my Uncle lived; and ask'd several Questions concerning me; but, said he, I did not like their Turn of Discourse, therefore gave them no Intelligence, so they proceeded on their way. I told him, he had acted wisely, for they were Wretches that had a Design upon my Life. If so, said he looking out, be upon your Guard, for here they come, up the Lane. I had not pull'd off my Disguise, therefore ventured out of the Door, keeping my Hand upon a brace of Pocket-Pistols I always carry'd about me, since my Rencounter with that Wretch; one of them rid up to me, and ask'd me, if I had seen Mr. Such-a-one? naming my Name. Mr. Clerimont! said I, speaking in a Country Manner, yes, he'll be here presently; I wait for him, by his own Order. I am glad on't, reply'd the Fellow, for I have some earnest Business to communicate to him, and was inform'd at his Uncle's, that he had not been at home since Morning; therefore, with your Leave, we'll wait here till he comes. With all my Heart, said I; if you please, you may alight, and put up your Horses. No, reply'd the Fellow, our Horses are hot, therefore we'll ride

ride softly up and down to cool them ; and when he arrives, if you'll come and acquaint us, I'll give thee something. Thank ye, Master, said I ; I'll be sure to do it. Upon this they rode off. I watch'd them some time, and found they were very busy in Consultation. In the mean time, I instructed the Man of the House to go to the Constable, and bring a sufficient Force along with him. But before he went out, they all three returned, and, alighting from their Horses, they desired I would put them into the Stable, for they were now cool ; telling me they would accept of my Offer, and wait there till Mr. *Clerimont* came. Well, Gentlemen, said I, for his sake, you shall be welcome to what the House affords. Come, sit down. The Fellows seemed a little shy ; however, they sat down at last, and began to be very free with the Liquor we gave them ; and we ply'd them so close, that, in two Hours, we did not want the Constable's Assistance to secure them, for they were all three drunk to a Degree.

When the Constable came, I ordered him to keep out of Sight, till I sent for him. I began then to examine the sobrest of them, asking him, what Business he had with Mr. *Clerimont* ? Not, said I, but if I look into your Hand, I need not ask the Question ; for I am so skilled in Palmistry, that I can tell things past, present, and to come ; that is to say, in plain *English*, reply'd the Man, you are a Conjuror. However, to try your Skill, there's my Hand, do your best, and spare not. This Hand, said I, has received in part, or will receive shortly, the Price of innocent Blood. The Man, drunk as he was, seemed to be in the utmost Confusion ; yet endeavoured to hide it, by pulling back his Hand. It is in vain to conceal it from me, said I ; you, and your Companions, are hired to murder that *Clerimont* you so earnestly enquire for, and the Constable is now in the House to apprehend you.

This, spoke with a confident Air, made him turn pale ; for his other two Companions were fast asleep. But still, he put it off as a Jest, till I called in the Constable. Here, Constable, said I, take these three Rogues into Custody, and see them well secured till to-morrow. They came here with an Intention to murder me, I
having

having sufficient Witnesses to prove it against them. And are you that *Clerimont*? cry'd the Fellow I had been talking to. Yes, said I. Now let me know what is your Business with me. Turn every body out of the Chamber, reply'd he, and I will convince you, we had no such Intention. After searching them for Arms, and not finding any, I ordered the Room to be cleared. Sir, said the Man, how you got your Intelligence, is a very great Mystery to me; but we three were certainly sent from such a Person to murder you, for the Reward of 100*l.* a Man; and after we had made an end of you, we were to embark with him for the *West-Indies*. We received 20*l.* a Man, as Earnest of the rest, but resolved not to commit so barbarous an Act upon the Innocent; therefore we intended to acquaint you with the real Truth, hoping you would cause the Report to be spread of your Murder, about your Neighbourhood, for a few Days, till we had received the Reward, and our Master had embarked. I own, you may hardly find Faith to believe me; but it is Truth, as I hope for Heaven. You may perceive we have no Arms about us; and if you please to examine our Pistols, at our Holsters, you will find they are as empty as my Master's Heart is of Humanity.

I immediately sent to examine their Pistols, and found them uncharged, as he declared. This Proof gained on my Belief. Well, Sir, said the Man, I hope you think what I have said is Truth. But the more to strengthen it, Pray awake my Companions, and examine them. Now what Discourse we had together, was spoke so low, that if the other two Men had been awake, and sober, they could not have understood us. Therefore I caused them to be roused from their drowsy Humour, while I went and put on my own Cloaths. When I came in, I order'd the Person I had been talking with, to tell them he had seen me. Well, and have you broke the Matter to him? said one of them. Yes, he reply'd. We are glad on't (return'd the other two) then our Fourscore Pounds apiece is all snug. I found, upon a further Examination, the Fellows were honest: Nay, one of them told me, it was not altogether the Lucre of the Money that prevailed upon him, but to save

save an innocent Gentleman's Life; for, said he, if we had not undertaken it, some others might, that would have gone through with their Work.

The Difficulty I now labour'd under, was which way to cause the Report of my Death, without alarming my Uncle; therefore took this Method, which was approved of by the three Men. I put on my Disguise once more, and gave 'em the Cloaths I put off, which we mangled and blooded in several Places, and order'd 'em to tell the Wretch who sent 'em, that they found me hunting in a Wood alone, and there murder'd me, and the Place being private, not likely for any one to find me immediately, they had stript me, and brought my Cloaths as a Proof that my Business was done effectually. They all three gave me many Thanks, and promised me, in a few Days, to let me know their Success, for they were resolv'd to leave their Master secretly, as soon as ever they had received their Reward, not caring to live any longer with such a barbarous Wretch. Upon this, we parted, and my Host and I went to our Repose. The next Morning, I dispatch'd mine Host to regulate Matters with my hated Rival, and design'd to follow. I told my Uncle, I intended to go see a Relation about Twenty Miles off, and should not return till the next Day; for I did not think it proper to acquaint him with the Motive of my Journey. I went in my usual Disguise, but durst not go to the Landlord's House, because his Wife would know me for the Letter-Carrier; therefore chose to ride into a neighbouring Wood, till it was dark, where I entertain'd myself with a Book I brought along with me. But I was very much surprized, an Hour before Night, to see the Wretch, and two more along with him, enter the same Wood. I began to have some dreadful Apprehension, for fear they should find me out, therefore leading my Horse further into the Wood, and tying him fast, fetch'd a Round, and came almost at their Backs; yet tho' I was so near 'em, they could not come to me immediately, by reason of the Interposition of a thick Copse of Hazels, which kept me from their Sight. Now my Revenge is satisfy'd (cry'd the Villain) my Heart feels lighter, and it looks like an Omen of future Contentment, in possessing that ungrateful Maid. I must

must own, I do love her, and would wait a Year with Patience, if at the End she would reward my Love.

You were very patient (reply'd another) when, not long since, you attempted to ravish her, and no doubt, had don't, if the Person, who has paid his Life for his Presumption, had not prevented it. 'Tis true, reply'd the Barbarian, the first Fire of my Passion, I own, was the Flame of Lust; but I now begin to fancy, if I could gain her Heart, I should revel in Bliss, for a whole Year at least, without being cloy'd. But how tedious do the Moments pass, continued the Villain? Oh, how I long for Night! How will the trembling Slut be bit, when, instead of flying to the Man she loves, she'll find herself in the Embraces of one she detests! This Wood will once more be the Bawd to my Designs. As soon as ever we have left the Shore, I'll proceed to the Enjoyment of the scornful Dame.

I must own, this Declaration made me shudder; and I had once resolv'd to draw my Pistols, and shoot the Villain thro' the Head, if the Consideration of our Project had not hinder'd me. I waited, with as much Impatience as my Rival did, till the Moment came of our Decampment. As soon as they were mounted, I took Horse, and follow'd; but my Horse hearing other Horses before him, neigh'd several times, which caused my Leaders to stop; however, as there was but two, and I in my Disguise, I resolv'd to push on, and come up with 'em. As I came even with the Wretch and his Companion, they ask'd me where I was going? I told 'em, to such an Inn; naming the Place where they were bound. This Fellow, said the Russian, may hinder our Design, therefore we must prevent him; tho' this was spoke in a Whisper, yet I heard it plain, and began to repent of my Forwardness in following them; I therefore put Spurs to my Horse to get out of their Reach.

Hold, hold! cry'd the Master, not so fast, I want to speak with you; I have a Job for you to do, which I'll pay you well for; 'tis only to go to the Harbour, which is not above three Miles off, and inquire for the *Speedwell-Galley*, that lies moor'd to the Wharf; bid 'em immediately unmoor, and prepare for Sailing, and send the Boat ashore to wait my Coming, which won't be
above

above two Hours; if thou wilt do this, there's a Crown; and if you'll wait till I come, I'll give thee another. Thank you, Master, said I, with all my Heart, if your Worship will bespeak a Bed for me at the Inn, as you pass by. Ay, that I will, reply'd the Wretch, and a good Supper beside. I gave him Thanks, turn'd my Horse's Head to go back again, and resolv'd to do as he desired; for then I should see the End of our Project.

When I came to the Harbour, I found the Boat's Crew ashore, waiting for their Master. When I had executed my Commission, the Coxen cry'd, What, is the Devil in my Master? Does he think my Memory so short, that I should forget his Orders in five Hours? I fancy so, said I, for he paid me well for my Journey; and yet but in part, for I am to stay till he returns, for the rest of my Reward. I think the open Air is a little too cold, to stay in't three or four Hours together; therefore, if you'll go with me to an Alehouse, I'll spend part of my Wages upon you. A few Words struck up the Bargain, and away we went.

When the Company were pretty well warm'd with their Liquor, I began to ask 'em a few Questions concerning their Master, intimating, that we had been in Treaty about my entering into his Service. Why, reply'd the Coxen, you had better *stand still, and walk* *Horses*, as the Saying is. I own he's good at promising, but the worst at performing, I believe, in the whole Dominions of *Great Britain*. How comes it to pass then, said I, that you'll serve such a scurvy Master? Why you know, Master, reply'd the Coxen, we Sailors are very blunt honest Fellows, therefore, as I believe it is not in your Power to hurt me, I'll tell you the Truth. We are all marry'd, or have Settlements, upon his Plantations in the *West-Indies*, therefore 'tis our Interests; and as he brought us out with him, we must wink at his Rogueries, that he may carry us to our own Plantations again; otherwise I'd leave him this Instant; for I dare swear, he's upon some ill Design this Moment. In return to your Confidence of me, I reply'd, I can assure you 'tis so; nay, and such an Action, that not only may endanger his Life, but the Lives of those that assist him in't. Upon this, all the Company began to look upon

one another, with Countenances full of Fear. 'Sblood! if I thought that, cry'd one, the Devil might assist him, for me. Some bawdy Business, cry'd another, I suppose; I don't care to hazard my Life for any Whore but my own. I'd venture my Life, said another, in an Engagement in hopes of Plunder; but I'll see him d—'d before I'll have any thing to do with his dirty Work.

In short, every Sailor had something to say upon the Occasion; and I found, by their Sentiments, they were all honest Fellows, or seem'd so; and the more they drank, the more they seem'd resolved to oppose him in any ill Design. I let 'em into some part of the Story, in order that they should stand the poor Wretch's Friend, that by Mistake might be brought among 'em; for I did not doubt, but when he found out the Trick that was put upon him, his Brutality and Disappointment would push him on to murder the Woman. This was the only Motive that induced me to enter into Conversation with 'em; therefore, I intended to take my Leave, but was prevented by a loud Knocking at the Door. Immediately after, enter'd the Wretch, swearing abominably at the Coxen, and Sailors, in not being at the Boat to wait his Coming.

The Sailors began to grumble, and told him, they were not his Slaves, nor would be used as such. I don't know where this Dispute would have ended, if the three Fellows that were hired to murder me, had not follow'd their Master, and desired to speak with him in private. What is it you want with me, you troublesome Vermin? cry'd the Brute. You know what we want, reply'd one of them; and therefore we expect to be satisfy'd before you go on Board: You know very well, we were to have the Reward when our Business was finish'd; and not keeping your Word with us, makes us imagine you intend to forget the rest of the Money, if we don't put you in mind of it. You Villains, cry'd out their Master, if you mention one Word more of that Affair, look to yourselves! you know, you good-for-nothing Rascals, that it is in my Power to hang you all; therefore no more Words, or an Halter shall be your Reward; you have been too well paid already. A Halter our Reward! cry'd the Fellow, and what should be his Reward, that

put us upon such an Action? Why, you caitiffs, you know very well (cry'd their Master) I only order'd you to Bastinado the Rascal, not to murder him: And, you Clods! if I had Time to stay, I would find out Means to help you to the Gallows, Come, Rogues (said he to the Sailors) and fly to the Boat this Instant. Better Words, cry'd the Sailors, or you shall to Sea by yourself: Zounds! we know you can't do without us, and therefore we'll be better treated; and tho' most of your Governors of Plantations are bad enough, yet there's one gone to take your Place, that we may expect Justice from, without paying for't. What the Devil! I suppose there's a Conspiracy in my Absence, reply'd the *quondam* Governor: Who has put Rebellion into your Heads? not you, my honest Friend, I hope? speaking to me. The three Fellows not observing me before, seem'd very much surprized at the Sight of me, and one of 'em cry'd out in a Transport, Good God! Mr. *Clerimont*, what brought you here? Ha! *Clerimont*, said the Wretch, is the Villain then living still? I own I was very much surprized at this Discovery, but was brought out of it by his furious Approach, with his drawn Hanger in his Hand; however, I had Presence of Mind to pull my Pistols out of my Pocket, and aim'd one at his Breast, telling him, if he offer'd to come one Step forwarder, I'd shoot him dead at my Feet.

The Sight of my Pistols made him stop short, and call to his Men to seize me; some of 'em, not thinking what they did, were going to obey his Orders. Gentlemen, said I, hear me two Words, and I'll deliver myself into your Hands: Upon saying this, they stopt, and I inform'd 'em, in short, of their Master's implacable Hatred to me. When they had heard my Story, they one and all cry'd out, they would stand by me with their Lives. Upon this, he sullenly sat down, and was some time before he open'd his Mouth. A general Silence follow'd; but our Eyes were busy, looking at each other: At last he open'd in this manner: Sir, can you forgive me for my past black Designs against your Life? I own, this Contrition, at this Exigence, looks like Falshood; but upon the Word of a Man of Honour, I repent from the Bottom of my Heart, of all my base Actions; when

I look back on 'em, it is with Horror! How amiable a Figure do you make, cloath'd in Innocence and Virtue! And how like a Fiend of Hell do I look, cover'd with such hateful Crimes! but Repentance, I hope, may wash my Stains away; and I shall think I am in the first Road to Virtue, if you'll vouchsafe me your Pardon and Friendship: My Servants, that I find have saved your innocent Life, shall receive the Reward they expected, for the Humanity that their Master wanted: My Seamen shall find me, for the future, such a Commander as they can wish for; and when we arrive in our own Country, their Rewards shall exceed their Expectation.

Very well, reply'd the Coxen, half drunk, I have heard your Worship talk at this rate before now. Ay, ay, cry'd another, we know his Tongue is well hung, he promises as well as e'er a Gentleman in the Universe, and performs as ill. I must confess (said the intended Ravisher) the Character my own Servants give me, is enough to startle a Stranger: But what other Motive, but Repentance, can make me declare myself in this manner? I find myself a new Man, and only wonder at my former Self. All the while this Dispute lasted, I was inly ruminating how I should proceed. I was in very great doubt of his Sincerity; for I observed, in all his Discourse, he turn'd his Eye very often upon the Door, as if he expected some of his Men from the Ship to take his Part; at least I thought so. Beside, I wanted very much to confer with my Landlord, who I knew would accompany his Wife, tho' unknown to her: therefore I told him, I would go out to recompose my Spirits, and return immediately again. Very well, he reply'd, you are at your own Liberty, and it will be my utmost Wish, that, when you come back, you will forgive one that will ever think it his highest Happiness to be esteem'd your Friend. I made him no Reply, but went out, and found my Landlord, who was waiting at the Door, with four or five more, all in Disguise, and mask'd attending his good Wife, who seem'd very impatient. I told him what had happen'd; and ask'd him Advice how I should behave myself. Damn him (he reply'd) don't trust him, for if you do, he'll certainly deceive you. But, however, conceal yourself somewhere

where about the House, till I go in and feel his Pulse; for I must get rid of Madam, some how.

I consented to his going in, for I concluded it was the only way to try his Sincerity; for if he really repented, he would restore his pretended Lady to her Liberty. Therefore I retired to wait the Event. However, upon second Thoughts, I judged it the safest Course to get my Horse ready, for fear of things. Just as I was leading him out of the Stable, I perceived my Landlord and the Gentleman coming towards me, and, I must confess, did not know what to think of it; but they stopt, as soon as they were got out of hearing of the People about the Door. Why it is a terrible Business, I own (said my Landlord) to be disappointed in your Revenge, for I'll engage he's two Miles off, by this time; for he mounted immediately, and flew away like Lightning. Damn him! reply'd my false Penitent, I wish his Horse may break his Neck. Not impossible, cry'd my Landlord: But since he's gone, let's proceed to Business. Your Men, you may depend on't, will soon return to their Duty, now Mr. *Clerimont* has left them. Therefore, give me my Reward, and I wish you Luck, and a boon Voyage. There it is (putting a Purse in his Hand) all in Gold. I hope your Worship (reply'd my Landlord) has not put a Trick upon me? No, on my Word, return'd the Villain, you are the only one I intend not to deceive; and if you'll send me Word you have murder'd *Clerimont*, I'll send thee the next Return after it, a hundred Hogsheads of the best Sugar in my Plantations. My Thoughts were very much confus'd before, but in hearing this, I forgot all Patience. I drew a Pistol from my Pocket, and running up, cry'd, No, Villain, Heaven has reserv'd me to punish such a mortal Devil as thou art. I discharged my Pistol at his Head; and, seeing him fall, mounted my Horse, and flew away like Lightning, in earnest. I rid six or seven Miles before my troubled Thoughts return'd to Reason; and then, when I began to think, I condemn'd myself for being so rash; and thought of the Crime I had committed, in killing a Wretch with all his Sins about him.

I did not go home that Night; neither should I have thought of reposing myself, if my Horse had not put

me in mind of it, by seeming jaded ; but being far from any House, I drove him into a Meadow, and sat under a Hedge till Break of Day. When I got home, my good Uncle saw visibly the Discontent was increased in my Countenance ; but I would not wound his Peace farther, by telling him what had befallen me ; I only feigned some slight Indisposition, therefore staid at home three or four Days, but under terrible Inquietudes ; and what increased my Apprehensions, I heard nothing from my Mistress for several Days beyond the usual Time. The only Consolation was, that no Intelligence came concerning the Death of the Wretch I supposed I had kill'd ; for I was well assured, if I had been call'd to an Account for it, the fatal Inquiry would have broke the Heart of my pious Uncle

I was almost afraid to go to my Landlord's (as I call'd him) tho' I had no Reason to doubt his Honesty ; and wondered I had not seen him in so many Days. Therefore, after many Irresolutions, I ventured to visit him in my Disguise as usual. When I came to his House, they told me he was ill of a Fever. I ask'd a Countryman that was drinking at the Door, concerning him. I don't know, says the Countryman, the Man's a Fool, I think ; he takes it much in Dudgeon, that his Wife has made him a Cuckold ; and you know, Sir, it's many an honest Man's Fortune. Now I think, he has Reason to be out of his Wits with Joy, that he has got rid of a devilish Wife. By this Fellow's Discourse, I understood every thing had succeeded to his Wish ; but I trembled to think in what manner ; I feared he might have murdered her, to break his Marriage Bonds, and was very uneasy to know the Truth. While the Fellow and I were talking, a Maid-Servant came to me, and asked me, if I was not the Person that brought a Letter to her Master some time ago ? I was something surprized at the Question, and did not readily give her an Answer. If you are the same Person, said she, (perceiving I said nothing) you need not be afraid ; my Master only ordered me to bring you up Stairs, if you should come here at any time. I followed her to her Master's Chamber, without opening my Lips, I found him on his Bed,

Bed, and seemingly very weak. When the Door was shut, he arose.

Well Sir, said he, my Ends are accomplished, tho' in such a manner, that has given me very great Uneasiness; for, notwithstanding I had all the Reason in the World to despise my Wife, yet her deplorable End, tho' it shews the Judgment of the Almighty upon wicked Persons, has cast me into such a dreadful Melancholy, that I believe I shall never shake it off. When you, Sir, fired your Pistol at the base Villain that deserves the worst of Deaths, the Report frightened the Horse my Wife rode on, to such a Degree, that he ran away with her, and plunging into the Sea, threw her off. We try'd all Means to save her, but she sunk to the Bottom, and we never more saw her. It was supposed the Tide of Ebb carry'd her into the main Ocean. Well, but Landlord, said I, how did you proceed with the Men, after the Villain was killed? Alas, Sir! reply'd my Landlord, you was not so lucky to make an end of him; for one of the Balls only grazed upon the Top of his Forehead; and it is not improbable but the other might wound the Horse my Wife rode on, which made him so outrageous.

When the Wretch got up again, and found the Smallness of his Hurt, he was for pursuing you; but was prevented by the unfortunate Accident of my Wife. He mourned very much the Loss of his Mistress, as he thought; and I own it was some good Luck to me, that she was not discovered to be otherwise, for he is of such an implacable Temper, I don't know how far his Revenge might have carry'd him; for after we had try'd in vain to find out the unfortunate Wretch, he was still upon a Project of making an end of you; but I wrought him into such a Belief that I would certainly do it for him, that he gave me Twenty Guineas for the Job, as he called it. His Men, indeed, grumbled much; but the three Servants that were hired to murder you, would not be prevailed upon to go on Board, till he had satisfied them according to his Promise. He made many Excuses, telling them, he had not Money enough about him; at last, he gave them Twenty Guineas a-piece, and assured them he would give them the

the rest, when he had them on Board. But, notwithstanding his fair Promises, when their Horses were embark'd, and every thing ready to go off with the Boat, the three Men were no where to be found. They searched in vain for some time, and were obliged to set Sail without them. I suppose his Uneasiness was, for fear they should discover his damnable Intrigues.

As soon as the Ship was out of Harbour, I got upon my Horse, and came home; but was very much surprised to find the Horse, that run away with my Wife into the Sea, and supposed to be drown'd, at home before me. All this is what I wanted to declare to you, and would have waited on you, but my Melancholy and Indisposition prevented me.

I told him he ought to consider, that a bad Wife was a good thing to get rid of; and, tho' I was as much concerned for the Manner of it, as he could be, yet it was very probable, when the Villain had found out the Trick that was put upon him, but his Brutality would have drove him to give her the same Death, or an Usage worse than Death. I own it, reply'd my Landlord, and since it seems to be the Hand of Heaven, I ought to be satisfy'd; but even what I have gained by it, seems at present to give me very little Contentment; and I should have been willing to have forgiven her, if I thought she could have returned to her Duty; but I hope Time will wipe off this Score of Melancholy. However, if I can be of any Service to you in your Amour, you may freely command me.

I was very much rejoiced at this kind Offer, and told him, it was the only thing he could oblige me in, since I knew he had the Liberty of going to the House of my Mistress, unsuspected; I therefore freely declared to him the whole Progress of my Love, and the Uneasiness I was in for not hearing from my Fair One. Well, said he, notwithstanding my Weakness, if you'll give me a Letter of Credence, I'll promise you an Answer tomorrow; and I shall think I am doing a good Work, in endeavouring to join two Bodies, whose Souls are united in Heaven. I was in such a Transport at his Manner of Speaking, that I embraced him with the Ardour of a sincere Friend, as indeed, he always proved himself
such

such a one to me; and I think Sincerity, in such low-born Souls, is almost a Miracle. I sat myself down immediately to write to my dear *Eliza*.

IF you would know the Torment I endure, in not seeing or hearing from you, think a Person on the Rack, with his Torturers inflicting every Torment that mortal Life can bear, and that is but a faint Idea of what I suffer. The Bearer of this, I am not ashamed of calling Friend, notwithstanding the Disparity of our Conditions. Ease my tormented Soul with a Line from that Hand which only can relieve the Pain I undergo. I have something to relate to my dear *Eliza*, of what has befallen me since I last saw those lovely Eyes, that is very surprising. Do not thou keep me upon the Rack of Despair any longer, but contrive with the Bearer, to give me a Meeting once more, if you would save the Life of

Yours eternally,

CLERIMONT.

When I had finished my Epistle, I read it to my Landlord, who said so many things above his Station, that I was surprized at his manner of expressing himself. He took my Letter, and assured me he would bring me some Answer, if he ventured his Life for it. I took my Leave of him, and resolved to return the next Day, in hope of a favourable Answer. When I offered to reward him for the Trouble he was undertaking, he absolutely refused it, and was almost angry with me for proposing any such thing. No, said he, be assured I am no mercenary Messenger; and tho' I have transacted an Affair with that Wretch, that looks like Guilt, I will never, while I live, harbour a mean Thought, but hope to convince you, that a Person, without Birth or Education, can pursue Virtue, as well as those who have had the Advantage of us.

I returned the next Day before Noon, but my Landlord was not come back; the Disappointment gave me the utmost Uneasiness. At last, he came, and gave me a Letter, which I knew, by the Superscription, came from my adorable *Eliza*, tho' wrote with a Pencil; the Contents were short, as follows:

My

My dear CLERIMONT,
I am, and ever will be your

ELIZA.

My dear Friend, said I to my Landlord, I am infinitely obliged to you for the Pains you have taken; but am surprized, though pleased, at the Shortness of her Answer. Sir, said my Landlord, I have a wonderful Story to relate to you, and I doubt not but 'twill surprize you, as it did me. But first read that Letter which I received just now from one of the Servants that was hired to murder you.

Mr. CHEESEMAM,

I Would have you be on your Guard. Meeting the Coxen of my quondam Master's Ship (I own, I was much surprized to find him in England, whom I thought many Leagues off) he informed me, that going out of the Harbour, the Morning that our Hurlyburly happened, the Tide being ebb'd more than they imagined, they struck upon a Sand-bank, where they were obliged to wait for the next Tide of Flood to carry her off; during that Time, the Corpse of the Woman, whose Horse carry'd her into the Sea, was found, which being taken up, proved to be your Wife, and, by several Letters in her Pocket, it was supposed that you, with the Confederacy of Mr. Clerimont, had contrived to impose upon my Master; be it which way it will, he fancies so, and has vow'd bloody Revenge upon you both; therefore I send you this, by the Desire of the Coxen, that you may provide against one, whom no Law has Fetters strong enough to bind from doing Crimes too bad to name. Take the Advice of

Your Humble Servant,

RICHARD CROSS.

The Reading of this Letter, I must own, very much alarmed me. Now, said my Landlord, I will relate the History of my Journey. When I came to Eliza's Father's House, whose Servant I was, and whose Tenant I am, I went with the Pretence of paying him his Rent, tho' not due this Week; but guess my Surprize, when,

when, as soon as I enter'd, I saw that execrable Villain, the Captain, walking in the Garden with my old Master. I knew it was not my Business to be seen by him, tho' I was then ignorant of the Affair related in the Letter from Mr. *Cross*; therefore watching them, till they came into the House, I went into the Garden a back Way, to consider, as well as my troubled Thoughts would let me, what I should do. The Respect I had for you, prevented my Returning without delivering your Letter, tho' I knew I staid in the Mouth of Danger. While I was beating my Brains to no Purpose, I saw my young Mistress *Eliza* come into the Garden, overwhelm'd with Sorrow. I took my Opportunity to speak with her, and gave her your Letter, which she received with the utmost Joy.

She informed me that the Wretch, the Captain, had been there three Days, and her Father was so much rejoiced to find him alive, that by report was thought dead, that he resolved to force her to be his Wife, in a few Days; but she bid me assure you, she would sooner lay violent Hands upon herself, than ever consent to give her Hand to such a Monster of Mankind. We had not time for much Conversation, for that Moment her Father sent for her in; she only took the Opportunity of writing with my Pencil upon the blank Leaf of your Letter, that Line I brought you. Immediately after, I saw them all three come into the Garden, so thought it high time to make the best of my way.

During this short Relation, my Mind felt the utmost Inquietudes; all the Passions incident to Human Nature, took their turns within my Breast; but at length Revenge got the better, and I came to a firm Resolution of making a sure End of that barbarous Wretch, the Cause of all my Misfortunes. I communicated my Thoughts to my Landlord, who very strongly dissuaded me from it, but to no purpose: When he found his Reasons had no Force upon me, he offer'd me his Assistance. We were some time before we could form a proper Method to accomplish my Design; but, at length, we fix'd upon sending him the following Letter.

S I R,

S I R,

I Am inform'd, for certain, that your Coxen, with the rest of your Men have resolv'd to run away with your Ship; and I am assured, nothing but your speedy Appearance can prevent them; every Person but myself is in the Conspiracy; and I am seemingly so, that I might have this Opportunity of letting you know their Villainy. No matter for my Name, but you shall know me when you see me, by my wearing an old gold-laced Hat, which no one on Board has but myself. I would have you come alone, for I'll take care to prevent their Design till I see you, if you are expeditious; for I have a secure Method, with your Assistance only, to put an end to their farther Villainy, without Danger. Therefore, pray Sir, communicate this Affair to no one Person till I see you.

Your obedient Servant, &c.

This Letter we convey'd to him the same Evening, and I followed the Messenger, as imagining he might take Horse immediately. I let my Landlord into my manner of proceeding, and ordered him to retire, as soon as he should see the Wretch appear, with an Injunction on him, if I should be kill'd to bury me as privately as possible, and let my Uncle have a Letter I had wrote to him, wherein I had inform'd him of every thing that happen'd to the present Moment.

Our Letter had the desired Effect; for at the Dusk of the Evening, my Landlord acquainted me the Groom was getting his Horse ready, and he found he intended to go alone, according to the Purport of the Letter. Therefore, full of the Spirit of Revenge, I rid on about two Miles before, where I waited for him upon an open Common that lay in his Way. I never gave myself Time to think, all this while, what might be the Consequence of such an Action. In a Quarter of an Hour, I saw him enter the Common. I rid up to him, and bid him stop. At my manner of Proceeding, he took me for a Highwayman, for he told me very calmly, he had nothing about him worth my venturing my Life for. No, Wretch, said I, I come for thy Blood, who has often endeavour'd to spill that of the unhappy Cle-

rimont.

rimont. Clerimont! cry'd he, in a Transport, the only Man I wish'd to have met with; and tho' I have an Affair of Consequence upon my Hands, yet I will stay to put an end to thy detestable Life. I had no time to ask him what Arms he carry'd, not intending to take any Advantage of him; for as soon as he had done speaking, he fired a Pistol at me; it was so well aimed, that I heard the Balls whistle thro' my Hair. I was not long behind him, but returned him one in Exchange, that shot his Horse stone dead; the sudden Fall of his Horse, prevented his getting clear of the Beast; therefore I alighted from mine, and disengaged him from him. Tho' such impious Villains deserve no Humanity, said I, yet I can never forget I am a Gentleman. He made me no Reply, but drawing his Hanger, ran furiously upon me, aiming a Blow at my Head, that would have ended all my Misfortunes, if I had not received it on my left Arm. I found the Stroke had wounded me very much, therefore, before he could redouble his Blow, I shot him thro' the Head; he gave a Groan, fell down, and expired.

I had then lost all my Repentment, and ran to help him up; but I found the Top of his Skull shot away, and his Brains upon the Ground; for tho' it was Night, the Moon was up, and I could not help standing in a fixt Posture, to view the horrid Act (as it was then represented to my Fancy) my Hand had done. But my friendly Landlord roused me from my Thoughts, that I might take care of my Safety, for he told me, he heard the Galloping of Horses in the Lane that led to the Common, the way we came; therefore we mounted our Horses, and rid away, he leading a full Speed, and I following, not knowing well what I was doing, so full of Trouble were my Thoughts. After my Wound was dress'd, I went home, and concealed nothing from my Uncle, who was under terrible Apprehensions. We learnt afterwards, the Horses we heard were the Father of my Mistress, and several Servants, who follow'd the unfortunate Wretch, as imagining some extraordinary Business, by the Change of his Countenance, when he read the Letter I sent him. They took up the Body, and bury'd him privately in the Chapel, that very

Night. Searching him, they found the Letter that was the Cause of his sudden Departure; and tho' I had disguised my Hand, yet my dear *Eliza* guess'd the Letter came from me, and that Imagination gave her insupportable Uneasiness.

The next Day her Father, with all his Servants, rid to the Port, to examine concerning the Affair; and *Eliza*, knowing they could not return till the next Day, sent to my Landlord to be inform'd concerning the Tragical Affair. Before he went to her, he sent to give me Notice where he was going; tho' a dreadful Melancholy had seized me, and the Pain of my Wound was troublesome, I immediately put on my Disguise, and followed him to *Eliza's*. I met him returning, but prevailed on him to go back with me, and, if possible, to procure me a Meeting with my dear Mistress. He comply'd with my Request, and my Landlord having related every Circumstance of my Affairs before, I received this Consolation from my Mistress, that she could but barely blame me for my Conduct, in the Danger I exposed myself to.

We parted with mutual Vows of Constancy, but with sad Persages of what befel us afterwards.

It was about this time your noble Uncle fixt his Eyes upon me for your Tutor; tho' I must own I had no Inclinations that way; for I was yet fed with Hope, Fortune would still befriend me in my Love.

A full Month past on, without hearing any thing from my dear *Eliza*. My Landlord was forbid ever entering the Doors of her cruel Father, and no Reason given for such Treatment, tho' it was not hard to guess. We understood *Eliza* was under the strictest Confinement. I was almost distracted with this cruel Proceeding, but had no other Remedy than Patience.

One Day, as I was walking in our Court-yard, ruminating on my sad State, a Footman brought me a Letter; the Superscription I soon knew to be my dear *Eliza's*; he told me it required no Answer, and disappear'd in a Moment. I broke open the Seal with trembling Fingers, and, to my Astonishment, found what follows:

S I R,

S I R,

I Send you This to tell you, that Fortune will have us intire Strangers to each other; therefore it is my only Request to you, that I may never see you more.

ELIZA.

I will omit to tell you the many different Passions I felt at the Perusal of this cruel Epistle; but I fixt a Resolution to see the Ingrateful, if it cost me my Life; for, before her Eyes, I intended to put an end to it, if I could ever get a Sight of her.

Near her House, the *Severn* stream'd along, which you well know enriches the neighbouring Towns with her Water-Carriage. I put myself in the Habit of a Bargeman, and, addressing myself to *Eliza's* Father's Gardener, told him, if he pleased to allow me my Provision, I would work with him till the Return of the Boat I belong'd to (which is a thing very common in that Country, the Bargemen going to work at any Farming Affair, till their Boat is tow'd up with Horses, where there is a Tract for them; when there is no Tract, Men supply their Places.) I was admitted, and the second Day saw *Eliza*, and made myself known to her, tho' I had not the Opportunity of speaking to her. She was confined in a Room two Pair of Stairs, next the Garden. I thought, by the Signs she made me, she was still faithful, which I was confirm'd in the next Morning. Busying myself as near to her as I could, she threw a Handkerchief down, which I took up, unperceived by any one; in it was the following Letter:

My dear CLERIMONT,

THE Letter you received, my cruel Father dictated, and forced me (with Threats of severest Vengeance on you) to write. Be assured, my Heart shall be ever yours; and if I cannot reward your faithful Passion, I will resign myself into the Arms of Death, to avoid the Embraces of any Person living, but those of my dear Clerimont. My Father is making all the Search imaginable after the Murderers, as he calls them, of his Friend; therefore be care-

ful of yourself, and preserve your Life for her, who shall be ever your

ELIZA.

P. S. *I farther beg you will not hazard your self in this manner ; tho' it is the greatest Joy I can be capable of knowing, to see you ; but I conjure you would depend on my Conduct, and trust to Time to cure those Wounds of Absence.*

This Letter made me shake Hands with Life again, which I had almost number'd among my greatest Enemies. I immediately left my new Employment, and went home to my Uncle's, who was ever pressing me to accept of that Office, which I now can call my only Consolation. I found Means to let my adorable *Eliza* know his Solicitation on that Account, who also persuaded me to it, giving me her Faith to be ever constant. But I believe I should never be prevail'd upon to be so far from the Object of my Love, if *Eliza's* Father had not resolved, to prosecute me for killing that unfortunate Wretch ; and my Uncle was inform'd he had suborn'd Witnesses to rob me of my Life ; therefore (after settling a Correspondence between my Uncle, my Landlord, and my lovely *Eliza*) I bound myself to your Commands. I have received several Letters from all three, which came in your Packets, that gave me an Account of the Welfare of my Mistress ; among other things letting me know, after my Absence, she had her full Liberty as before. But when you have read this last Letter, I hope you will forgive me, if Death should release me from that Duty which I paid you to my last Moments.

My dear Nephew,

M*Y Hand trembles, not thro' Age, but Concern, when I am forced to give you the melancholy Account of the Death of your Mistress Eliza : Her cruel Father would force her to wed a Person, whose Courtship was hateful to her upon your Account ; to prevent which, the Morning of her detested Nuptials, she took Poison, and expired at the Altar. My dear Child, arm yourself with that*

that divine Weapon, Patience; and with the Assistance of Heaven, combat those dreadful Ills that assail thee. Man was born to suffer; and I think it no Crime for one of my Cloth to repeat a Line out of a Play, tho' upon this sad Occasion :

————— *Who would Fardles bear,
To groan, and sweat under a weary Life;
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will:
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.*

But I hope, my dear Nephew will bear all with an Angel's Patience, which is the hearty Wish of
Your affectionate Uncle.

I must own, I was very much affected with the Story; and the more, because it resembled my own Fortune. The Reflection gave me much Uneasiness. I sent for him, and we mingled our Sighs and Tears together.

Now, pray Sir, said my Tutor, think, after the Load of Grief which is fix'd upon me, whether Death is not the only Friend that can shake it off. I strove to comfort him, with the little Eloquence I was Master of, but bid him have Recourse to his Uncle's last Letter, and that would teach him, Life was not given us to dispose of as we pleased. And must I then bear this Load of Life (he reply'd) perhaps till grey Hairs appear upon my Head? No, no, Sorrow sure will do its Office. Let *Friendship*, my dear Governor, said I, supply the Place of *Love*, and that, from me, you may intirely depend on. He at last resolv'd to suffer all, he told me, purely to oblige me.

I now began to be in terrible Anxieties on my own Account, for in my last Letters from my Uncle, he mention'd nothing of my dear *Isabella*. I remember'd, with Grief of Mind, I had left behind me a very powerful Rival, endow'd with Wealth and Title, the Pride of the Female Sex; but then, I thought *Isabella* had none of her Sex's Frailties. We imbark'd on Board of one

of the King of *Spain's* Gallies for *Genoa*, in order to view some Part of *Italy*; for I found it impracticable to go by Land, as my lovely *Isabella* advised me in her Letter. But before I left *Spain*, I sent my Uncle, my Father, and Mistress, an Account of every thing that befell me, and where I was bound next.

My poor Governor was still inconsolable, tho' he strove to appear chearful, in Complaisance to me; but I found his Malady had struck him to the Soul, and I fear'd Death would lay his Icy Hands upon him; yet I had hope, Variety of Objects might help him sometimes to forget his Grief. I had forgot to ask him who the Person was, we saw at *Paris*, that gave him so much Uneasiness; and when it came into my Memory, forbore to ask him, for fear I should recall his Sufferings up afresh; but when we arrived at *Genoa*, we found that young Nobleman, there, where he avoided him as before. He then inform'd me, it was a distant Relation of his, of the *Roman* Persuasion, that had often done him ill Offices upon the Account of his being a *Protestant*; and farther, to make him hate him, had begun to make his Addresses to his dear *Eliza*, purely in Contradiction to him. Upon that Account, I resolved to make but a short Stay there.

At this City I received a Packet from *England*, brought me by a young Gentleman of the sweetest Countenance I ever saw; tho' the Letters he gave me, almost distracted me. That from my Uncle, was as follows:

My dear Child,

DISPOSE thyself to hear the most uncomfortable News Fortune could prepare for thee. Thy dear Father is no more. My Tears flow so fast, I can hardly write thee the following Account. That pernicious Woman, the Complication of all ill Women in one, has deceived both thee and me. Last Week, my dear Broeher (thy Father) sent a Messenger to me, desiring me to come to him without Delay. I found him almost expiring. When I enter'd the Room where he lay, the first Object I perceived, was the vile Woman's Son John, stretch'd dead upon the Ground. The Sight very much surprising me, thy Father, faintly, call'd me to come near: That, said he, is the first Part of
the

the Punishment due to my cruel Murderess. This Morning (continued your Father) that Wretch, my Wife, sent me my Tea, as usual, when she would not favour me with her Company; and the unfortunate Boy, bringing an Excuse from his Mother, that she could not Breakfast with me, I detain'd him to keep me Company. It was not long before the Mother follow'd him, and inquired, in the utmost Confusion, whether he had drank any of the Tea? The Boy resolv'd her, he had drank two Dishes. I found, by her extravagant Exclamations, there was something extraordinary in the Affair, and soon found we were both poison'd. In my Rage, I drew my Sword, and made her partake of the same bitter Cup, more than once, then lock'd her in that Closet, where I have heard no Stirring these three Hours; perhaps the Period of her wicked Life is come, for I find my own approaching. Dear Brother, I have very little to say, the rugged Hand of Death has seized me. Pray keep this Story secret, if 'tis possible; and be a Father to my dear Boy. He would have said more but the Pangs of Death stop'd his Tongue, and his Eyes closed for ever. The mournful Sight drove me into such a furious Passion, that I drew my Sword in order to sacrifice the Author of our Misfortune; but when I open'd the Closet-Door, there was not any Body to be found. Searching about, I perceived some Linen ty'd to the Foot of your Father's Escritore, which hung out of the Window; going to see how she had made her Escape, I perceived her Body lie breathless under the Window, upon the Ground, with her Brains on a large Stone, the only one, I believe, in the whole Garden. The Linen, I find, broke about a Foot below the Sash she went out at. She has suffer'd by the Hand of Heaven, 'tis true; but we have lost a Brother and a Father by her Wickedness, who impos'd upon our easy Natures. Come, my dear Son (for I now must call you so) and comfort me for this irreparable Loss; nothing but your Sight can assuage my Grief. Come, and take Possession of a Fortune that can over-balance that of Isabella's; let us mingle our Tears together, to moisten the Ashes of your good Father's Grave. But grieve not too much, my Child, for fear you should endanger that Life, which is intirely wrapt up in yours. I have conceal'd our Misfortunes as much as possible, and the Coroner, my Friend, has brought in the Affair, Accidental

dental Death; and the World is imposed on in such a manner, that they imagine there was not any Design in the melancholy Story. The Relation has so much dispirited me, that I have hardly Strength to subscribe myself

Thy dear Uncle and Father, &c.

P. S. All thy Brothers are gone to Eternity before thy Father, except thy Brother Jonathan, whom we have not heard any News from these Seven Years, and we may reasonably suppose, he rests in Peace in the Grave.

This Letter put me out of Love with Life; and my good Governor gave me that Comfort, he had formerly received from me; but had it not been for the Consideration of my Uncle, and my divine *Isabella*, I believe I should have call'd Death to my Aid. The Letter I received from her, gave me some Consolation; it was wrote in such a touching manner for my Loss, with the Lamentation of her whole Family, and her Dependance on my Life and Love, that I resolv'd to live, if it was but to thank her for her Tendernefs; tho' I must own I felt the utmost Concern in the Loss of that consolative Epistle. It was three whole Days, before I inquired for the young Gentleman that brought me the Packet. But what was my Surprize, when my Governor brought him to see me, and at the same time told me, in that young Gentleman I beheld his amiable *Eliza*! I forgot all my Sorrows at so unexpected a Rencounter, and my Heart overflow'd with an inexpressible Joy on the behalf of my Governor. I could hardly believe my Senses. What, cry'd I, dead, and revived again! I must own, reply'd the charming *Eliza*, my Story is a little Romantic: But the Obligations my Lover has received from you, shall prevail upon me to relate that Part of it, which you are a Stranger to; and tho' I ought to blush at this Transformation, I am sure you will forgive me, when you know it proceeds from Love.

After our Ill-fortune had separated us, a Gentleman of a great Estate, related to *Clerimont*, renew'd his handsome Addresses to me, and tho' of a different Religion, my Father gave his cruel Consent, and the Day was fixt for our Nuptials: By the Advice of a Female Acquaintance,

quaintance, I drank a Sleeping Draught, which deprived me, seemingly, of all the Faculties of Life. When the intended Bridegroom came, he was very easy under his Disappointment, and said to one of his Servants (loud enough to be heard by my Father) Pox on't! this had been lucky enough, *Dick*, if she had staid till the Day after our Wedding. Very true, reply'd the Servant, the Wedding-Sheets and the Shroud, are the best Linnen can be put on a Woman. And the sooner she changes, return'd the Master, the better. Then, with a Horse-Laugh, without taking any Leave, they rid away.

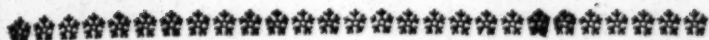
My Father was very much incens'd at his brutal Behaviour, and, as I found afterwards, repented his Usage of me. He prepared a magnificent Funeral, but I spared him the Trouble, in coming to Life again; and, I must own, never received any Testimony of his Tendernefs before: He carefs'd me with all the Love expected from a Parent, vowing never more to force my Inclination; and spoke several favourable things of my dear *Clerimont*. But, alas! the Funeral he had taken such Pains to furnish out for me, proved in some sort for himself; for, two Days after my Revival, leaning over a Balcony, to give some Directions to the Workmen in the Garden, it gave way, and he fell, never to rise again in this World.

The fatal Accident (notwithstanding I was a free Woman, and Mistress of a plentiful Fortune) gave me unspeakable Discontent; for by his Behaviour to me, I began to revive the Love and Duty which his former Severity had almost kill'd. After I had perform'd the Funeral Rites, my Thoughts were intirely bent on my dear *Clerimont*; and being inform'd by his good Uncle, he had wrote him an Account of my supposed Death, took a Resolution of undeceiving him myself; therefore embark'd for *Barcelona* in a Ship of my own (since my Father's Death) as a Passenger, unknown to any one but my Captain, after settling my Affairs at home. I soon found you out, and had the Pleasure of seeing the deep Melancholy growing in the Face of my Lover. I embark'd with you for *Genoa*, without discovering myself, or ever appearing before him, but in the Night, to observe his
Sighs,

Sighs. Going to the Post-House here, I found that fatal Packet directed for you, and took that Opportunity to wait on you; tho' had I understood the Contents of it, I should not so readily have brought it. Last Night I reveal'd myself to *Clerimont*, for I could no longer bear his Sorrows; and to-day he has brought me to pay you the Thanks suitable to your Goodness; but, as I have not Words sufficient, I beg you would take even my Silence for the Force of Eloquence working in my Mind. That should be my Task, reply'd my Governor; but I am as incapable as you; for I find the Torrent of Joy pour'd so unexpectedly in upon me, has made such a Revolution in my Soul, that my Body is not able to bear the Transport: Therefore, dear Sir, think yourself, what a grateful Heart would say, and imagine my Thanks.

The good Fortune of these happy Lovers, was the Balm to the extreme Sorrow I felt. I was resolv'd to return for *England* with my Governor and his Mistress, in the first Vessel of our Country that was ready; but at last, it was agreed to travel by Land, for the better Conveniency of *Eliza*.

While we were providing for our Journey, a Galley of *Genoa* arriv'd, with a Corsair of *Barbary* she had taken, after a bloody Resistance. There were six and thirty Slaves redeem'd from a wretched Captivity they had undergone on Board the Corsair. Hearing there was one *Englishman* among them, I resolv'd to relieve him, and carry him home along with me, after his hard Sufferings. My Governor went, according to my Desire, and brought him to me. At first Sight, I was struck with a Tenderness I could not give any Account for; but after a little Conference, I found it was my Brother *Jonathan*, who had been absent above Eight Years. I never consider'd, I had met with one that would take some part of my Fortune from me; but the Joy I received in relieving an only Brother from Misery, gave me the utmost Satisfaction. He gave me his History in the following manner.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Mr. JONATHAN VAUGHAN.

YOU were so young, my dear Brother, when I left my Father's House, in order to make a Campaign in *Flanders*, that I believe you can hardly remember it. My Brother *Richard*, and I, were both Cadets at the Siege of *Namur*; and tho' we behaved ourselves, perhaps, with Courage enough, we gain'd nothing more than several dangerous Wounds, that confin'd us to our Quarters longer than we desired; for our glorious Monarch King *William*, took that Place, held before as impregnable, while we had the Mortification of being under the Surgeon's Hands.

When we had Strength enough to go to the Field. the Campaign was ended; and our Money falling short, we could not provide Necessaries to embark for *England* with the King, without making Figures below our Birth; we wrote to our Father, laying before him our Necessities, and had 50 *l.* paid us by a Banker of *Amsterdam*. With this small Pittance, we had the disagreeable News of my Father's Second Marriage; and a scurvy Hint, that Money would not be so ready for the future. This put us almost out of our Senses, for 50 *l.* would not go far, with a couple of young Fellows just coming into the World, that were obliged to live like Gentlemen. However, to make the best on't we discharged our Servants, sold our Horses, with some part of our unnecessary Equipage, and rais'd our Bank to a Hundred Pistoles: With this small Stock we embark'd for *Ireland*, where we were informed our King intended

intended to be at the Head of his Troops, early the following Spring; for it was strongly reported, the Rebels had gather'd together a formidable Army there. But meeting an *English* Vessel in the Channel, this News was contradicted. They gave us an Account that all were quiet in *Ireland*. This put an end to all our Hopes of getting Employment; therefore we intended to Land in *England*, and steer our Course homeward; but Providence intended otherwise.

The fifth Day after we put to Sea, we discovered the *Lizard*, and a *French* Privateer at the same time. We had but ten Men, besides seven Passengers, and four Guns; therefore made all the Sail we could to avoid them, but to no Purpose; we fought them briskly for half an Hour; but losing three of our Sailors, and two of our Passengers, among whom our poor Brother *Richard* lost his Life (whose Death had almost ended mine) we surrendered, and were carried Prisoners to *St. Malo's*. By good Fortune, I had concealed the best part of our Money in the Wasteband of my Breeches; and the Captain seeing my Grief for the Loss of my dear Brother, prevented my being search'd, restoring me all our little Equipage, and used me with a tender Friendship. When we landed, I was not imprisoned with the rest of our unfortunate Men, but was almost compelled to live with the Captain. I freely own'd to him the Money I concealed, but he would not touch a Penny.

I wrote several Letters to my Father, wherein I acquainted him with my hard Fortune, and the Death of my poor Brother; begging him to relieve me from my Misfortunes, by paying my Ransom, which I had agreed with my Captain for Three Hundred Crowns: I could have satisfy'd him with what little Money I had at first, but he refused it, telling me, he would stay till it was sent me by my Friends, that he might have more of my Company. I received but one Letter to the many I sent, and that gave me Hopes I should have the Money I wrote for, by the first Opportunity; but I waited in painful Expectation near a Twelvemonth, to no purpose, and my little Stock was almost spent; besides, my Cloaths were pretty well wore out, and I began to fear I should want common Necessaries. My

My Captain continued very kind to me, notwithstanding the Reason he had to the contrary; nay, offered me my Freedom on my bare Word, but my Heart would not let me accept it. At last, he press'd me to go to Sea with him; but I told him, Whatever Obligations I had to him, I hoped he would excuse me, if I refused to fight against my own King and Country. I might have entered into the Service of a Nobleman, but my Spirit would not permit me. I must own, I had a longing Desire to signalize myself by the Sword, and an Opportunity happened some time after, that seemed to favour my Design.

The *French* fitted out a Fleet of Ships to bombard *Tunis*, under the Command of the Chevalier *Fourbin*, a Gentleman well experienced in Maritime Affairs. I was recommended to the Captain of the *Superbe* by my Friend, who received me very cordially.

When we arrived at *Tunis*, we bombarded it for six Days, and almost reduced it to Ashes. There were several Merchant-Ships within the Bar, that the Corsairs had taken from several Nations; one, we were informed, was richly laden. With our Captain's Consent, I took fifteen Men, well arm'd; and in the middle of the Night we row'd into the Harbour, under the Mouths of their Cannon, cut her Cable, and brought her off. But the Ship's Sails being taken off the Yards, we were obliged to tow her away with our Long-Boat; the whole Bulwarks thundered upon us incessantly, and at last an unlucky Shot tore to pieces our Long-Boat. What became of the rest of the Men, I know not, for never having learnt to swim, I soon lost my Senses.

By the Beams of the Morning-Sun, I began to open my Eyes, and perceived I was cast upon a Ridge of Sand, that the Tide of Ebb had left uncovered, under a Rock at the Back of the Town, yet out of Sight, either of the Ships or Harbour, tho' I could hear the *Moors* Voices above me. I was very faint, and found it difficult to rise; but I recovered some Strength, when I had disgorged the vast Quantity of Sea-Water I had swallowed. By good Fortune, I had a small Brandy-Bottle in my Pocket, that was of great Service in reviving my Spirits.

I began to walk, but, to my great Grief, found I had above two Miles to go, upon the Sand, before I could come to an Opening of the Country; and, to add to my Misfortune, the Tide was flowing very fast, so that if I did not make haste, it would overtake me before I could get away. Judge then, my Distress; if I staid where I was, I must have inevitably been drowned; and if I went on, I had no Hopes but of being a miserable Slave.

I walked as fast as I could, tho' Heaven knows, with a heavy Heart: Yet, sometimes, I thought, as I was an *Englishman*, it might be of Advantage to me; and as we were at Peace with the *Tunefians*, therefore formed a Story in my Mind, that I hoped would prevent my falling into Slavery.

When I had got off the Sand, I perceived the Country about me was chiefly Gardens; but being fatigued thro' Heat, and Weakness, I was obliged to sit down under a high Wall of Reeds, designed for a Fence to a Garden behind me. Under this Shade, my Sorrows and Reflexions brought Sleep upon me, whether I would or no, for I strove to resist it; but was soon (I believe) awaked by Dirt and Weeds that were thrown upon me out of the Garden behind. The Surprise made me cry out, upon the Instant I heard People call out to me, as I supposed, in the *Moorish* Language, tho' I could not understand them. I got up, and walked on, and immediately was met by four *Moorish* Gardeners, as I imagined by their Implements. I went submissively up to them, tho' I perceived they were in some Consternation, by their Faces. We talked together, tho' we could not understand one another. At last, one of them went from the rest, and return'd in a few Minutes with two more; one of them seem'd to be their Master, by his Habit; and the other was a *Spanish* Slave. I understood enough of that Language, by the help of my *Latin*, to let him into the Knowledge of my being an *Englishman*. When their Master found that, an *English* Youth, about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, was sent for. This Boy, as I was inform'd afterwards, was taken in an *English* Vessel when he was about nine Years of Age, going to *Maryland* with his Parents, who both

dy'd

dy'd with Grief at their Misfortune, and the Lad was prevail'd upon to turn *Mahometan*. I told him I was an *Englishman*, taken Prisoner by the *French*, and made my Escape from them in the Night, in one of their Boats, alone; but being unacquainted with the Coast, was thrown upon the Sand-Bank. The *Moor* order'd me to be ask'd, if I understood the *Mathematicks*, or *Navigation*; or whether I had any Friends at *Tunis*? I reply'd, as to the *Mathematicks*, I had no Knowledge of them, as being design'd for the Land-Service. But I hoped every *Englishman* would be a Friend to their wretched Countryman, in Distress. I added, I did intend to apply to the Consul at *Tunis*. But the *Moor* inform'd me, the *English* Consul, and most of their Merchants, had abandon'd the City, on account of its being bombard'd by the *French*.

In short, I found, by all his Discourse, he intended me for one of his Slaves. It would avail me nothing to reason with him, therefore I was forced, through a fatal Necessity, to accept of my Chains as chearfully as I could. I was taken into the House through the Garden, with some seeming Civility, and had a comfortable Supper, if my Sorrows had not spoil'd my Stomach; tho' I eat and slept alone, upon a Bed made of Rice Straw. But alas! Reflection brought ten thousand Daggers to my Heart, and Rest was almost a Stranger for many Days.

My Master never troubled himself about the Siege. Yet I had the Curiosity to inquire of the *English* Lad, how things went, and had some Pleasure to hear, that the Ship we got out of the Mole, was safe in the *French* Fleet.

My chief Business, at first, was to look after three *Arabian* Horses, that belong'd to my Master; and I happen'd to do my Business so well, that he gave me some Encouragement; and his Son (about Seventeen) would be never out of my Company.

In three Months Time, I made a very good Progress in the *Moorish* Tongue, I could make shift to talk with my Master in his own Language. I begg'd the Favour of him to let me see the City of *Tunis*, but he would not let me stir out of his House. The *French* Fleet did

not stay long after my unfortunate Accident; but I learnt by the Boy, they had reduced the City almost to Ruins. The Reason of my Master's not permitting me to go into *Tunis*, was (as I supposed) for fear I should meet with some Merchants that might procure me my Freedom.

Understanding I could play a little on the Flute, he procured me several very good ones, with which I had the Misfortune to please him more than I desired. But alas! What is Musick to a Wretch that every Moment long'd for Liberty? or with what Fancy could I touch the Instrument, when my Thoughts were ever fixt upon my hard Fate? However, I was the more esteem'd by him; and I must confess, if all their Slaves were used as I was, they could have nothing to trouble them, but their want of Liberty. But Liberty's the Salt of Life, and nothing can relish without it, or supply its Place.

My Master lived a luxurious, idle Life, as all the *Moors* do, that have not Employments. All his Time was spent in Eating, Drinking, Praying, Sleeping, performing the Ablution, or visiting his Wives: They were five in Number; but I cannot describe their Beauty, never having an Opportunity to see their Faces; but their Shape and Air seem'd very inviting. I often saw some of them at a distance, in the Garden, with their Faces veil'd, for none of the Slaves are allow'd to speak to them; or even to come near enough to do it, would be an unpardonable Crime.

I began now to think, all Hopes of seeing my own Country were over; for I could not find the Means of sending a Letter to my Father in *England*. All the Consolation I had in my Misery, was, that my Master never importuned me on the Account of my Religion. I spent four Years in my terrible Servitude, for I always thought it so, notwithstanding my favourable Usage. In the beginning of the fifth Year of my wretched Slavery, my Master dy'd, and his Son took Possession of his Father's Fortune. I began now to feel the Hopes of Freedom revive in my Soul again, for the young *Moor* seem'd to have some Friendship for me. But alas! I found, to my terrible Consternation, he was possess'd with the most hateful Passion Man can be guilty of.

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He soon alter'd his Usage of me, when I let him know, I would rather suffer Death, than comply with his infamous Desires. I can hardly mention it without Blushing. His ill Treatment, upon that Account, plunged me into Despair; for, to be revenged on me, he not only put me upon the most servile Offices, but I often suffer'd the Bastinado. I believe, if I could have procured any Weapons, I should have cut him in pieces, and put an end to my own Anguish by a voluntary Death.

The young *English Mahometan* often gave me some Consolation, by mingling Tears with me; but alas! that Tenderness was all he could give me, and that very secretly. My Miseries increased upon me, and I begg'd the Youth to procure me a Dose of *Opium*, that I might sink into an eternal Sleep, and lose my Life and Misery together; but I could not prevail upon him.

My new Beast of a Master, about a Month after the Death of his Father, was obliged to take a Journey to look after the Estate that was left him. I knew not how far he was to go, but I was inform'd, his Affairs would keep him in the Country Forty Days at least; so I resolved, in that Time, to make some Attempts to escape, tho' I lost my Life.

When he was gone, I had little Business to do, and was well used; for even the *Moorish* Servants were concerned for my barbarous Treatment. When they had an Opportunity, they would come to hear me play on the Flute, and always bring something to make merry with.

One Evening an old Woman came to me, before the rest of the Servants, and gave me a Letter, which I opened, and, to my Surprise, found the following Words in *English*:

S I R,

THOU I write to you in English, I am a Moor by Birth, and Daughter to the illustrious Fontimama (that was the Name of my old Patron.) While he was alive, I was contented with my Condition; but since the Angel of Death has taken him from me, my Brother grows most insupportably tyrannous. In short, I have

heard your Story, and pity'd you, before I was capable of Love; but now I have seen you, tho' in Disguise, last Night, unknown to you, or any one but the Bearer of this, I must confess myself absolutely yours, if we can join our Hands in the Holy Bands of Wedlock.

I know you will be surprized, when I tell you, tho' all my Friends are Followers of Mahomet, that I am a sincere Christian in my Heart, without Baptism; and my manner of being one, I shall let you know. Mustapha, the Name of the English Youth that lives in our House, taught me to speak your Language before I was seven Years old, by the Command of my late Father; as also to write your way *. When I had learnt all that Mustapha could teach me, my Father procured me many Books in the English Tongue: I read them all; some I translated into Morisco, to divert my Father; among them were several Books of your Holy Law (though unknown to any one) which I perused at first out of Curiosity only, but found so much sound Truth, and pure Divinity, that I began to abhor the Absurdities of the Alcoran, and, by degrees, I hope I am come to a State of Salvation, thro' the Blood of your Prophet, that suffered on the Cross to save his Followers, that truly believe in him. The sensual Paradise I abhor, painted by Mahomet only to beguile his voluptuous Adherents.

I have found several Stories in your Books of the Forwardness of Moorish Women; but, believe me, dear Englishman, I hope I shall never carry any thing but virtuous Inclinations in my Heart, which ever shall be yours.

P. S. I will take an Opportunity, in the Absence of my Brother, to converse with you, for I would willingly have you owe your Sense of the Obligation to something else than bare Hopes of your Freedom, which we will concert when I see you; and let your Condition be what it will, I hope to bring a Dowry (I mean a worldly one) that is lawfully my own, to keep us above Want. Think favourably, and

Adieu, my Soul.

Imagine

* The Turks and Moors write from the right Hand to the left.

Imagine, dear Brother, the Pleasure that fill'd my Mind at the Reading of this Letter; but I must own they proceeded from the Hopes of my Liberty, for Love had never yet laid hold of my Heart.

In the Evening, when the Servants came about me as usual, they were amazed to find me so merry. I sung several *Moorish* Love-Songs, that I had learnt among them, for their Language is very Poetical; and several *English* ones, that touched upon my own Circumstances, which very much delighted them. In short, we spent the Evening in Pleasure and Mirth.

I went to rest with a Mind far more at Ease than usual; but had not slept long, before I was awaked with a gentle Rapping at my Cell Door. When I opened it, I perceived the old Matron that brought me the Letter. Come, said she (in the *Moorish* Language, very softly) put on your Cloaths, and follow me from *Mahomet's* Hell, into Paradise; I'll be your Conductor, tho' a Christian, as well as yourself. I dressed myself, with a Confusion of Thought I had never felt before. I followed my Conductress, without well knowing what I was about; and entered into a lower Room of a Summer-House, at the bottom of the Garden, in the Dark, where I heard the sweetest Voice I ever heard in my Life (the Sound went quite thro' my Soul, and set my Body in a Tremble) bid the She-Slave make fast the Door, said the Lady, and light up Tapers. She instantly obeyed, and shewed me the most amiable young Creature, my Eyes ever beheld. I stood like one changed into a Statue with Admiration, and I was not able to utter a Word for some time. I kneeled down before her, and kissed her Sleeve. But she gently raised me up, with the most obliging Smile imaginable. What, Sir, said she, must I, against the Custom of your Country, declare my Passion for you, and not have a single Word in return? I reply'd, the Sight of such an unexpected Angel, might well take all my Faculties away. Come, said she, sit down, and partake of a small Repast I have prepared for you, and chear your Spirits with a Cup of Wine; tho' I drink none myself (not out of any Respect to the Prophet *Mahomet*, but that I never was accustomed to it) I know you *English* Gentlemen make
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it your common Drink. I begged to be excused from either, neither could I indeed, for the Sight of her filled my Soul with a Profusion of Delight. [And, dear Brother, you must love, like me, before you can guess at the soft thrilling Pleasure that ran thro' my Blood.] I won't detain you with the tender things we said to each other. But sure, Novels and Romances can't produce you a Heroe that ever was so much struck at the first Sight of his adorable Mistress; 'twas then I wore the double Chains, of Love and Bondage. In short, we exchanged our Hearts, and gave one another Assurances of eternal Fidelity, that can never be shaken on my Part, or, I believe, on hers.

I must beg Leave to recover myself from this Tenderness, not altogether becoming a Man, before I can pursue the Thread of my uncomfortable Story.

Several Evenings were past thus delightfully, during the Absence of her Brother. We had many Schemes to set us at Liberty; and at last agreed, I should have a Sufficiency from her to pay my Ransom, tho' it should amount to ten thousand Crowns; and when I had got my Liberty, she would find Means to make her Escape to me. I must own, tho' it was a Proof of the Sincerity of her Love, I made many Scruples of receiving Money from her; but she assured me, she would make use of none but her own. She had prevailed on her Father to settle a sufficient Fortune upon her, tho' very unc customary, that she might ever live a single Life; tho' her only Reason was, she never would join in Marriage with one contrary to her own Religion; and her Father being infinitely fond of her (not knowing her true Motive) gave into her Possession secretly, the Value of twenty Thousand Pounds, *English* Money, besides several rich Jewels. The Thoughts of so much unexpected Happiness, gave another Turn to my Looks, which I could not hide; but I made the Servants and Slaves believe, the Absence of my Master occasioned the Alteration.

A *Jew* was pitched upon to transact the Affair, who are a sort of People in that Country, used to all manner of Business, and of the utmost Secrecy, when Money ties up their Tongues. This *Jew* was to bargain with
my

my Master for my Freedom, as cheap as he could, and to have two hundred and fifty Crowns, when the Affair was compleated. He knew nothing of *Fatima* (that is the Name of my divine Mistress) for the Bargain was made by the old Woman.

One Day, when I was pleasing myself with the Thoughts of my coming Happiness, my Master arrived, even twenty Days before he was expected. The Moment he came in, I was ordered before him. Here, said he, in the *Arabian* Tongue (to a *Moor* that was with him) is the surly Slave I told you of, he's yours now, use him like a Dog, as he deserves! and take him from my Sight this Moment. Upon the Instant, I was loaden with Chains, and, by several Slaves, forced to follow my new Master. I was in such a Surprise, that I had not opened my Mouth, till we had got a good distance from the House. I then desired submissively, to speak to him. I informed him there was Money come from my Friends, and now in the Hands of *Ben Addi* the *Jew*, to pay for my Ransom. He told me, he would talk with me about it when he came back from his Voyage. I was thunderstruck at his Answer, and endeavoured to soften him, but in vain, for we never stopt till we came on Board a Galley that lay in the Road of *Tunis*, and in two Hours afterwards put to Sea.

As soon as I came on Board, I was chained to an Oar, and if I did not do as I should do, I was taught with many unmerciful Blows. I endeavoured to put an end to my miserable Life, with my Irons, but was prevented with another Chastisement. The Thoughts of my dear *Fatima*, made me more outrageous, and I was resolved to starve myself to Death. I exclaimed against Fortune, my old Master, and my new one, in the *Moorish* Language, in hope it might provoke the latter to put an End to my Life. But instead of that, he came to me, desiring I would have Patience; telling me, I'll treat with you for your Ransom now; and I swear by *Mabomet*, when I come back, and you pay me what I agree with you for, you shall that Moment have your Liberty. This Promise composed me a little, for the *Moors* never falsify their Words, when they swear by their Prophet. I begged his Pardon for the Rudeness of
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my Tongue, and promised to do my Duty quietly for the future. We agreed for Five Hundred Crowns, and I proffered him Fifty more if he would release me from my hard Labour. He told me he could not do that, because he should want one to supply my Place: He farther added, if I could strike up a Bargain with any of the Sailors, and do what I could in the Room of the Person that would undertake it, he would freely give his Consent; but not one of the *Moors* would listen to the Proposal; at last, the Gunner's Mate (a Renegado) agreed with me for Twenty Crowns, provided I would reassume my Oar when we came to any Engagement. The Bargain being struck, my Chains were taken off, and I agreed with the Captain, my Master (who was a *Sicilian Renegado*) to eat at his Table for the other Thirty Crowns. This would not have been comply'd with, had he been a natural *Moor*, for they never eat with the Christians; but Renegadoes are not so scrupulous.

We were out two Months, before we met with any Ship of *Europe*; but near the Coast of *Alicant*, we encountered an *English* Merchant-Ship, that proved too hard for us, disabling our Galley, and killing and wounding above Fifty of our Men; so that at last, our Captain thought fit to give over the Attempt. He resolved to go back to *Tunis*, to refit. But the next Day a violent Storm took us, which, lasting eight Days, we were drove out of our Course; and when it abated, we found our selves near the Island of *Corfica*. Several Renegadoes advised the Captain to make a Descent, and seize some of the Inhabitants, in order to better their Voyage, which he comply'd with; tho' much to my Sorrow, to be so long absent from *Tunis*.

Turning a Point of Land, we discovered a Galley of *Genoa*, preparing, in a great Hurry, to attack us; we endeavoured to get away, but to no Purpose, for they came up with us; and, after a desperate Engagement, took us, tho' with great Loss on both Sides; neither do I believe we had submitted, if our Captain had not been killed; for, I think, I never saw a Man behave himself with more Courage and Conduct, when he found there was no avoiding the Engagement.

Thus,

Thus, my dear Brother, I have gained my Freedom from the Chains of Bondage. And sure, never any Prisoner rejoiced less at his Liberty, than I do; and if I had not met with you, that gives me all the Joy I am capable of feeling, without my dear *Fatima*, I believe my Sorrows would have made an end of my miserable Life. Nay, as it is, I can never be happy without her. We consoled with my Brother some time, at his melancholy Relation; and I must confess, I felt so much, that my Heart prompted me to think of attempting to bring off the Object of his Desires. When I communicated my Thoughts to my Brother, he was transported. We were several Days, before we could light upon a Project that seemed reasonable. At last, we determined to hire a *Tartain*, and engage about a Dozen resolute Men, who should be all disguised in *Moorish* Habits. We got a broad flat-bottom'd Boat built on purpose, something like our Ferry-Boats in *England*, only with higher Sides, and not so heavy. With these, we intended to sail for *Tunis*, anchor as near as we could to the long Sand-Bank behind the Rocks, my Brother mentioned, where he was thrown out of the Long-Boat; then with our flat-bottom Boat, land as near the House of *Fatima's* Brother, as we could, and bring her away by Force.

My Brother and Governor liked the Design so very well, that my Governor would make one in it, even with the Consent of the fair *Eliza*, who was resolved her dear *Clerimont* should partake of whatever Fortune befell us; nay, it was hardly in our Power to prevent her going along with us. We hired a Vessel, and got our Boat ready, but we had much Difficulty to get Men; some of the Slaves were solicited (I mean, those that were set at Liberty with my Brother) but none would venture near the *Barbary* Coast again, willingly. At last, by great Rewards, I pickt out Seven *Englishmen*, and Four *Genoese*, that promised to sacrifice their Lives for us.

We embarked with a favourable Wind, and arrived in the Latitude of *Tunis* in twelve Days; but we did not think it proper to come too near till it was dark. When Night appeared, we made for the Shore, and anchored within

within half a Mile of the Sand; then getting our flat-bottom'd Boat out, my Brother, my Governor, myself, and Nine of our Men, got into it, every one armed with two Brace of Pistols, a Cutlass, and a short Dagger; but we were not got above half a Mile from the Ship, ere we struck on the Sands; tho' we suffered no Damage, because the Sea was very calm. But the Tide flowing, our Boat floated again in half an Hour. When we came near the Shore, we left off Rowing, and set her forward with Poles got for that Purpose, that we might not be discovered by the Noise of our Oars. We soon landed at the Place my Brother purpos'd; two of our Men we left to secure the Boat, and keep her even with the Water, as the Tide ebb'd away. We then set forward, led by my Brother. When we came near the Place, a great Mastiff Dog opened so loud, that he might be heard even to the City of *Tunis*. But my Brother being foremost, and knowing him, called him by his Name; but the poor Creature's Joy to see him, was almost as loud as his Barking.

In short, the House was alarm'd, for we could see Torches waving too and fro in the Garden. However, we encouraged one another, and went boldly on to the Gate. Just as we came to it, it flew open, and a young *Moor* flew from us like Lightning. We did not care to lose time in pursuing him, but press'd in, still following my Brother, who led us into the very Court-yard. The first he met seem'd to be a Person of Distinction, by the Richness of his Dress. He was follow'd by seven or eight Servants. When he came up to my Brother, he made a Stop, and some Words passing between them, in the *Moorish* Tongue, the *Moor* immediately fired a Pistol at him. We thought we had no Time to lose, but fell upon them like so many Furies, kill'd two or three of them, and immediately dispers'd the rest. But as we were following my Brother into the House, we perceived him faint, and fall Speechless upon the Ground. While we were examining his Wound, a lovely young Creature came running to us, all in Disorder, crying in *English*, If you are Christians, protect me. I did not doubt but this was the fair *Fatima*, by her extraordinary Beauty, and speaking *English*; therefore

fore order'd my Brother, who was shot quite thro' the Thigh, to be put in a Hand-barrow, (we found in the Garden) and immediately carry'd to the Boat. We had put our Handkerchiefs into the Wound, and stop't the Bleeding, but he had not recover'd his Senses. We immediately follow'd, with the amiable Christian *Moor*, but were forced to turn about to defend ourselves against the Person that fired at my Brother, and his Slaves that he had once more rally'd. He call'd to us in a prodigious Fury, but we understood him not. He made a Stroke at my Head with his Scimitar, that would have infallibly ended my Days, if I had not received it on the Hilt of my Sabre; but I ended his Fury, by shooting him dead at my Feet.

The Slaves, seeing their Master fall, ran yelling back again into the Garden. I took up his Scimitar, and made the best of my way after our People. When we came to our Boat, we push'd away as fast as ever we could, for there was no Time to be lost; we could easily perceive the City was alarm'd, by the firing of several Guns, and the Lights that gleam'd over the Points of the Rocks. We imagined the young *Turk* that rush'd out of the Garden, when we were going in, had given Notice to the City, which we supposed to be the young *English Mahometan*, my Brother mention'd in his Relation.

One of the Two, we left to look after the Boat, was a *Genoese* Surgeon, who immediately dress'd my Brother's Wound, as well as he could in the Dark, but he could not assure me, whether there was any Danger or no, till he came to have Light enough to examine it more circumspcctly.

The Confusion we were all in, did not permit us to take Notice of a young *Moor* that was in the Boat with us. I ask'd the Surgeon, and the other *Genoese*, that were left to look after the Boat, how the Youth came there? He told me, not long after we landed, he walk'd after us, to listen if he could hear any thing, and perceiving this young Spark coming towards him, with a great deal of Precipitation, he thought it was his best way to secure him, for fear he might alarm the Country. I was loth, continued the Surgeon, to fire upon

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him,

him, not knowing but there might be People near us, therefore resolv'd to engage him with my Cutlafs; but as I was going to assault him, he fell upon his Knees, and spoke in such a beseeching Accent (tho' I did not understand a Word of his Discourse) that I could not have the Heart to hurt him; therefore secured him in the Boat, and in the Hurly-burly quite forgot him; for, I think, his seeming Innocency, and his Tears, which have never ceased since he has been with us, would have prevail'd upon me to have set him at Liberty.

I spoke to him in *Lingua Franca* *, and *Italian*, all the Tongues I am Master, of, but he did not understand me.

All this time my Brother lay senseless, and his Condition almost brought me to Despair; but the Surgeon comforted me, by telling us, as soon as we came on Board, he had Cordials that would restore him, for he assured me he was not dead. I comforted the Fair *Fatima* (as I thought her to be) as well as I could; but judge my Surprise, when she gave me such Answers, that assured me she was not her we had ventured our Lives for: The Knowledge of this, almost made me lose my Senses. I raved, and tore my Hair, and would have thrown myself into the Sea, in order to swim back to the Shore, and recover her, or lose my Life: But it could not be; for just as we got on Board our Vessel, we perceived a *Moorish* Galley coming out of the Port; we cut our Anchor, and made all the Sail we could to get from them; and, as if Heaven took our Parts, a brisk Gale arose, that was fair for our Purpose, so that when the Morning dawn'd, we lost Sight of her.

In the mean time, my Brother came to his Senses; but when he learn'd that we had fail'd of our Purpose, he swoon'd again, and every body thought he would have expired; it was a full Hour before he open'd his Eyes,

* *Lingua Franca*, is a compound Speech, generally understood by the Moors on the Sea Coasts, as well as those on the Sea Coasts of Italy, France, and Spain, most Parts of the Mediterranean, the Hellespont, and adjacent Sands.

Eyes, but then utter'd such Complaints, as melted us into Pity, that understood him. The Surgeon, my Governor, and I, were all standing about him, persuading him to be dress'd but he utterly refused it: No, said he, since my dear *Fatima* is lost for ever, 'tis in vain to think of persuading me to live. Immediately after this, we were surprized to see the young *Moor* rush into the Cabbin, and looking stedfastly on my Brother, give a great Shriek, and fall senseless at my Feet. My Brother, turning his heavy Eyes that way, cry'd out, Oh Heavens! what do I see? Why would you use me thus cruelly? We soon understood, by his Transports, that the disguised Youth was his lovely *Fatima*.

Our Joys were now as extravagant as our Sorrows were before. She soon came to herself, and running to the Bed where my Brother lay, fainted away again. No Words, I am sure, could have the Force to discover so sincere a Passion; and we all wept for Joy, to see such Tendernefs. It was some time before their Transports had Leisure to mind those about them; and it would have continued longer, if the Surgeon had not let us know, it might endanger my Brother's Life. Therefore I prevail'd upon her to withdraw, while his Wound was dress'd. I then went to make my Compliments to the other Lady, who was still upon Deck in the utmost Confusion; for I must own, the Disappointment we supposed she had occasion'd, made me entirely neglect her. I soon made her easy, and let her into some Part of our Story; and began to inquire, what strange Fortune had brought her to those Circumstances we found her in. She related to us her short Story, as follows;

Gentlemen, I am Daughter to an *English* Merchant, that has resided upwards of Ten Years at *Leghorn*. My Father had contracted me to one of his Countrymen that lived at *Naples*: He came to *Leghorn* to see me, we liked each other, and were marry'd. My Husband being obliged to go to *Venice* by Land, I was embark'd in a *Felucca* for *Naples* with my Husband's Servants; but a Storm came upon us, that drove us from our Course: We were taken by a *Corfsair* of *Tunis*, where I was sold to a young *Moor*, who intended me for his *Seraglio*. But

I was resolv'd sooner to suffer Death, than yield to his Embraces. Last Night, he was resolv'd to force me, if I would not comply willingly to his base Desires, and was going to execute his horrible Purpose, the Moment you enter'd the Garden; but the Cries of his Slaves alarming him, he ran to his Arms, and left me. I hearing the *English* Tongue spoke among you, hop'd you might be Christians disguised! (as it prov'd) therefore resolv'd to put myself in your Hands, not knowing any thing of the Mistake, which Heaven has, I hope, brought to a joyful End. I shall ever acknowledge the Blessing I have received from you; and I am assur'd, both my Father and Husband will return you suitable Thanks for redeeming me from Infamy and Slavery; and if you think fit to put my Ranson at Ten Thousand Crowns, I'll engage it shall be paid, either at *Leghorn*, or *Naples*.

I let her know we were Gentlemen, above such mercenary Ends; and I should think the Obligation sufficiently paid, by sending her to her Father, or Husband, which she thought fit, when we arriv'd at *Genoa*. I might have known indeed, reply'd the Lady, by your Countenances and Actions, you are not of the vulgar Strain; however, I hope you'll be so good to acquaint me who are my Preservers, that I may ever remember you in my Prayers, and wish you eternal Felicity in this World, and the next. I let her know, I would take an Opportunity to satisfy her, when my Brother was out of Danger. His Hurt mended every Hour, and before we arriv'd at *Genoa*, he could, with the Help of a Cane, walk upon Deck in calm Weather. As we set out secretly from thence, we took care to be as secret in our returning back.

I rewarded our Men above their Expectation, tho' not more than I thought they deserved; for it must be own'd, our Undertaking was very hazardous, and the Success was far beyond, even my Hopes, neither had we any one that received the least Hurt, but my Brother. When I shew'd him the Scimitar of the *Moor* I had slain, he soon knew it to be that of his barbarous Master's, as he call'd him; and the fair *Fatima* could not

not hear the Death of her cruel Brother (tho' born of different Mothers) without shedding Tears, which only shew'd the Excellency of her Nature; for sure, she had Reason enough to wish his Death.

She told us, when she heard he had sold my Brother to the Captain of the Corfair, it gave her an infinite Satisfaction, for she knew those sort of Persons understood the Value of Money so well, they would be easily prevail'd upon to part with any thing, for that shining Dross. I sent that very Night (said *Fatima*, relating her Story) to the *Jew*, an Account of what had befall the Slave he was to redeem, with a strict Charge to finish the Affair the next Day. The next Morning, as I was sitting alone, with all my Thoughts employ'd about my Love, and casting about my Escape, for I was assured of my dear *Vaughan's* Freedom, my old Slave interrupted my Meditations, with the fatal News of his being carry'd away the Night before. The Terrors I felt, took away my Senses, and I continued several Hours in a Swoon. When I revived, my Tears flow'd incessantly, and my faithful Slave, with all her Good-nature, could not give me any Consolation. It was two Days before I could be prevail'd upon to take any Nourishment. But the *Jew* inform'd my old Slave, that the Corfair did not intend to make more than a Four Months Voyage; therefore having some faint Hopes of seeing my Love again, I resolv'd to live till the Time was expired.

During that tedious Time, my Life was made more uneasy, by the barbarous Treatment of my Brother, who was resolv'd to wed me to one of his Acquaintance, that, as he often said, he might get rid of one he hated. He brought him to see me, though against the Custom of the *Moors*, and I had the Ill-fortune to please him too well. I need not tell you, that Brothers, among the *Turks* and *Moors*, have an absolute Command over their Sisters, and the Wives of their deceased Father. Therefore the Day was fix'd for our Nuptials, which was to have been three Days after I had made my Escape. After that barbarous Decree, my Brother gave me more Liberty than usual; therefore I had an Opportunity of conveying a *Turkish* Habit into the little

Summer-House, where I had often conversed with the Charmer of my Soul, the Key of which I had kept ever since the Death of my Father. By degrees, I carry'd all my Gold and Jewels there; and that very Night you came to relieve me, was the Night I had fix'd upon for my Escape, (first giving my old faithful Slave her Liberty, with a Sum of Money, to make her meanly happy for the rest of her Life, even with my Brother's Consent.) I had but just dress'd myself, and secured my little Fortune, when I was alarm'd with a confused Noise of People in the Garden, and imagining they were coming to seize me, rush'd out of the Gate, and flew, as fast as my weak Limbs would permit me; yet, in the Terrors of my Apprehensions, I knew not where I was going. I must own, I was very much frighted at meeting a Stranger, yet I thought it was better than falling into the Hands of any of the People of *Tunis*. I soon knew you were upon some clandestine Design; tho' every Body speaking *Italian*, I could not understand what was spoke; and the Thoughts of what Fortune might attend me, gave me many terrible and uneasy Apprehensions.

The Appearance of a wounded Person, and the Sight of a *Moorish* Lady (as I took her to be, you brought along with you) soon convinced me you had succeeded in your Design. I did intend to discover myself to her, hoping she would give me her Protection. I spoke to her in the *Arabian* Language, but was surprized to find I was not understood. And immediately after, perceiving the Discontent that spread itself over all your Faces, I could not help endeavouring to find it out; imagining I heard *English* spoke among you, doubled my Curiosity. I need not tell you my Surprize, when I heard the Voice of my dear *Vaughan* repeat my Name, whose loved Accents were ever in my Ears. You saw the violent Working of my Soul, and brought me from Death to Life, a Life of Joy and Transport.

The unlook'd-for Happiness of these Lovers, made me once more think of my own uncertain Fate, and of my dear *Isabella*, who was never from my Thoughts.

My Uncle's Intention, at first, was, that I should make the whole Tour of *Italy*; but the unfortunate End

of

of my dear Father, was the Cause of his desiring my immediate Return, as he mentioned in my last Letter; and I can't but own, maugre my Curiosity, which was very prevalent, I was pleased to think I should see my dear *Isabella*, before the tedious Time prefixed for my Return.

Finding no Vessel ready to carry us to *Marseilles*, where we had agreed to go by Sea, we embarked for *Leghorn*, and the rather, that we might return the Lady we had brought from *Tunis*, safe among her Friends. We embarked on Board a *Felucca*, but had the Mortification to find the young Nobleman in the Vessel, bound for *Leghorn* (the Relation of my Governor's, mentioned before.) Our Uneasiness was the more on the Account of the Fair *Eliza*, who never durst appear upon Deck, notwithstanding her Disguise, for fear of being known by him; neither would my Governor once come in his Sight. And, to add to my Misfortune, I was obliged to share Cabbins with him, or lie upon Deck.

During our short Voyage, he seemed good-natured, to a Degree; but was so officiously Talkative and Troublesome, he was hardly to be bore, ever plaguing me with Stories of his successful Amours.

I was (said he) desperately in Love with a Lady at *Genoa*, who suspecting I had a Passion for another Woman, whom, I must own, I had an Affair with when first I arrived, would not let me alone before I had wrote her a Letter, to convince her of my Coolness. But not understanding the *Italian* Language well enough to write my self, I was obliged to employ a Countryman of ours to write it for me, which I transcribed; and by the Consequence that followed (for I should have been murdered, if I had staid any longer at *Genoa*) I believe I had not fair Play from my Friend, in the Translation. I know you are a Master of that Language, and I should take it for a singular Favour, if you would once more render it into *English*, that I may be a better Judge of my Countryman's Sincerity. I must own, I took it from him to translate, that I might be rid of his Company for some time. The Contents of this fine Letter were as follows:

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Own I have received Proofs of your Passion ; but what then ? Do you think a young English Traveller can be confined to one Woman ? No, no more than he can be satisfy'd with viewing one Country. I find myself like the Bee, willing to taste the Sweets of every Flower. And as I intend to visit the most celebrated Cities of Europe, I design to have a Mistress at every Place I come to, if it be only to learn the Difference of the various Race of Females. I own, I liked you the best of any Woman I ever saw, till I found one that pleased my Fancy better ; and now I despise you, as much as ever I loved you. Make yourself happy with the first Lover that addresses you, and never think of One that has forgot you long ago, till the Writing of this Letter. Time hung heavy upon my Hands ; and another Reason was, I have so much Compassion for you, that I would not have you think I'll ever wear your Chains again ; therefore the troublesome Fetters may serve some other Fool ; for none but Fools would always sacrifice their Incense to one Idol, where there are so many amiable Divinities, to draw our Devotions one from another. Farewell ! and be happy, if you can, without me ; for I certainly am, and will be happy, without ever being

Yours, &c.

The Sense of this Letter, gave me a more despicable Opinion of the Fool that wrote it ; and I must own, the Trouble I was forced to endure, in having his impertinent Company, gave me very much Uneasiness ; for, during our Voyage, I was obliged to appear as a Stranger to my Brother, my Governor, and the Ladies, for fear he should come to know them. But our Arrival at Leghorn, after a Voyage of Five Days, gave me some Repose ; for as soon as he landed, he took a Post-Chaise for Florence, and rid us of his most troublesome Company : Tho' he returned in a Week, and went back in the same Vessel for Genoa again. I must own, Foreigners may justly have a Contempt for our Nation, when too many that travel, have the same Sentiments with this young Impertinent.

As

As soon as we landed, we conducted the Lady to her Father's House, where we found the whole Family in Mourning. We did not immediately discover her to him, but pretended our Business with him, was only to recommend us to a House, where we might reside, during our Stay in *Leghorn*. He told us, if we could be contented with a melancholy Family, we might make use of his as if it were our own. We thank'd him for the Favour, and, by degrees, got out of him the Reason of his Mourning. My Brother, being a Man of some Mirth, told him, he believed, by the Art of Divination, he could, in less than Five Minutes, inform him whether he should ever see his Daughter again, and the Day and the Hour of their Meeting: But the Merchant expressed some Uneasiness, as imagining my Brother made a Jest of his Sorrows: Nay, Sir, (said my Governor) don't look grave at what the Gentleman proposes to you, for I can assure you he has an admirable Knowledge that way. What my Governor said, seemed only to add to his Confusion. Pray, Sir, said I, tell me one Thing, is your Son-in-law here, or at *Naples*? Gentlemen (returned our kind Host) I must own, you look like such, pray don't laugh at the Misfortunes of a mourning Family, whose Distress is never to be forgot; my unfortunate Son-in-law is now in the House with me, but such a Picture of Unhappiness, that cannot be looked on without Compassion; and I fear his Death, in a very short time, will add to our Mourning. I began to think, the unexpected Sight of the Lady might be as prejudicial as their Sorrow; therefore told him in a few Words, by degrees, the Adventure of the Lady, and fetch'd her out of the Room where she was concealed, and had heard all, to throw herself at his Feet. When she appeared, he stood fixed in Astonishment for some time; but when he was convinced it was his Daughter that knelt before him, the Tears of Joy gushed out so fast, that stopt the Utterance of his Tongue. When his extravagant Transport was a little abated, he went up to his Son-in-law, and after staying some time, brought him down with him; he appeared the very Shadow of a Human Form; and notwithstanding he had been prepared for the tender Interview, as soon as he entered the Room, he sunk, speechless,

speechless, into his Father-in-law's Arms. We thought it proper to retire into another Apartment, during this dumb Scene. It was some time before they came to us, but the Redundancy of their Gratitude had almost overwhelmed us. We intended to stay but three or four Days at *Leghorn*; but were pressed so obligingly, that a whole Month passed away before they would hear of our moving; and then with the utmost Reluctance.

We visited *Florence*, and saw all the Rarities of the Great Duke's Repository, which is certainly one of the noblest Entertainments in the World, at least it appeared so to me, and my Company.

When we came back to *Leghorn*, in order to prepare for our Journey, a violent Fever attack'd me, that confined me to my Apartment for near two Months, which I can attribute to nothing more, than the Anxiety of my Mind; and as most Fevers are attended with Deliriums, I was for ever crying out of the Infidelity of my dear *Isabella*; even when my Illness was gone, the Lowness of my Spirits gave Force to my Imagination, and those uneasy Thoughts retarded my Strength.

One Day, taking the Air upon the Water, the Master of the *Felucca* that brought us from *Genoa*, passing by in a Boat, told me, he believed I had left a Packet of Letters in my Cabbin, which he would bring me, if I would give him a Direction. I did not remember I had lost any thing; however, I desired he would send 'em where I lodged the next Day. When he brought 'em, they were seal'd up. Sir, said the *Italian*, I found they were in a Language I did not understand, and, not knowing the Consequence, I seal'd 'em up, and left 'em at my Lodgings, directed for you, or the young Gentleman that shared my Cabbin with you, imagining one of you would search after 'em, before I return'd from *Genoa*, where I have been twice since I brought you to *Leghorn*. I thank'd him for his Civility; and opening the Packet, found they were directed for my *English* Companion, I had in the *Felucca*, against my Will. I laid 'em among my other Papers, not having any Curiosity to peruse 'em, with an Intention to give 'em the right Owner, if ever I should have the Misfortune to see him again. But when I told my Governor and Brother, at
Dinner,

Dinner, of my Packet, they seem'd willing to know the Contents, that they might have a farther Occasion to despise the Gentleman, or at least to make themselves merry with his fine Epistles. After Dinner, we went to my Apartment, and taking out the Packet, I gave it my Brother to read. The first was as follows:

DEAR SIR,

I *It is with infinite Joy I am inform'd of your Health; and, to communicate some of that Pleasure to you, I must acquaint you, my Father is gone to visit the Residence of his Ancestors; that is, in plain English, I have bury'd him sumptuously. His Death, you know, has made me Master of 12000 l. a Year, and the Liberty of pursuing my Pleasures without Restraint. The old Put of a Peer, forsooth! in his Life-time, talk'd to me of Virtue, Morality, and I know not what Stuff. Dinning ever in my Ears, that Nobility, without Virtue, was like an eminent barren Mountain, seen, and slighted.*

I have, once more, made my Addresses to Isabella, with all the glaring Equipage of Nobility and Fortune, yet she's as cold as a Cucumber. But I have found out the Reason of that Coldness. It seems she's damnably in Love with that young learned Blockhead, Vaughan. I'll tell you how I came by that Knowledge. In one of my Visits at her Mother's House, I was told the young Lady had been some time in the Garden; I made no Scruple of following her. But, you must think, I was something surprized to find her asleep in a retired Arbour, with a Letter in her Hand, from that wretched Coxcomb you and I have so often laugh'd at, who should have been well whipp'd by me for his Impudence, before he went from England, but that I thought it was beneath me to chastise a School-Boy.

I took away the Letter, without any manner of Ceremony, and shew'd it to her Mother and Aunt; but was very much surprized, to find they had no Resentment against Vaughan, nor the Girl, for such a Discovery; tho' I found it was new to them. They both coolly told me, Isabella's Inclinations should never be forced; yet if I could gain her Consent, theirs would soon follow. In short, there's nothing to be done with the young Girl; and I own, I think I could like her, even for a Year or two.

Now

Now I have learnt, by Piecemeal, that Vaughan intends to travel the Way you design. If you meet with him, which is very likely, can't you recommend him to some Italian Man of Business? Or rather, find some Method, by Letter, to make Isabella believe, he has got him a Mistress in his Travels. Ay, that will do, in my Opinion, better. Then her Resentment may bring her to my Arms; for, upon second Thoughts, it is not quite generous to take away his Life, since, now I remember, he once was in some Danger in saving mine. Besides, if I could accomplish my Affair with Isabella, I don't know but he might be Fool enough to hang himself, and then my Revenge will be complete. If you can think of some Way, you will very much oblige me. I shall find no Difficulty in deceiving Isabella. However, the sooner the better, for, in short, if I can't find some Method speedily, I must e'en ravish her, I think, and make an End of the Business that Way. Our Friend, Dick, is dead of the Surgeon; but it is his own Fault; I told him the Danger he was in, if he conversed longer with the Lady you wot of in German-street, without consulting a Surgeon; but he slighted my Advice, and therefore he has answer'd that Folly with his Life. My dear Friend, I wish you sounder Mistresses than Dick's, and hope you will remember

Yours, for ever.

The Reading of this Letter, gave me the most horrid Apprehensions my Soul ever knew. I call'd to mind the Letter I translated from the *Italian*, at the Desire of that Wretch, not doubting, in the least, but that was the Engine, made to destroy all my Peace. In the first Transports of my Fury, I said and did the most extravagant Things imaginable, to the Surprise of all the Company.

The first Letter was directed to *Paris*, and the second to *Genoa*. My Brother casting his Eyes cursorily over the second, I perceived his Colour change, seeming very unwilling to read it. I snatch'd it out of his Hands, and, to my Surprise and Terror, found I was utterly destroy'd.

My

My dear Friend,

I Received your last Packet with more Transports, than I ever felt from the sweet consenting Embraces of a Mistress. I think your Policy in over-reaching that contemptible Coxcomb, Vaughan, exceeds even Machiavel, for Cunning; and I don't doubt but breathing the same Air, and being in the same Climate where that Prince of Politicians was born, inspired you. But I must tell you, how Fortune assisted me in carrying on the Deceit.

You know the Letter Vaughan translated, by your Institution, was not seal'd. I, by good Fortune, was at Isabella's Mother's, where I met the Uncle of Vaughan: I took an Occasion to borrow his Seal, and with it sealed that Letter intended for Isabella; their Arms being the same, you may be assured, it helped my Design.

Two Days after this, I got trusty Roger, my cussing Dog of a Footman, to put on a Sailor's Dress, and deliver the Letter to Isabella, when I was present. I had ordered him to tell her, he received that Letter, with many others, from some English Gentlemen at Genoa. The young Lady blushed, and trembled, when she received it, viewing the Seal very circumspectly; but the Hand of the Direction not being the same that was expected from the Seal, she seemed to be in the utmost Consternation: However, there was no one to make Observations upon her Looks, but myself, her Mother and Aunt being gone, some Moments before Roger came with the Letter, to dress themselves, in order to make a Visit, and Isabella was to go along with them. The young Lady went into the Garden, in order to read the dear Epistle with more Freedom, and staid so long there, that the Mother, with the Aunt, came down dress'd, ordered the Coach to the Door, and inquired after her. I told them, a Sailor had brought the young Lady a Letter from Genoa, from one, I supposed, she was very glad to hear from, for she changed Countenance several times, then went to the Garden to enjoy the Contents alone. The Mother and Aunt seemed very much disturbed at my short Story, and followed Isabella into the Garden, without giving me one Word in return. Some Moments after, I was a little surprized, I own, to see the Aunt return in great Haste, calling to the Servants for

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Water.

Water. The House was all in an Uproar, and I soon understood Isabella was in a fainting Fit. This gave me some little Uneasiness, to think she loved another so well; yet I buried it soon, knowing violent Passions never last long.

Isabella was brought in by the Servants, to all Appearance, void of Life, with the Mother and Aunt weeping over her. They put her to Bed; but as fast as she recovered out of one fainting Fit, she fell into another, In short, the Family was in so much Distraction, for several Hours, that I thought it proper to retire without Ceremony, feeding on the Hopes this Disturbance would produce.

I sent, the next Morning, to inquire of Isabella's Health, and was informed, she was in a violent Fever. The Messenger brought me a Note from the Aunt, that told me, her Niece was often troubled with a bad Digestion, and those fainting Fits were too common with her, yet that was the worst she ever had, &c. I own, my dear Ned, I could not help smiling at the Note; but however, I found by it, they intended the true Reason should be a Secret, and, you know, it was my Interest not to divulge it.

In about ten Days after this Affair, I ventured to make them another Visit, where I found Isabella so much altered, that, in reality, I pity'd her. She looked as if she was going to her Grave; but, notwithstanding her Paleness, her Charms were as powerful as ever; and I own, I love her more and more, every time I see her. One thing gave me infinite Pleasure at this Visit; I observed her Looks were not so full of Scorn, when she cast her Eyes upon me. I did not mention my Passion for several Days; but the Respect I treated her with, and the Tenderness I expressed for her melancholy Indisposition, seemed grateful to all the Family.

When I once mentioned my Love, Isabella only sighed, and shed Tears, but did not rally me, as she was wont to do. In short, I followed my Business so close, that the whole Family gave me their Consent, and Isabella now treats me as her future Husband. She has freely declared to me, the Passion she once had for Vaughan; and only begs our Nuptials may be delay'd, till she can wholly give me that Heart, the other so little deserved. This Declaration is no

Secret,

William Gwin Vaughan, Esq; 267

Secret, tho' the Cause is not known out of the Family, Vaughan's Uncle has been very much busy'd about some Concerns of his Brother's Family, who is lately dead, together with his Wife, and a Son of hers. And it is whisper'd in the Neighbourhood, as if some poisoning Work had been done in the Family by the Wife, tho' she has suffered herself. I only wish the Knowledge of it, when it reaches your raw Traveller, may prove a Mittimus to convey him into another World, for fear our Plot should be discovered. However, when I have wedded Isabella, I shall take care to put Bounds to her Liberty, I mean, if my Love should continue after Wedlock, which I begin to think no impossible thing.

Vaughan's Uncle, this Morning, came to pay his Respects to the Family, as usual; but the Mother, the Aunt, and Isabella, ordered the Servants to say they were abroad. The old Gentleman returned home, something chagrin'd. I suppose his Visits there, for the future, will be thought only a Trouble to the Family. My dear Ned, I shan't write to you any more, till our Nuptials are over, which I hope will be in two Months at the farthest. However, let me know where you intend to be, that I may be sure where my Epistle may find you. And I wish thee as happy with thy Italian Dames, as I hope to be in two Months in the Embraces of the charming Isabella: And, next to her, be assured to share the Heart of,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

W. G. V.

At the Reading of this villainous Letter, all my Fortitude, Resolution, and Philosophy left me; my disordered Soul whispered my Heart to put an end to my wretched Being, which I had certainly done, if the Thoughts of Revenge had not bid me live. I immediately gave Orders for my Journey to England, but my impatient Fancy outrun all Expedition: Yet the Tumult of my Spirits, threw me into another violent Fever; and tho' every one thought it would be certain Death, to remove from the Place where I was, yet I ordered a Litter; and the next Morning pursued my Journey, attended with my Governor, Eliza, my Brother, the fair Fatima, and Servants.

Eliza, in our first Day's Journey, was taken with a sudden Indisposition, that prevented our going any further that Day. We were far from any Town, and it was with great Difficulty we found Accommodation at a little Village, a Mile from the main Road. I was agitated with so much impatient Passion, that my Friends found it a hard Task to persuade me from leaving them behind, and pursuing my Journey with my two Servants. The next Morning, *Eliza* was much better; but, to my great Mortification, I was so weak, that I had not Strength enough to rise without Help; yet, notwithstanding my Condition, I ordered my Litter to be got ready, but was informed, the Men went away with it back to *Leghorn*, early in the Morning. I lost all Patience at the Disappointment, and fell out with my Friends; not doubting (tho' they deny'd it) but it was their Contrivance, to prevent my Journey during my Weakness. In short, my Illness redoubled its Attacks, and took such strong Possession of the Outworks, that it was the Opinion of every one about me, my Life could not hold out much longer. My Senses left me, and a strong Distraction seized my Soul. But even in those Fits of Madness, Revenge was uppermost; for they informed me, when I came out of those Possessions, all my Ravings were upon *Isabella* and my Rival, threatening Death to Both.

The Place where we were, had but little Accommodation for us, even in Health, and much less for a Person in my Condition; therefore my Brother, unknown to me, apply'd himself to a neighbouring Gentleman, who freely granted us the Use of his House. I was removed there; and having the Advice of the best Physicians from *Florence*, my Distemper, by degrees, left me; but I still continued in such a weak Condition, it was impossible for me to remove, so soon as my Impatience would have me. I was well assured, the Time affixed for the fatal Nuptials was elapsed, therefore my Heart began to feel some Ease in the Resolution I had taken in the Revenging the Loss of my Love, by the Death of my hated Rival, or falling a Victim to my Misfortunes. This Hope gave me room to gather some Strength, which in a few Days increased so much, that

I could

I could walk in the Garden, which was one of those noble ones in *Italy*, that surpass even many Princes in other Countries. But what was my Surprise! when, in a neighbouring Arbor, I heard the Voice of that Wretch, singing an *Italian Air*, who, by his damnable Wiles, had prevailed upon me to translate that Letter, which was the sole Cause of all my Misfortunes. My Fury gave me Strength enough to fly to the Place from whence I heard his detested Voice. As soon as I came near him, I could not help crying out, with the utmost Transport of Fury, Villain! thy last Moment is approaching! I never once considered I had no other Weapon than a Cane, to assist me in walking, which I thrust against his Breast with such Violence, that he fell backwards in a mighty Fright. However, finding it was no offensive Weapon I had in my Hand, he drew his Sword, and made several Thrusts at me, which I parry'd with my Cane for some time; and at last, with much Difficulty, disarmed him. But the Violence of the Exercise being too strong for my weak Condition, I fell to the Ground almost Senseless. The Wretch seeing that, recover'd his Sword, and, with all his Strength, stabb'd me thro' the Shoulder; the Sword enter'd so far into the Earth, that he made several fruitless Attempts to pull it out again. I had just Sense enough to know what he was doing, without any Power to prevent him. But my Brother *Jonathan* coming upon the Instant, put an end to his vain Efforts, by laying him breathless at my Feet, with a Blow of his Sword. He then came to my Assistance, leaving the Wretch weltering in his Blood. The Family, and my Friends, were soon alarm'd; tho' no one could come to the true Knowledge of this Quarrel for the present; but the Appearances seem'd strong against the other, because I had no Sword. However, the Gentleman of the House took care of him, as having some small Acquaintance with him. He inform'd us, that the villainous Wretch waited for a Servant that he had sent to *Leghorn* for a Packet of Letters, which I too well knew were those the Captain deliver'd to me. When my Wound was dress'd, I inform'd the Gentleman of all that befell me. When he heard his barbarous Policy to undo my Peace, he exclaim'd a-

gainst his Conduct, vowing never to give him any Countenance for the future.

My Wound was not dangerous, tho' the Loss of Blood contributed to my Weakness; but the Wretch that gave it me, seem'd in a very dangerous Condition; for the Blow my Brother gave him, had fractured his Skull, and the Violence of the Pain often took away his Senses. Yet, in his Intervals, he talk'd of nothing but Revenge, declaring to every one that came to visit him, my Brother's Blood should make Atonement for the Torment he suffer'd. As for myself, he had sufficiently punish'd me, in being the Instrument of robbing me of all that could make me happy in this World. I must own, I was in some Fear for my Brother; therefore was for leaving the Place as soon as possible. But the *Italian* Gentleman, in whose House we were, advised us not to pursue our Journey by Land. He laid before me the many Difficulties we should meet with, and convinced me we should make our Voyage sooner, by imbarcking for *Marseilles*, and travelling through *France* by Land. The *Alps*, at this Time of the Year, he assured us, were cover'd with Snow, and many had perish'd by mistaking the Road. The Consideration of the two Ladies, prevail'd upon me more than any Danger I fear'd; therefore we were determin'd, as soon as possible, to return to *Leghorn*, and procure a Vessel to carry us to *Marseilles*.

My Wound was so well heal'd in six Days after I received it, that the seventh, I resolv'd with my Companions to venture on Horseback, in order to return to *Leghorn*. But when the Time came, my Brother was not to be found. We made all the Enquiry imaginable to no purpose; but what gave me some small Satisfaction, was, that *Fatima* assur'd me he was gone to *Leghorn*, to provide a Vessel for our Voyage. I own, I much wonder'd he had not inform'd us of his Design; but as the fair *Fatima* seem'd very easy, I thought I had no Reason to be otherwise.

We took Leave of our friendly *Italian*; tho', I must own, I parted with some Regret from that infamous Wretch, who was the Cause of all my Sorrows, without giving him the Punishment due to his Crimes.

Howev er,

However, I did not doubt but the Justice of Heaven would overtake him; and I found some Consolation in overcoming my just Resentment.

We pursued our Journey for *Leghorn*, where we arrived the next Day, without any Accident; but, upon Enquiry after my Brother, we could learn no News of him. I began then to be very uneasy; and observed a Gloom on *Fatima's* Countenance, notwithstanding all her Endeavours to conceal it. Several Days past in this Uncertainty, till *Fatima's* Fears began to be too powerful for her Prudence; yet all my Persuasions could not get the Reason of my Brother's Absence from her, tho' she confess'd to me, she knew it. My Governor, *Eliza*, and I, had many Conjectures, but none could give us any Consolation, especially since we observed *Fatima* began to be inconsolable, and confess'd, his Stay was beyond the Time perfix'd. We pers'd her on all sides, to declare to us the Reason of his unexpected Absence, with this Persuasion, that it was possible the Knowledge of it might be of Service to him; but all our Intreaties proved ineffectual: Yet she declared, if we had no Tidings of him in two Days, she would confess to us the Secret.

We went to Bed, full of Terrors, and for my own Part, Sleep was a Stranger to me. But, in the middle of the Night, I was alarm'd with a violent Knocking at the Gate; the Servants of the House not rising at the second Alarm, I slip't on my Gown, and with my Sword in my Hand, went down into the Court-Yard; but guess my Surprize, when, asking, *Who was there?* I heard my Brother's Voice. I open'd the Gate, and my Surprize was doubled, when I found my Brother on Horseback, at the head of a Litter, with a sick Man in it, attended by four Servants: But, when I found the Person within it, was the Wretch that had wounded me in the Garden of the *Italian* Gentleman, my Wonder ty'd up my Tongue, and my Company (who by this time were come to us) stood like so many Statues struck with the Sight of *Medusa's* Head. At last, observing my Brother's Diligence in helping him out of the Litter, in a seeming Trance, we all, involuntarily, gave him our Assistance, without knowing what we were doing,

ing. We put him into Bed, and then follow'd my Brother out of the Room (leaving his Servants and a Surgeon with him, that came in their Company) without speaking a Word, so full of Wonder, that our Tongues seem'd of no Use to us.

When we came down into the Hall, my Brother tenderly embraced us all; tho' his dear *Fatima* could not speak, yet the Tears of Joy that fell from her fair Eyes, convinced us all of the tender Love she bore him. When we were seated some time, gazing silently at one another, my Brother began his Story as follows.

My dear Brother, I must first beg your Pardon for concealing from you what I am going to relate; but my Reason for it was, that you would not have given your Consent to what I design'd to do. Two Days before we intended to leave our friendly *Italian*, I received that Letter, (which he gave me to read,)

TO JONATHAN VAUGHAN, Esq;

YOU may, perhaps, imagine, I shall forget the Injury I suffer'd from you. But be assured, the Moment I have Strength enough to draw a Sword, I shall expect Satisfaction for your cowardly Treatment. In a Day or two more, I shall be able to punish you for the Wound you gave me, if that Person can have Courage enough to look a Man in the Face, who would stab him behind his Back. The Gentleman of the House, my Friend, being imposed upon by your false Legend, has withdrawn his Kindness from me; but I hope, by your Punishment, to let him see how you have slander'd basely, one that cannot forget the Injury, without washing off your Crime with your Blood. All I fear is, that this Notice will make you fly from my just Resentment; but no Place on Earth shall hide you from my Chastisement. My Rage should correct your Brother for his Ill-manners, in reading those Letters, you were all well assured belong'd to me. But I know his Curiosity carry'd his Punishment along with it. Yet when I have, with my Sword, let out your Treachery and Baseness, I may think it worth my while to scourge him for that Folly, that can have no other Excuse than the
childish

childish Curiosity of a Boy, who left his School before he had been well whipp'd for his Impertinence.

P. S. *The third Morning after receiving this, between the Hours of Five and Eight, I shall expect to see you alone, with a single Sword, in the Meadow by the River Arno, a Furlong from the House.*

This Letter was given me (continued my Brother) by a Servant, who told me he was order'd by his Master, to wait the next Morning in the same Place, for an Answer. The Letter, I own, gave me much Concern. I advis'd with my dear *Fatima*, and with much difficulty, got her Consent to send an Answer, in which I promised to meet him at the Time and Place appointed. I assur'd *Fatima* I would be with you in eight Days, at the farthest; and for that time, she gave me her Word to keep the Affair a Secret from every one. The Morning I parted from her, was with the utmost Sorrow. She took her Leave of me, as if she was never to see me more. I retir'd, with my Servant, full of Grief, to the little Cottage upon the Skirts of the Mead, where I gave myself up to examine my Conscience, and endeavour'd to make my Peace with Heaven; tho' I own to you, I thought I was going to do a Deed, not in the least acceptable to God. As soon as the appointed Morning came, I arose, giving my Servant Orders to observe the Combat; and if it was my Fate to fall, he should immediately repair to you (after laying me in the Earth) and give you an Account of my End.

About Six o' Clock, I perceived my Antagonist, coming slow and pensive along the Skirts of the Meadow. When he came nearer to me, I observed he had been weeping. Tears, said I, can make but poor Atonement for the many Injuries thou hast heap'd upon my poor Brother and Me; therefore, betake thee to thy Sword, that I may chastise thy Perfidy. He made me no Answer, but drawing his Sword, I made a full Pass at him, which he, opening his Arms, received into his Breast, and fell towards me, upon his Face, with the Point of my Sword out at his Back. I was very much surprized at his Manner of Proceeding; and calling my
Servant,

Servant, who waited at some Distance, we both raised him up. Forbear, said he, and think not of giving Assistance to a Wretch, that rather deserves Death from your Hands, and who came on purpose to be punish'd for all those Crimes, the Heat of Youth, and Want of Thought, have made me commit. I had no other Way to recompense all those Ills I have done your worthy Brother, but to receive Death from your Hands. The Wound you formerly gave me, probed me to the Soul; my Illness gave me Leisure to think, and Thought was my Monitor. I knew what I had done, instigated by One, whose Nobility is a Stain to Virtue, was the basest Act I could have committed. I had no other Method to meet with the Death I desired, but by writing that Letter to you. I had not the Assurance to look your injured Brother in the Face. But I beg, by Honour, Virtue, and all the amiable Train of Goodness, to plead for me to your noble Brother, whose Virtues rank him above Nobility. I consider'd my Crime no more than a little Artifice, which would be approved by all the laughing Part of the World. But when I weigh'd it fully in my Illness, I found it the basest, blackest, and most inhuman Policy, that ever was committed by mortal Man. I often used to whisper to myself, What Anxiety have I felt, even for a Disappointment of a Day! But what must these two poor, virtuous, innocent, abused Souls suffer, even to the Separation of their Mortality! My Wound was never so dangerous as reported. But the Torments of my troubled Conscience, persuaded even the Surgeon, that I was often delirious, when alas! all my Madness was in my Mind, and not in the Brain. I purposely, when I was calm, threaten'd Revenge upon you; but it was only that you might be inform'd of my false Resentment against you, I well knowing, your Spirit would find some Means to seek me out, and punish me for my Crime as I deserved. Even the Letter I wrote to you, went to my Soul, because what I wrote was against my Conscience. All I desire of you, is, to bury me obscurely, and let my Faults be forgotten in the Grave. He endeavour'd to say more, but his Tongue falter'd, his Eyes closed, and, grasping me faintly by the Hand, he sunk to the Earth,

Earth, in all Appearance never to rise again. We took him in our Arms, and, with the Sword in his Breast, carry'd him to the Cottage, and then sent my Servant for the Surgeon, that attended you both in your Illness. While he was gone, there seem'd no Sign of Life in him. I must confess, his unhappy Condition had wiped away all Resentment in me, and I felt for him all the Tenderneſs of a Brother and Friend, waſhing his Face with my repentant Tears, often cursing myself for the rash Act.

When the Surgeon came, he drew the Sword out of his Body, upon which he open'd his Eyes, fetching a deep Sigh, but closed 'em immediately again. However, the Surgeon probed his Wound, and gave me some Hopes it might not prove mortal. We undress'd him, and put him to Bed; but the Surgeon desired we might leave the Room, till the Evening he came again; for he confidently assured us, by that Time, he would either be past Cure, or out of Danger. I own I could not obey his Orders, but sat by his Bedside till the Evening the Surgeon return'd; and all that time, I could not perceive him to breathe; therefore, I was assured in myself, the Soul had taken her Flight for ever. The Surgeon, by his Countenance, seem'd to think as I did; but when he took off his Plaisters from his Wounds, he cry'd, Courage! Sir; we have Hopes, and great ones too. I own, those Words very much cheer'd my drooping Spirits. When he had once more dress'd him, he forced open his Mouth, and pour'd in some Cordial, which upon the Instant caused him to groan, and some Moments after he open'd his Eyes, faintly looking upon us, but did not seem to know us. In short, it was four Days ere he came to his Senses; and then the Surgeon declared he was out of Danger, since in that time he had escaped a Fever.

I was so much concern'd for his Welfare, that I had even forgot the Time I propos'd to meet you at *Leghorn*, was elapsed; therefore I sent my Servant to acquaint you with the Reason of my Delay, intending to follow the next Day. But we were very much surprized last Night, to find the poor Fellow ty'd to a Tree in the Road,

Road, having been robb'd of his Horſe, his Cloaths and Money, as alſo ſeverely beaten into the Bargain.

Tho' the Gentleman's Wounds were almoſt heal'd, yet he continued ſo weak, that he could not get out of his Bed without Aſſiſtance; yet, knowing the Neceſſity of my being with you, he would accompany me in the Litter that carry'd you a Day's Journey into the Country (that I had order'd to be conceal'd in the Village, to prevent, my dear Brother, your purſuing a raſh Deſign, that muſt have ended with your Life, conſidering the Weakneſs of your Condition.) I'll wait on you, ſaid he, to your worthy Brother, to obtain his Pardon, or die at his Feet. When he was inform'd we were near the Houſe where you reſided, the Thoughts of ſeeing the Face of the Perſon he had ſo heinouſly injured, took away his Senſes, and he fainted away. But the Surgeon aſſured us, a little Reſt and Quietneſs would ſoon reſtore him; therefore deſired he might not be diſturb'd for ſome Hours.

When my Brother had ended his Relation, Revenge, Hate, Fury, with all the Train of violent Paſſions, left my Breſt; and in their room, ſoft Compaſſion, Tenderneſs, with Friendſhip, took their Place. Tho' I was undone thro' his Means, yet a gloomy Contentment took Poſſeſſion of my Soul, ſo that I could freely pardon the Man who was the Cauſe of all my Miſfortunes. I was overcome with an ardent Longing to embrace him, All the Company felt the ſame Sentiments with me; neither could we prevent the Tears guſhing from our Eyes, at my Brother's ſhort Story.

We all return'd to Reſt; and I muſt own, I had not felt the balmy Effects of Slumber ſo ſweet, for many Days. Tho' the latter Part of it was diſturb'd with a Dream of my dear *Iſabella*; I thought ſhe appear'd before me with thoſe piercing Rays of Beauty, with which ſhe firſt wounded my Soul. *Canſt thou then forſake me, (ſhe cry'd) ungrateful Wretch? What have I done to merit ſuch barbarous Uſage? Are theſe the Vows and Promiſes thou madeſt me at our cruel Separation? Why didſt thou betray my eaſy Heart, to feel the Torture of Deſpair for ever? But know, thou Wretch! tho' Death will ſoon overtake me, yet I will die another's, to puniſh thee.* When

When she had (as I thought) pronounced these fatal Words, she flew from me in a violent Rage, and the Agony I felt in my Dream, awaked me in a cold Sweat, all o'er my Limbs. Tho' this was but a Dream, yet my Mind felt all the Tortures imaginable, at the Thoughts of my miserable Fortune.

The next Morning, my Brother inform'd us the Gentleman was better, and express'd a great Desire to see me. After Breakfast, we all went together. At Sight of me, the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which choak'd the Passage of his Words for some time. For Heaven's sake, Sir, said I, do not add to my Sorrows, by making me bear yours. I know your Penitence, and it is with the utmost Candour I now declare, I heartily forgive what is past, and beg to be rank'd in the Number of your virtuous Friends. This Goodness, he faintly reply'd, had overwhelm'd his Soul with so much Confusion, that it was more than his feeble Spirits could bear? and, upon saying that, his Speech fail'd him; and a deadly Paleness overspread his Face. It was a full Hour before we could bring him to Life again, and I began to taste all the Bitterness of Grief for his Condition. When he could use his Tongue, he said so many humane tender Things, as plunged all the Hearers in Floods of Sorrow, insomuch, that the Surgeon turn'd us all out of the Chamber, declaring he would, upon the Instant, leave him, if we offer'd to see him again, till he thought fit.

Just as we left him, a Packet was given me from *England*, which I knew to be my Uncle's Hand. I had not wrote him any Letter for near four Months, having indeed almost forgot (thro' my Brother's Affairs, my Sickness, and my own unhappy Love) I had any such Person in the World; and when I did call him to mind, the Intention of my Journey to *England*, made it of no Signification to write. I found, by the Date of the Letter, it was full ten Weeks, since it was wrote.

My dear Child,

THE Torments I endure for thy Silence, are not to be described. It never can enter into my Mind, that thou should'st forget me; therefore, what can I suppose? Is

it unnatural to think thee out of this World, and that I am now writing to an Angel in Heaven? Good God! what Terrors does the very Thought invade me with! My dear Boy, should this Letter come to thy Hands, consider me as one, in this small Time thou hast been absent, full twenty Years older than when thou sawest me last. Grief has shook her Malevolence upon my Head, and I am become, from a facetious middle-aged Man of Fifty, an old decrepid Wretch of Fourscore. Thy worthy Father's Loss, thy Absence, and my Fears for thee, have added to my grey Hairs, which, I own, are multiply'd by the Mother and Aunt to Isabella. Would'st thou think it, my Boy? They are as strange to me, as if I had done them the greatest Injury in the World; have broke off our Correspondence; and, to complete all, (O, my Child! arm thyself with Patience, if my Conjectures prove true) are speedily going to wed Isabella to that upstart Nobleman you formerly had some Words with: And all this, without assigning any Reason to me, for their Proceedings. 'Tis true, they have a Right to do as they think fit; but it is very strange! And I own, my Patience and Fortitude, thro' all these concurring Misfortunes, can but poorly bear up against them alone. Come then, my dear Child! and, by thy Assistance, I shall be able to hold out against all the Assaults of Fortune, and, in thy Company, forget the ill Treatment of the World. But if I neither see, nor hear from thee, very speedily, my gray Hairs will soon be brought with Sorrow to the Grave. Poor Betty's Fears for thy Welfare, almost equal mine. I have taken care of thy unhappy Father's Affairs; come, and take Possession of that, and all that is mine: But be expeditious, my dear Child, or thou wilt come too late to close the Eyes of

Thy dear and loving Uncle,

W. VAUGHAN.

All my Sorrows were renewed, at the reading this melancholy Epistle; and I began to curse my Stars, for my unthinking Backwardness in Writing; and to write now, seemed to me to be of no Use, because I intended to embark for *England* the next Morning. However, all my Friends advised me to send my Uncle a Letter, for fear some Accident might retard our Voyage. I took
the

their Advice, and sent him one, giving him a succinct Account of every thing that had befell my Brother and me, since my last; and of that fatal Letter, which had caused the Coldness of *Isabella's* Family, and my inevitable Ruin; with a Promise to be in *England* with the utmost Expedition.

The wounded Gentleman, hearing we were to embark for *Marseilles* the next Morning, was resolved to go with us, notwithstanding his weak Condition, and all our Persuasions to the contrary, could not avail. The Surgeon informed us the Sea would rather do him Good, than Harm, and he was resolved to attend him to *Marseilles*. Therefore, the next Day, we left *Leghorn* with a prosperous Gale, and in eight Days we arrived safely at *Marseilles*, without meeting with any Accident by the Way. The hurt Gentleman mended every Day, and when we disembark'd, he was able to walk without Assistance. He had reconciled himself to my Governor, and *Eliza*. The Presents he made them were worthy of the Gift of a Prince; and, unknown to me, he and my Brother, had settled my Father's Estate upon me, and given my Brother an Equivalent out of his own Fortune. When I complain'd to him of his profuse Generosity; for Heaven's sake, Sir, said he, accept this small Favour, in Recompence for all the Misfortunes I have heaped upon you. And would to God, the rest of my Estate and Life could but restore what I have robbed you of, I would freely surrender both. Yet, who knows but Fate has still reserved the amiable *Isabella* to bless your Arms! I am strongly possessed with that Hope. I have some Reason to believe you the Care of Providence: And such Wretches, as that perfidious Man and I, must surely be punished, in the Loss of all our unlawful Desires. All my Days to come, shall be spent in begging Forgiveness from Heaven and you. Sure there must be the Seeds of some Goodness, even in the most profligate Heart, and repentant Tears may make them flourish. I would not be the Wretch I was some few Days ago, for all the gaudy Titles of State and Grandeur.

In short, there was such a virtuous Alteration wrought upon him, I could not help esteeming him equal to my

Brother. His Friendship was, in some sort, a Cordial for my disappointed Love; for I had made a firm Resolve, after the Loss of my dear *Isabella*, to forget all the fatal Charms of the Sex, which, at best, enervate the Soul of Man, unbend his Mind, and render him unfit for noble Actions. I intended to dedicate my future Life to my King and Country: My new Friend strengthened me in that Resolution. Our Design was, as soon as we arrived in *England*, to buy us Posts in the Army, and make, for the future, War our Mistress. These Thoughts almost engrossed my whole Soul; but the Idea of the charming *Isabella*, would too often intrude, and fill my Heart with a Medley of Love and Arms.

We set out for *Marseilles* in Post-Chaises, for *Paris*, where we all safely arrived, healthful in Body; tho', for my own Part, with a Mind full of cruel Disturbances. We were obliged to stay some time here, to dispose of a Casket of valuable Jewels that *Fatima* brought from *Tunis*, and procure Bills of Exchange for our Money, for fear of Accidents. But as soon as we arrived there, I dispatched one of my Servants for *England*, to acquaint my Uncle of my coming. Here my Fever attack'd me again; but I was so impatient to come to my Journey's End, that as soon as our Affairs were ended, we hired Post-Chaises for *Bulloigne*, where we safely arrived, tho' late at Night, but found the Gates shut against us. But having Recommendations to Mr. *Gordon*, a Wine-Merchant, a Gentleman just settled at *Bulloigne*; he prevailed upon the Captain of the Guard to give us Entrance; and, thro' his accustomed Good-nature, he would accommodate us at his own House, where we were nobly entertained. He prest us so obligingly to stay some time, that we appeared almost guilty of Ill-manners; but Despair, and Love, seldom regard Forms.

He, finding our Affairs prest us to be gone, procured us a Vessel to carry us to *Dover*, and we embarked the next Morning, at break of Day; but before the Sun was two Hours old, a general Darkness overspread the Hemisphere, followed by a most violent Tempest, mixed with Thunder and Lightning, that the Captain of the Vessel declared, he had never seen the like. The Helm

was of no Use, therefore we were obliged, under a reef'd Forefall, to run before the Wind, trusting to the Mercy of Providence for three Nights and Days. Upon the fourth, the Storm retired, and gave us Leave to make an Observation; we were greatly surprized to find we had passed the *Lizard*. Upon this, we consulted what Course we should steer; but finding the Wind favourable for *Milford Haven*, the Captain was prevailed upon, for a Sum of Money, to steer for that Harbour. The Night approaching, the Tempest (as if it abated only to fetch Breath) came on more violently than before, and all the Hopes we had of Life, was, to steer our Course for the open Sea. Our Vessel bore up against the Storm very well, for two Days; but on the third, the Master came into the Cabbin, with Looks that told us our Misfortune; he informed us, the Vessel had sprung a Leak, and, should the Storm continue a Day longer, we must inevitably sink to the Bottom.

The Tears of my Friends, I must own, shock'd me very much; yet, for my own Part, I sat in expectation of the last Moment, with the utmost Tranquillity. But in a few Hours, the Storm very much abated; yet, with all our Assistance, the Water gained upon us, and no Land appearing, we had no Hope of saving our Lives.

The Vessel was, once more, left to the Mercy of the Waves, whose frightful Swell, tho' the Wind was laid, ran Mountains high. The Master ordered the Long-boat out, that we might endeavour all we could to save our Lives: But the Mariners, as soon as it was in the Water, crowded so fast upon one another, that the Rope which held it to the Ship's Side, broke, and in a Moment after, the Boat was swallowed by the Billows: Three out of thirteen of the Sailors, that were in it, sunk to the Bottom, never to be seen more alive. It was with the utmost Difficulty the rest were saved. The Sailors finding no Hope of escaping that way, began to throw overboard their Guns, Water-Casks, and Provision, and, by the Divine Providence, found out one of the Leaks, which they, with much Difficulty, stop't; and by continual plying the Pump, cleared her of some Water: But the incessant Labour fatigued us all

so much, that we began to despair again. Yet Life being sweet, every Person in the Vessel put forth their utmost Strength, and laboured hard all Night. In the Break of the Morning, we discovered Land, to the inexpressible Joy of the Sailors, and what Wind we had, pointed fair for the Place. But our Joy had like to have been more fatal than the Storm; for upon the first Notice of discovering Land, every Person ran upon Deck, like Madmen, to be confirmed in the pleasing News, never regarding the Pumps, till we found the Vessel almost sinking under us: Yet the Hope of Life, inspired us with new Strength. We worked as hard, as if the Sight of Shore had been a Day's Rest from Labour. We had no Boat to land with, therefore the Captain made a Signal of Distress, and in less than an Hour, we saw several Boats rowing towards us. The Captain wisely considered, if these Boats should come on Board, every one would be for getting into them, and leave the Vessel to sink for want of Working; therefore he ordered Tow-Ropes out, that the approaching Boats might lend their Assistance that way. Accordingly, he acquainted the Sailors with his Intention, and they with the Passengers, approved of it. The Boats, when they came near us, obeyed the Captain's Order, and in two Hours we arrived safe in *St. Aubin's Bay*, a Harbour in the Island of *Jersey*. The noble Lord *Jermin*, the then Governor, came to the Harbour, and invited me and my Company on Shore, where we were entertained and accommodated as well, as if we had been in *England*. I shall decline mentioning those fine Qualities, so well known in his Native Country, and only say, he is adored in his Government; the Inhabitants expressing the utmost Sorrow, when it occurs to their Memory, the Time must come for him to leave them.

We were obliged to stay in this Place many Days, against our Inclinations, tho' the abovemention'd Nobleman did all in his Power to make the Time pass away as pleasantly as he could.

When our Captain had taken out his Lading and Ballast, to search for the Leaks, he inform'd us, 'twould be full Twenty Days before his Vessel would be in a Condition to put to Sea again. This Notice made us
all

all very uneasy ; but, for my own Part, I appear'd, so very much dejected, that the noble Governor, out of his good Nature, seem'd to sympathize with me in Sorrow. I must own, tho' Life was a Burden to me, yet the Thoughts that my dear Uncle would imagine me no longer in this World, and with Sorrow break his Heart, added Pain to Pain, and Grief to Grief. The Consolations of my Friends were to no purpose, tho' their friendly Sighs were mingled with mine.

My Lord Governor perceiving the Uneasiness we express'd, at our Stay in the Island, sent to *Guernsey* a small Vessel, to inquire whether there was any Ship preparing to sail for *England*. She return'd the next Day, and inform'd us a Ship from the *East-Indies* had put in there, the late Storm, and intended to set sail for *England* in two Days.

This News revived all my Company ; therefore we took Leave of the Governor, with Thanks for his kind Usage, embark'd in the same Vessel that brought us the News, tho' it was almost Evening, and about Midnight arrived safely in *St. Peter's Harbour*, in the Island of *Guernsey*.

Inquiring for the Captain of the Ship in the Harbour, we found him at a Tavern ; but I was agreeably surprized to find it Mr. *Brooks*, and his Ship the *Elizabeth*, which he worthily saved for his Cousin, Mr. *Bridgford*, that marry'd the Widow by a Wile. He hardly knew me at first ; but when I came to his Remembrance, he seem'd as much transported, as if I had been his own Son. He was confounded to find me with such Company, in a Place so little expected ; but I soon let him into as much of my Story, as I thought proper. I must own, said he, when I received a Letter from the Governor Yesterday, desiring it as a Favour, to give Passage to *England* to some Gentlemen, Ladies, and their Servants, I did not intend to comply with it, through the Inconveniency it would put me to ; therefore gave Orders to set Sail early in the Morning, knowing there was another Vessel now in the Harbour, that sails for *England* in a few Days : Neither could the Governor take it ill, as he only directed his Letter to any Captain that should chance to be in the Bay. But if I had known
my

my Passengers, I would have staid a Fortnight, to oblige them, and myself too. I return'd him Thanks for his Civility, and begg'd him to set Sail with the soonest. Why then, this Moment, if you please, answer'd the Captain.

Upon the Instant, he took Leave of his Company at the Tavern, and (tho' we were all very much fatigued) went on Board his Ship, where he gave immediate Orders for weighing Anchor; and we were under Sail before Break of Day. The Captain resign'd the great Cabbin to the two Ladies, and accommodated every Body as well as he could.

I retired to mine, hoping I should meet with a little Repose, being something calmer in my Mind, knowing a few Days would put a Period to my Misfortunes, by Death; for I had made a firm Resolution to punish the Perfidy of *Isabella's* Husband, or fall by his Hand; or if I survived, to find a way to die beneath her Feet.

These Thoughts lull'd me to taste the Pleasures of refreshing Sleep. But my Senses were hardly lock'd up, before I was awaked with the Groans of a Person, not far off, in one of the Cabbins. I arose up in my Bed, and listen'd; when I heard a Man cry, For Heaven's sake! take off my Irons, that I may die at Liberty! Another answer'd, You know I dare not do it, without the Captain's Order, and he is now gone to sleep; as soon as he is up, I'll go and acquaint him. Dear *Tom*. reply'd the other, take Pity on the Miseries I feel, and step to him now; I know he does not want Humanity, or Good-nature; and tho' I deserve not the least Favour from him, yet, when I am going to give an Account to Heaven for all my Crimes, I am assured he will release me from these heavy Irons, that even a Man in Health can hardly bear.

I own, I was touch'd with the Person's deep Sighs, therefore call'd for my Servant, put on my Gown, and went to enquire into the melancholy Affair. When I came to the Cabbin where the Wretch lay, I was shock'd to see a Man stretch'd at his Length, upon a poor Flock-Bed on the Ground, without any Covering, meagre and pale, with at least a hundred Pound Weight of Irons about his Body; to me, he seem'd as if his last

Moments

Moments were approaching. Compassion took Possession of my Soul, tho' I was convinced, by his own Discourse, he deserved but little.

A Sailor that was walking upon Deck, came up to me, and judging. by my Countenance, that I seem'd to pity the unfortunate Wretch, cry'd out, What, is he going? let him go, and be d—n'd! Friend (said I) let this poor Creature's Crimes be what they will, I must own, I think his Condition deserves Compassion; therefore, I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will free him from his Irons, that his Soul may take its Flight with the more Tranquility. Sir (reply'd the Sailor) if you were acquainted with that Rogue's wicked Heart, you would believe no Punishment in this, or the next World, could be bad enough for him. O Sir! cry'd the unfortunate Wretch, I deserve every thing that Man says; but I have heartily repented of all the ill Actions I have committed, and only beg to die without this Load upon my Body. Some of these Irons have eat my Flesh from the Bones; and as I wear the Form of a Man, don't let me be treated in my Dying Moments, worse than a mad Beast ty'd to the Stake.

I used so many Persuasions, with the Rhetorick of a Guinea, to the Person that seem'd to have the Guard of him, that he was going to awake the Captain, and acquaint him with the poor Wretch's Condition, and my Request to have him released from his Fetters; but the Captain that Moment came out of his Cabbin, being disturb'd with our Conversation, and, at my Intreaty, order'd his Irons to be taken off. As soon as he was freed from them, he gave me Thanks for the Service I had done him, and rising slowly from his Bed whereon he lay, seized upon some of the Irons he was released from, and struck the Sailor (that was talking to me before the Captain came out of his Cabbin) with such Violence, that we all believed he was kill'd; then made a Blow at the Captain, which he happily avoided, by starting aside; but perceiving the Sailors running from all Parts of the Ship to seize him, he threw himself overboard maugre all they could do to prevent him, crying, he had in some measure satisfy'd his Revenge, and was never seen more.

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All this was done so suddenly, that I stood quite confounded, imagining I was in a Dream. But when we began to recollect ourselves, we went to see if the Sailor was alive or dead. We took him up, and I must own, I was very well pleased to find he was only stunn'd with the Blow. In a little time he came to his Senses; and the first Words he spoke were, G—d D—n him, for a Sun of a B—h! who would have thought he had so much Strength left? But I'll prevent him giving another Blow! Upon saying this, he ran up and down the Deck, with his Cutlass drawn (he being one of the Centries at the great Cabbin Door) to seek for him, to make an end of him, but when he was inform'd of his rash Catastrophe, he seem'd to be uneasy that he had not the killing of him with his own Hand.

By this time, my Brother, *Clerimont*, and the Ladies, were alarm'd, and came about us, to know the Cause of the Disturbance. I told them, 'twas the first time I ever found Compassion a dangerous Virtue. We begg'd of the Captain to let us into the Affair. He told us, at Dinner it should be our Desert, instead of Fruit. While this Combustion happen'd, the Man at the Helm had disregarded the Steerage, so that the Sails clap'd to the Masts, and the Ship staid some time; but even this seem'd the Providence of Heaven, for, had we continued our Course, it being a very hazy Morning, we should have run upon the Shallows of the *Great Sark*.

Thank Heaven! said the Captain, this Wretch, after endeavouring to frustrate our Voyage by the most wicked Designs could ever enter the Mind of Man, seems intended by Providence to be the Means of saving us, and, like *Jonah* in the Ship of *Joppa*, now he has abandon'd our Vessel, we shall have all Dangers cease.

After Dinner, we begg'd Captain *Brooks* to relate the History of this Wretch; which he did in the following manner:

Sir, said he (directing his Discourse to me, having some small Knowledge of him) you know my Cousin *Bridgford*, the old Acquaintance of your good Uncle, made me Captain of the *Elizabeth*, in consideration of some Services he was pleas'd to own I did him. This Wretch, who is gone to the other World, to answer for his

his Crimes in this, through my Intreaty, was made chief Mate; and behaved honestly as such, during our Trading-Voyage to the *Indies*. In our Return, near the Latitude of *St. Helena*, where we were bound for some Refreshment, in the middle of a dark Night, we heard some Guns fired, that seem'd to us as if some Vessel was in Distress; I order'd our Ship to steer the Course from whence the Fire came; but in an Hour afterwards, we heard such a terrible Report, that we all concluded the unfortunate Vessel was blown into the Air. However, I kept on my Course, to see if I could assist any of the unfortunate Wretches, that (no doubt) had either got into their Boat, or had thrown themselves into the Water, to avoid the Flames, hanging out Lights about several Parts of my Ship, that they might see where to come for Succour.

In less than an Hour more, some of our Crew could perceive a Boat rowing towards us, full of Men. As soon as they came up with us, they begg'd for Heaven's sake, to be taken on Board. I, who had no other Intention, moved by Compassion, considering it might have been our own Case, invited them kindly on Board. When they were a little recover'd from their Fright, they inform'd me, they belong'd to a Ship bound for *Cork in Ireland*, from the Coast of *Coromandel*, and had, by a violent Storm, been drove out of their Course; that in the beginning of the Night, a Fire broke out in the Gun-Room, burning with such Fury, that all their Endeavours to extinguish it proved fruitless; therefore they hoisted out their Long-Boat, and with one Barrel of Water and two Casks of Bisket, abandon'd their Ship; and in half an Hour after they left it, they saw it blow up, several Pieces of the Vessel falling within twenty Yards of them.

There were seventeen Men in the Boat, their Master being one of them, whose Name was *Cox*; but observing he was very much wounded in the Head, I order'd our Surgeon to dress him immediately, who inform'd me his Skull was fractured, and he thought it seem'd to be a Blow with a Cutlass: But the Sailors that came with him in the Boat, told us he arose up hastily, at the first Noise about the Fire, and hurrying down the
Ladder

Ladder that goes under Deck, fell with his Head on the Edge of a Bucket. When he came to his Senses (for the Pain of Dressing had flung him into a Swoon) he told us the same Story. Yet still, the Surgeon insisted it could be no such thing, and began to instil, I know not what Notions, into my Mind, that these Men might be Villains. I own, he a little stagger'd my Faith at first; but when I consider'd their Condition, I thought it impossible. However, I determin'd to leave them all at *St. Helena*, because, indeed, there were too many Mouths for me to maintain in our Voyage for *England*. I gave them all the Refreshment my Ship could afford, and they return'd me Thanks in so sincere a manner, that quite obliterated those Notions the Surgeon had of them. The Captain I put in my own Cabbin, using him, as I thought an honest unfortunate Man, in his Condition, deserved, and such as I should have been pleas'd to meet with, upon the like unfortunate Accident.

In two Days after this, we arriv'd safe at *St. Helena*, where I put all the Sailors on Shore, with this Reason, that my Ship was too deep laden to be incumber'd with so many superfluous Men.

I went to wait on the Governor on Shore, and contracted with him for what fresh Provisions I wanted, intending to set Sail in eight Days; but the Governor advis'd me to stay longer, assuring me that several Ships would arrive before that Time, that would accompany me in our Voyage home. On that Account, I resolv'd to take his Advice. I sent on board for some Necessaries, because I intend'd to take a Lodging in the Valley for a Fortnight, to enjoy the Air of the Country. But my Surgeon being inform'd of my Intention, came with my Servant in the Boat, with the Things I had sent for, importuning me so strongly not to lie out of the Ship, that I return'd on Board with him, purely to make him easy; for, I must own, his Apprehensions did not give me the least Inquietude.

Homes (the Name of the Wretch that is so lately gone to Perdition) complain'd he was very much troubled with the Scurvy, therefore intreated the Favour of going on Shore for a few Days. I could not refuse him; neither had

had I any Apprehension of an ill Design from him, having ever behaved in the Voyage, like a downright honest Man, entirely in our Owner's Interest. We staid twenty Days in the Harbour, without the Appearance of any Ship from the East, therefore I made a Resolution of pursuing our intended Voyage, if no Vessel arrived to bear us Company, in four Days: Accordingly I gave Notice to the Governor of my Intention, as usual, that the Inhabitants, if they had any Demands, might be satisfy'd before we set Sail.

I went to rest that Night with a Tremor upon my Spirits, and an unaccountable Melancholy, that seem'd a foreboding ill Omen. About Midnight, the Surgeon came into my Cabbin, and awaked me, with a very great Surprize in his Countenance. His Looks, I own, very much alarm'd me. What's the matter with you, Mr. *Westwood*? said I (that's the Name of my Surgeon) you seem in some Disorder! Sir (reply'd Mr. *Westwood*) here's a Man has swam from Shore, in the middle of a stormy Night, to give you Notice of approaching Danger; and, I must own, I have been in such a continual Lowness of Spirits, that I am well assured some ill Designs are hatching against our Welfare; therefore pray rise, and hear what the Person has to say, for he will not communicate it to any one but yourself. I arose upon the Instant, and desired him to bring in the Man. He brought him into the Cabbin, naked as he was. As soon as I saw him, I knew him for one of the Persons that came to us in the Boat. Sir, said he, I have something to inform you of, that requires your private Ear. My Friend (I reply'd) this Gentleman is one whom I can entirely trust, therefore what you have to communicate to me, he may hear. If so, Sir, reply'd the Man, I shall proceed. However, Sir, said I, I beg the Favour (since you came naked for my Service, as I suppose) that you will put on this Nightgown. Sir, returned the Man, I'll accept of your Favour; tho' I feel nothing of the Inclemency of the Weather, because my Concern for you has filled up all my Thoughts: I therefore will proceed to tell you what I know, that you may be prepared for the Event. Mr. *Homes*, your chief Mate, has formed the blackest Design, that could ever enter into

the Soul of the most Profligate. In less than two Hours, he will seize your Ship, and put to Death You, and Mr. *Westwood*, with every Sailor that will not come into his black Design. I own myself one of the Confederates, but with no other Motive, than to use my utmost Endeavours to prevent it, if Heaven will permit: Therefore acquaint your Men with the Danger approaching, arm them immediately, and prevent them, if possible; at least, sell your Lives like Men that have deserved a better Fate. I was eager to enquire about this Affair; but the Man told me, I had no time to lose; first arm your Men, said he, and when you are in Readiness to receive them, I'll acquaint you with the Conspiracy against you.

I then ordered the Watch to awake those that were gone to Rest; and when they were all upon Deck, with their Arms in their Hands, I called the Man, and desired he would communicate the Story to the whole Crew, which consisted of Fifty-four Men. We made a Circle round him upon the Quarter-Deck, and he began as follows:

Gentlemen, you all know me (I believe) to be one of those Men, whom the Humanity of your Captain saved from imminent Death, therefore I think he has a Right to my Life and Fortune. Every Person, beside myself, that his Compassion gave means of Life to, have deserved the Halter more than once. Their Number was much greater, their Crew consisting of 120 Men, when they set out from the Coast of *Guinea*; but the Day before the Night you saved us from the devouring Waves, we had a terrible Engagement with a *Dutch* Man of War, in which we lost above half our Men, the Captain, mistaking her for an *Indian* Trader, that we had Advice of from the *Guinea* Coast. Our Ship taking Fire, by what Accident, I know not, the *Dutch* Man of War's Men that had boarded us, and would have certainly taken us, left us; fearing, as we supposed, they might suffer by us, if we blew up; and sailed away: The Fire was so sudden, that we had but a small time to hoist out our Long-boat. The Captain, and sixteen of us, got into it; but many other of the Wretches endeavouring to
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get in, were barbarously murdered by the other Sailors. We rowed as fast as we could from the burning Ship; but the Cries of the Wretches we left behind, methinks, are still in my Ears. It was no small Joy to us, when we perceived your Lights hung out. But the Wretch, the Captain, tho' so dangerously wounded, declared, if he thought he should have met with a Ship so soon, he would have taken all the Men he could, that he might have been able to have taken the Ship that was coming to his Rescue. But since it is as it is, said he, we must make the best of a bad Market, and wait for some Opportunity to get another Ship. Then we consulted how to impose on you with a false Story, and trumped up That they told you; for the Wound the Captain has upon his Head, was given by a *Dutchman* in the Fight. Pray, said the Surgeon, how came you among such a Crew of Villains? Why, Sir, I'll tell you, reply'd the Man; I belonged to a Coast Sloop in the River of *Gambo*, where all my Crew were murdered, but one, by the Negroes, who had inveigled them up into the Country. The poor Man that made his Escape, had but just time to tell me the fatal News, ere Death overtook him, from the Wounds he had received. I had scarce time to cut my Cable, and drive out to Sea, favoured by the Wind and Tide of Ebb, when I perceived about twenty Boats coming down the River, in order to seize my Sloop, and, no doubt, to make me partake of the same Fate with my unfortunate Men; which I certainly should have done, for they would have overtaken me in a couple of Hours, if both they and I had not perceived a Ship in the *Offn*, which proved to be this Wretch and his Crew. I made them a Signal of my Distress, which they perceiving, made up to me, and took me on Board; but the Negroes left their Pursuit, as soon as ever they discovered the Ship.

I soon found, to my Sorrow, what Company I was got into; but it was to no Purpose to complain, for the Captain seized my Vessel, took out every thing that seemed useful, and sunk her, with this Pretence, He feared his Men might take it into their Heads to leave him, and set up for themselves; tho' I must own, he promised to pay me for my Cargo, and give me my

Liberty the first Opportunity ; but those were but Words, and what I verily believe he never intended to perform.

I often observed your Mate, during the time we were sailing to this Island (after you kindly took us in) caballing privately with our Captain, and several of our Men ; but had no Notion of their wicked Intention to seize your Ship, till Yesterday Morning, being at a Planter's in the *South Valley*, where I was treated with some Palm Wine, and not being used to drink in a Morning, it got into my Head ; finding myself inclined to sleep, I laid myself down under a Hedge, but before I had closed my Eyes, I was interrupted by the Voices of our Captain, and your Mate. By their Discourse, I found out their black Design ; and their Business to that Plantation was, to communicate the Affair to me ; but I understood, if I did not come into it, it was their Intention to murder me. I immediately arose from the Place, full of unquiet Thoughts, which brought me out of my drunken Fit. I took care to get as far from the Hedge as I could, that they might not suspect I had overheard them. It was a full Quarter of an Hour before they found me out, and in that time I had composed myself, as well as I could. When they came up with me, they asked me, if I would take a Walk to the next Plantation, where two of them lodged. I answered, very willingly, Yes.

When we came to the Bridge that was built over the Brook, they stop'd, and opened the whole Affair to me. I made no Hesitation, but entered into their Design with a seeming Joy ; for if I had not, I don't doubt but it was their Intention to throw me into the Brook and prevent my getting out by knocking me in the Head.

At three o' Clock this Morning, your Mate, with the rest, are to board you, armed every Man with a Cutlass, and two Brace of Pistols, secure the Watch, and kill every one that will not take part in their villainous Undertaking ; then weigh Anchor, and sail for the *Bermudas*, where they will dispose of the Cargo, and then set out upon the Pirating Account.

When he had finished his short, but terrible Relation, the Sailors cry'd out, they would have the Long-boat, and meet them with such a Reception, that should make them

them repent their Undertaking : But the Surgeon and I persuaded them, it would be better, and safer, to counterwork them. We therefore agreed to charge all our Guns with Musket-Ball, and if they offered to come on, when we ordered them to return, the Sailors should fire upon them. However, eight of my Men prevailed upon me to have the Long-boat ready, to pursue them, and bring them Prisoners, in order to be punished for their treacherous Intention.

In short, we provided against every thing, and in half an Hour after we prepared to receive them, we heard their Oars in the Water. We let them come within three Ships Length of us, and then called to them to proceed no farther. As they (I believe) did not expect to be hinder'd in their Boarding us, they lay upon their Oars, and asked me what I was afraid of. *Homes* was the chief Speaker, who I soon gave to understand, I knew his vile Intention. If it be so (he cry'd out) we have no Time to dally. Come, my Lads, we'll soon see who are to be Masters, they, or we. Upon that, they rowed towards us with all their Strength, with their Cutlasses drawn, and Pistols in their Hands. But before they reached us, we fired upon them with our Double and Round, which killed four of their Number, and wounded several. Their Confusion was so great, at this unexpected Reception, that they rowed a-head of us, where our Guns could not bear upon them. While I was ordering my Men upon the Forecastle to fire upon them, I perceived the Ship driving, for that Wretch, *Homes*, had cut my Cable.

The Tide, by good Fortune, was ebbing ; for had it been Tide of Flood, we must have drove upon the Rocks, before we could have cast another Anchor. In the Confusion, the Boat row'd to board us ; but my Men fired upon them once more, in the same manner as at first, which put them in much Disorder. Our Ship still driving, I order'd them to cast Anchor. However, they took so much Time in doing it, that we were a Quarter of a League from the Pirates, before the Anchor fell. In the mean time, our Long-boat, with the eight Men, got up to the Pirates, and a desperate Engagement follow'd. What troubled me was, that I could

not assist them, for if I had fired my Guns with Ball, which could easily reach them, I might have destroy'd my Friends with my Enemies. My Men were swearing, cursing, and banning at this unforeseen Accident; nay, some of them were for stripping, with an Intention to swim naked to help them, never once considering the Tide of Ebb would prevent them. But what was the more extraordinary in this Confusion, not one of us, for some time, thought of our Yawl upon the Booms. But as soon as I mention'd it, they got it into the Water in a Moment, threw themselves into it with so much Precipitation, that their Haste had almost overset it, and row'd away with so much Strength, that they soon got up to the Assistance of their Comrades in good time, for two of them were kill'd, and the other six very much wounded. Their Firing (we observed) had ceased some time, having discharged all their Fire-Arms; and if the Yawl had not arrived as it did, the other six of my Men had certainly been cut to pieces; but this Reinforcement soon put an end to the Fight, by the Death of all the Pirates but two, and *Homes*, who were very much wounded.

When they were brought on Board, my Men were for tearing them to pieces, especially *Homes*; but I pacify'd them a little, by telling them they should be reserved for the Punishment due to their Crimes, when we arrived in *England*.

My Surgeon dress'd their Wounds, and, by good Fortune, all my own Men recover'd; but the two Pirates dy'd in our Voyage home. The vile Wretch, *Homes*, while his Hurts were healing, used to utter such blasphemous Imprecations, that shock'd all the Crew. When he was fully recover'd, I order'd him to be manacled, leaving his Legs at Liberty, with two Men to guard him. He often attempted to throw himself overboard, and was as often prevented.

About a Month ago, as he was walking upon Deck, with his two Guards, he observed Mr. *Mullart*, (the Person that swam on Board to give us Notice of their Design) standing upon the Gunnel of the Ship, to look at a dead Whale that was floating near us. He goes up to him, unobserved, and push'd him into the Sea.

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As it fell out, the Sea was very calm, tho' we had Wind enough to fill our Sails; otherwise, tho' a good Swimmer, he might have perish'd. We brought to, with all the Celerity imaginable, and, not without some Difficulty, saved him.

One of the Sailors upbraiding him for the Cruelty of the Action, he struck him in the Face, broke his Jaw, and beat out three of his Teeth, with his Hand-Cuffs. I seeing this vile Proceeding, order'd him to be seized and fetter'd; but it was with much Difficulty, for he laid about him with such Agility and Vigour, that a Carpenter was obliged to knock him down with a Hand-Spike. When he came to himself (for the Blow had stunn'd him for some time) he swore he was sorry for nothing, but that *Mullart* was not gone to Hell by Water.

As I was giving Orders how he should be used for the future, he grinn'd at me, gave me several hearty Curies, and spit in my Face, which, I own, provoked me to strike him. He was then laid in the Manner you saw him this Morning.

About a Week ago, he began to think of his Crimes, and seem'd so penitent, that I order'd his Irons to be taken off, had him bathed, shifted, and clean'd. When his Cloaths were on again, Mr. *Mullart* being upon Deck, he very submissively approach'd him, telling him, he was very sorry for what he had done to him; but as soon as ever he got within his Reach, he flew upon him, got him down, and in his Fury would have strangled him, if he had not been taken away by main Force.

We all thought it high time to make him as secure as possible, for such an infernal Wretch never more could deserve Compassion. For these last three Days, his Centries have thought him near his Death; but it was only his Artifice, to get clear once more, that he might do more Mischief in his last Moments.

When Mr. *Brooks* had ended his Story, we all thought it impossible Nature should furnish out such a Villain. And yet, said the Captain, this Wretch has made more than one Voyage with me, and ever seem'd a Man of Integrity; an open and free Countenance, that disco-
ver'd

ver'd no Rancour or Baseness in it. But, as *Shakespeare* says, *There's no Art to find the Mind's Construction in the Face.*

We sail'd on with a favourable Gale, bending our Course for the *Bristol* Channel, where Captain *Brooks* was bound. On the fourth Day after our leaving *Guernsey*, we discover'd the chalky Cliffs of our Native Country, which gave a sudden Alteration to the Features of every one of the Company; all but myself, wore a pleasing Contentment on their Countenances; but, for my own part, my Mind felt so many Vicissitudes, that the wisest Physiognomist, I believe, would have been puzzled to have known my Thoughts; but no Wonder, for I knew them not myself. All the Passions of Love, Duty, Hatred, Jealousy, Revenge, and Death, mix'd in such a general Tumult, that all within was wild Anarchy and Uproar. The Thoughts of seeing my Native Country, which fill'd every one else with the utmost Transports, gave me no other Satisfaction, than the Hopes of Death, to put an end to Thought, and all my devouring Sorrows.

In two Days more, we came to an Anchor near the Landing-Place of the Island of *Lundy*, where we found a small Vessel bound for *Monmouth*. As that Place was but a Day's Journey from most of our Dwellings, we took Leave of Captain *Brooks*, and embark'd in that Vessel for *Monmouth*. The Captain parted from us with very great Regret, but with a Promise to see us in a few Days after his Arrival at *Bristol*. We weigh'd Anchor together, and kept Company, till we arrived at the Mouth of the *Avon*, that leads to *Bristol*, and then parted, after receiving several Guns from the *Elizabeth*, by way of Salute. We arrived that Night at *Chepstow*, upon the River *Wye*, where all the Company desired to be set on Shore, for they were very much fatigued, particularly the Ladies.

As soon as ever we landed, I sent one of my Servants to acquaint my Uncle with my Arrival, and of my Intentions to wait on him in three Days, at the farthest; with Orders to my Servant to meet me at *Monmouth* the next Day, where we arrived by Noon. I found my Servant waiting for me, who inform'd me, that

that my Uncle and Mrs. *Betty* had been gone to *London* four Days before, to wait my Arrival there. I own, I was both grieved, and pleased; grieved, that I should not see my dear Uncle so soon as I expected; and pleased, to know that he had received my Letters, and had Strength and Health enough to travel.

Now Despair, with all its black Train of Horrors, fully possess'd my Soul; yet gave me Light enough to see, I should never possess my dear *Isabella*! All Hopes were banish'd, and the nearer I drew to the Residence of my adorable Fair, the farther I drew from all Thoughts of Happiness. What Pains, what Miseries, what Anxieties, and what inexpressible Tortures, was my broken Heart torn with! Treading upon the same Earth, and breathing the same Air with my dear Love, for ever debarr'd my Arms, only added to my various Torments.

I went to Rest, but alas! the Fatigues of the Sea, the Weakness of my Body, and the want of Sleep, were over-balanced by the Tortures of my Mind.

I arose in the Morning, without ever closing my Eyes, which had made such an Alteration in my Countenance, that I was hardly known by my Friends: They were too well acquainted with the Cause, yet, notwithstanding, endeavour'd to comfort me. But alas! they might as well have stopt the Fury of a Tempest, or the swiftest Current in its rapid Course, as give Advice to heal my wounded Soul.

My Friend was inconsolable, well knowing my Ruin was the Work of his unlucky forming; and maugre my ill Fate, I was compell'd to smother my Heart-breaking Sorrows, in order to comfort him, who now was dearer to me than any thing on Earth, since I lost all Hopes of my Divine *Isabella*.

The Tortures of my Mind prey'd so violently on my Body, that I was once more hurry'd to the dark Confines of Death. A special Messenger was sent to my Uncle at *London*, to inform him of my unhappy State, and my new-converted dear Friend would accompany him, maugre all my Intreaties to the contrary. I was so very weak, it was dangerous to remove me to my Uncle's, tho' but a short Day's Journey from *Monmouth*.

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As I thought my last Moments approaching, I took a Resolution of writing the following Letter to *Isabella*.

WHAT envious Stars, divine *Isabella*, have wrought this Murder on my Love! But why do I tax the Stars, when it was the Work of false Malice and Treachery. You, I know, thro' the Excellency of your Soul, will love the Man you have given your Hand to, and bury all your Vows to me in Oblivion; pray Heaven, for your Peace of Mind, you may! This is, I firmly believe, the last Pen I shall ever take in Hand. The Hours I have to live, I hope, will not be many, since I have lost all in this World I wish'd to live for. Wilt thou, when I am dead, water my Grave with one pitying Tear, and lament my unhappy Destiny? I have no Wish now remaining, but that, if it was possible, thou wert present to close the Eyes of the Heart-broken, unhappy

VAUGHAN.

P. S. I have sent you a few Trifles, that I hope you will accept, since they were purchased in my unfortunate Travels for you: It can be no Breach of Duty to your happy Husband, sure, to look upon them sometimes. Oh, how happy should I have been, if I had never embark'd from my Native Country! But 'tis Heaven's high Will it should be so; and I wish I could not complain; it would have been too great a Happiness, to have been bless'd with thee. I could dwell for ever on this melancholy Theme, but my Weakness obliges me to leave off, and gives me just Strength enough to say,

Farewell for ever.

My Spirits, with my Tears and Sighs, had left me, and it was some time ere I had Strength enough to fold the Letter, and direct it *To the divine Isabella*.

I order'd my Servant that had accompany'd me in my Travels, to find her out, and if it was possible, to give it into her own Hands. Observe (said I) her Countenance; tell her the unhappy Condition of thy Master. I will, if it be possible, keep Life till thy Return, that I may have the Pleasure in Dying, to hear she has dropt

dropt a Tear for all my Misfortunes. He promised to execute his Commission with the utmost Diligence.

The next Day he return'd, with a dejected Countenance, and inform'd me that *Isabella*, her Mother, and Aunt, had been gone some Days from their House, but none of the Servants could inform him whither. He also inquired of the Neighbourhood, but to as little purpose.

This struck me into the last Depth of Despair, inso much, that I resolv'd to put a Period to my Life. I refus'd all Physic, Nourishment, and Rest, and despis'd the Intreaties of my Brother and his Friends. I inform'd 'em, no one upon Earth, not my dear Uncle, should destroy my Resolution of dying, if he arriv'd before I expired. They press'd me with their Tears and Sighs, but all in vain: Till at last, they prevail'd upon me to hear the Prayers of a worthy Clergyman, who so effectually cured me of Despair, by laying before me the never-forgiven Sin of Self-Murder, that I submitted to all their Desires. The Physicians prescribed, I took their Medicines, received what they intended for Nourishment, and address'd myself to Sleep; yet all to no Purpose. Death glared me full in the Face, tho' all his Terrors could not fright me. I look'd upon him as the only Cure for a broken Heart. The Conversation, with my good Priest, had, I thank Heaven, settled my Conscience. I expected Death's Approach, as that of my best Friend, and hop'd to see him before my Uncle, that I might not be a living Witness to all his Heart-rending Grievs. They gave me Medicines to make me sleep; but, alas! the Agonies I felt, 'm what the Apothecaries call *Composing Draughts*, and that seem to lock up the Senses to soft Slumber, are hardly to be express'd. The Mind was still awake, tho' my Body seemingly was at rest; and Fancy represented to me my hard Fortune, with redoubled Terrors.

I was ten Days in this languishing deplorable Condition, fluctuating between Death and Life, when News was brought me of my Uncle's Arrival. Tho' I wish'd to sink to the silent Grave, for the Reason I just now mention'd, yet my Heart felt some Gleam of Pleasure, that he was come to close my Eyes, and bless me ere I died.

died. When my Uncle enter'd the Room where I lay, he ran to me, tenderly embraced me, and wept over me. O Heaven, said he, is this the Joy I propos'd to myself in thy precious Conversation? No, my dear Boy, thou shalt not leave me. Forget *Isabella*, and turn thy Eyes to another Beauty I have brought with me, that loves thee for thy Virtue and thy Merit; and, if that can have any Effect upon thee, she is the very Picture of thy lost *Isabella*.— Since she is now another's, turn thy Eyes upon this Lady, and let her Charms cure those Wounds the other gave. Alas! Sir, said I, Fate is not to be controll'd, and my Passion is as irrevocable. Wilt thou not live (reply'd my Uncle) to comfort my feeble Age, who have no other Joy in Life, but thee? I have been industrious to provide this Match for thee; and, contrary to the Rules of the Sex, have prevail'd upon her to accompany me. Do not let thy hopeless Passion make thee forget good Manners. Thy Sights will break her Heart. Never poor Wretch had such a Conflict in his Soul. I thought it would be the highest Ingratitude, not to see a poor young Lady, that had given me her Heart, without seeing me. After much Argument, I told my Uncle, if he pleas'd, he might bring the Lady to see what a Wretch she had plac'd her unhappy Love upon, and all the Satisfaction I could give her was, to expire before her; for I told my Uncle, I found Death approaching.

He immediately went out, and return'd with my Friend, who led a Lady by the Hand. I then call'd to mind (weak as I was) he had often told me of a beautiful Sister of his, that he wish'd I could love, that he might make me some Recompence for the Loss he caus'd of my *Isabella*. And I, out of good Manners, seldom said any thing against it.

Madam, said I, your good Brother has brought you to see a Wretch, tho' young, old in Misfortunes; one who is flying to the Grave, to seek a Refuge from them; one, who——What! interrupted the Lady, and has my dear *Vaughan*, in reality, forgot his *Isabella*? The Chamber having but little Light in it, I could not distinguish the Features of my *Isabella*; but I knew, full well, that soft Voice, whose Tone was ever in my Ears.

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It had such an Effect upon me, that I could only pronounce her dear Name, then sunk down speechless in my Bed. It was a full half Hour, ere they could restore me to Sense. But when I saw the dear Image tenderly weeping over me, that I ever carry'd in my Heart, I could not help crying out, Am I awake, or do I dream of such imaginary Bliss? Art thou indeed my *Ifabella*? Mine! really mine! and not wedded to that Wretch, who would rob me of all my Soul can love in this World! I am thine (reply'd the charming *Ifabella*) ever will be thine, nor ever was, or ever will be any other's. I have my Mother's, my Aunt's and thy good Uncle's Consent, to join our Hands, as well as Hearts together; and they are here to ratify what I say. Upon this, the Mother and Aunt entered, who tenderly embraced me, calling me their dear Son, and Nephew.

These tender Transports were too strong for my weak Frame, and Joy was near doing what my Grievs would soon have done. My Speech forsook me, and every one about me thought I was gone for ever. It was many Hours before I was brought to Life; and when I recovered, I found my dear *Ifabella* almost in the same Condition. But kind Heaven, that is watchful over those that tread in the Paths of Goodness, in a few Days, recovered us to taste the Bliss of happy, virtuous Love in our chaste Conversation. It was some time before I had Leisure to inquire concerning my unbounded Joy; when my Friend informed me of it in this manner.

When I saw you, my dear *Vaughan*, plunged in Sorrow by my means, I had often Thoughts of putting an end to my wretched Life. But reflecting it would be a nobler Piece of Justice to punish the Villain that was the Cause of all our Misfortunes, I was resolv'd to seek him out, to take away his Life; or give up mine, to pay for the Injustice I had done you thro' his Wiles. I found a fitting Pretence to leave you, when you suppos'd I was going with your Servant to *London*, in order to acquaint your good Uncle with your miserable State. But I parted with the Messenger the Morning we set out, giving him Directions to call upon me in his Return

with your Uncle, to receive Advice from me, if Fate had ordained I should not fall in the Attempt; or, if they heard no News of me, to conclude I was no longer in this World. When I came within a few Miles of the Residence of *Isabella*, a violent Storm arose, which made me take Shelter in a neighbouring Village. But guess my Surprise, when I saw a Coach and Six stop at the Church Door, which, by the Liveries, I knew belonged to that vile Man, *Sir Eustace*, I formerly called Friend. The Sight, at first, almost took away my Senses; but recollecting my scattered Reason, I set myself to observe all Passages. The Wretch came out, dressed like a foppish Bridegroom, leading the lovely *Isabella*, trembling, pale, and wan, followed by the Mother and Aunt. I enquired of a Stander-by, if he knew that Gentleman and the Ladies; He answered, No; but that they came to be marry'd at their Town for more Privacy. Hope then began to revive in my Soul; for I was resolved to put a Stop to the Wedding, or lose my Life.

I followed them into the Church, where, as soon as *Sir Eustace* saw me, he cry'd out, in a Transport of Joy, Fortune, I thank thee! thou hast sent the only Friend I have in the World, to be Witness of my Joy. Upon that, he came forward with open Arms to embrace me. Hold, said I, pushing him from me, I abhor all Friendship with a Villain; and kind Heaven has sent me at this happy Moment, to prevent thy imposing upon this betray'd young Lady, and her Relations, thro' thy Villainy and my mistaken Folly: But know, the Hand of Heaven, by me, shall punish thee for all thy Villainies. He stood like one aghast; while I had time to go up to the young Lady: Madam, said I, if you ever love'd the unhappy *Vaughan*, love him still, for he is innocent, and ever was so, but betray'd by that Wretch, who is more eminent in Vice than Title.

The lovely *Isabella*, I thought, seemed to listen with an eager Transport in her Eyes, at what I declared. I gave her my Hand, and led her out of the Church, followed by the Parson, who seemed in the utmost Amazement at this wonderful Proceeding! But I told him his Disappointment should be no Loss to him, for I would pay

pay him as well, as if he had finished the Marriage. For Heaven's sake! Sir, reply'd the Parson, don't imagine I am such a mercenary Wretch, to think of the Loss of what I might expect, for doing the holy Office I am ordained to by Heaven, and my Superiors? No, I am, I own, very much surprized at such an Adventure, that never happened to me before, or any one of my holy Function, that I ever heard of. Yet I am convinced there is something very extraordinary in your Proceeding; and I own, I think by your Appearance, and the Confusion of the other Gentleman, you are in the Right. I took a Dislike against him the first time I saw him, when he came to me about the Licence. What a brave Trade you would have, Doctor (said he) if you could grant a Licence to undo, what you have done this way, in your Time! Ah, how happy should we young Fellows think ourselves, if such a Thing could be brought about! But when I reprimanded him for his ludicrous manner of speaking, he cry'd, Pr'ythee, old *Tackum*, don't be so musty; I warrant you have had many a Wench in your Time. I own I was so very much offended with his ridiculous Jest, that I told him, the Lady he was going to marry, I feared, would have but an indifferent Time with him, and if I had the Happiness of her Acquaintance, I should think it my Duty to inform her of the Poorness of his Imaginations. When he found I was a little scandalized with his mean Notions of Marriage, he began to excuse himself, and beg my Pardon.

I forgot to tell you, as I led *Isabella* out of the Church, my false Friend stood like one thunderstruck in his Amazement. Villain! said I, as I passed him, if thou think'st I have injured thee, in the Discovery I shall make to this Lady and her Relations, thou knowest where I may be found in a few Days, where I will be ready to chastise thy Perfidy to this Lady, and the Infamy thou hast thrown on me. He gave me no manner of Answer, but let me pass on without Interruption.

When we came to the Parson's House, I related (not without blushing) the base and infamous Contrivance between Sir *Eustace* and me, my Repentance, and the terrible Effects it had on you; also the History of your

Brother and the fair *Fatima*, with *Clerimont* and his Lady, as I had learnt them from your own Relations. The charming *Isabella* shed a Torrent of Tears at the Repetition of all your Sufferings: It was easily seen, she loved you with an unbounded Passion. The Mother and Aunt seemed as much transported with Joy, as the fair *Isabella*. How shall I punish myself, (cry'd the Fair One) for so easily believing my dear *Vaughan* false! His good Uncle too, what shall we say to him to excuse our ill Treatment. I comforted them, by telling them, the Proofs were too artful and plain to be doubted for Truths. In short, never were any Persons elevated from the deepest Grief, to the extremest Pitch of Pleasure, as these Ladies and myself were raised to. But that Joy was tempered with Fears, when I informed them of your cruel Indisposition and Sorrows. We resolved to set out as soon as possible to the Place appointed, to meet your Uncle; and if we found him not there, immediately to repair to *Monmouth*; but upon Enquiry, we could get no Coach to carry the Ladies; therefore a Servant was ordered to *Isabella's* Mother's for hers.

While we were mingling our Tears, Hopes, Sorrows, and Joys, together, the Clark came to inform me, the Gentleman begg'd the Favour of speaking one Word with me in the Church-yard. I did not doubt, but he had muster'd up Courage enough to call for Satisfaction for his supposed Injury. I therefore took my Sword, and maugre the Intreaties of *Isabella*, her Mother, and Aunt, went to meet him. When I came near enough to him to be heard, I told him I was ready to repair the Injuries I had done him, with my Sword, if he had Spirit enough to require it. No, Sir, said he, I have had time enough to recollect myself, and find I have been to blame in my Conduct; but notwithstanding, I find Love, like Fate, is not to be controlled; therefore I conjure you, by our former Friendship, to forget what is past, and assist me honestly to gain the fair *Isabella*. I love her more than Life, and would even part with it to gain her Heart, and your Forgiveness. Hearing him talk so reasonably, I began to lose some part of my Resentment, but yet laid before him the Impossibility of his ever gaining his Desires. We argued some time, and
our

our Discourse had insensibly led us out of the Church-yard, along a narrow Lane that led to a Gate in the Fields, which I observing, was for turning back. Hold (said he) you are not to return so soon as you imagine. Upon saying this, he whistled thro' his Fingers, and I was upon the Instant surrounded by six of his Footmen, who immediately seized and bound me. Now take that Hypocrite, and do as I ordered you. Know, thou Fool (cry'd he, looking me full in the Face) I have taken all the Time I had, before I sent to thee, to think how I should punish thee for thy Breach of Friendship, and the Loss of *Isabella*. With that, taking a Whip from one of his Servants, he gave me several severe Lashes; then spitting in my Face, ordered his Footmen to tie me to the Gate, and leave me. Fury and Shame had tied up my Tongue, at this indignant Usage; therefore I could not utter a Word; and if the Tears had not gushed from my Eyes, I believe my Heart would have burst with Passion. My Struggles to get loose were to no purpose, and my Strength failed me with my fruitless Efforts. Which the Villain perceiving, repeated his Indignities. I know you will endeavour (cry'd he) to seek me out, in hopes to revenge this Affront; but be assured, Fool, whenever thou comest in my way, expect to meet with the same Chastisement. Upon this, he and his Fellows left me, almost dead with boiling Rage. It was not long, however, that I continued in this Condition; for *Isabella* sent the Clerk after me, to observe our Motions, who on the other side of the Hedge, heard how I was used, but durst not appear till the Villain was gone, for fear of tasting the same bitter Cup.

As soon as I was at Liberty, I ran, without speaking a Word, got upon my Horse, and flew after the Villain; but my Rage had so blinded me, I had not put the Tongue of the Buckle of the Girt, as I suppose, firm in its Place (for I got ready my Horse myself, not having Patience to wait for any one) so that I came, with the Saddle between my Legs, upon the Ground, over the Crupper of my Horse, tho' without any Hurt. But it was so late ere I could catch him again, that I was well assured the Wretch had reach'd his Dwelling, tho' thirty Mile from the Village where I had left *Isabella*. How-

ever, I went on with my Pursuit, not considering the poor Beast, till he was so tired, I could hardly get him along; therefore I went into a little by Ale-House, resolving to stay till the Morning. I never went to Bed, for my furious Passion was too violent for Rest. My Time was spent in casting about how to be revenged on the injurious Villain. At last I fix'd on this Expedient: I procured a Disguise, ombred my Face, and appear'd as a Gypsy. I got, the next Day, to the Villain's Castle, which is seated upon an Eminence that overlooks a Plain of two Miles round, and not one House but his own in that Circuit. It was a good while ere I could see any of the Family; but at last a little black Boy came out, with a Bow and Arrow, to shoot at a Mark he put up against a Tree; but as soon as he perceived me, he ran back as if in a Fright. While I was looking after him, I saw the Villain meet him, who took him by the Hand, and encouraged him to come towards me (first looking circumspectly about him.) When he came to me, he cry'd, Here, you Gypsy, tell this black young Devil his Fortune. No, Villain, I reply'd, I am come to tell thee thy Fortune; behold this injured Face, disguised as it is. He knew my Voice, and was for running back, but I got between him and the House, drew my Sword that I had conceal'd under my Great-coat, and intercepted his Passage. He seeing no Hopes of escaping, drew his, and, as Despair makes Cowards valiant, he made several violent Thrusts at me, but to no purpose, for at last I sent him breathless to the Ground, with my Sword thro' his Body. As soon as he fell, I flew over the Plain without being pursued, took off my Disguise, wrapping some Stones in it, and sunk it in a Pond on the Skirts of a Wood as I pass'd along, unperceived by any one. I got to the Alehouse in my own Person, and that Night came back to *Isabella* and her Relations, who spent the time of my Absence in great Inquietudes. I have not let them yet into the whole Affair. Neither have I consider'd with myself, whether to own the Deed or not. Pursuit, I know, has been made after the Gypsy, but no Enquiry after me. If I surrender myself to the Law, I do not fear a Pardon, for the flagrant Usage I received from that bad Man, will
plead

plead for me. The Clark, nay, even his own Servants, will be sufficient Witnesses of it. How would you advise me to proceed, my dear *Vaughan*? I told him, I thought it would be time enough to ward against it, when he was call'd upon to answer; but it was my Opinion, he would not have any farther Trouble about it, since he was not suspected.

We had scarce ended our Discourse, when a Servant came in, very much surprized, and told us, there were several Officers of Justice, with a great Crowd of People with 'em, arm'd, enquiring for my Friend, crying, they had a Warrant to apprehend him for Murder. I own, I was rash enough to advise the opposing 'em. But he declared he would surrender without Resistance, and rely upon his Innocence and Provocation. While I was arguing the Affair with my Friend, the Officers came into the Room where we were, accompany'd by my Uncle, my Brother, and *Clerimont*. My Friend surrender'd, without the least Shew of Resistance. As I was going down Stairs, to accompany him to Prison, he stopt me, begging it as a Favour I would not go with him: Consider, said he, you have not recover'd your Strength, and I know your Friendship so well, that it will but disorder you to see the Place where I am going. My Uncle join'd with him, Come, come, *Billy*, said my Uncle, the Sick must be used like Old Age; you and I will stay behind, and fear nothing. I have Interest enough in this Country to have your Friend well used; and I have not the least Fear he will suffer, for an Action no Man of Honour could avoid. Think of the happy Moment that is now approaching. *Isabella*, my Boy, the charming *Isabella*, will be your own in a few Days. My dear Uncle, I reply'd, tho' I think every Minute an Age, till my Angelic *Isabella* is mine; yet, I can't think of that Happiness, while my dear Friend is in Misery. Thy Friend, (reply'd my Uncle) will be free from Trouble before the Marriage-Ceremony can be finish'd. There are Writings to be drawn, Settlements made, and several Things to be in Order, before we can enter upon that Affair. Besides, I would not come too abruptly into a Business that must last for Life. You must approach your Happiness by degrees.

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My dear Uncle, I reply'd, the Thought of my coming Bliss is so great, that was it not qualify'd by some Fear, I could not bear my Transport. I have felt the Malevolence of that blind Disposer, Chance, so often, I must own, I am still in doubt; even when I am in full Possession of all my Joy, I shall tremble for fear of losing her. Sicknefs and Death visit the Youthful, as well as those sunk in the Vale of Life; and if that grim Tyrant, who rudely thrusts even to the Beds of Monarchs, should intrude with his icy Dart to that of my divine *Isabella*, alas! with what Terrors must I bear the remaining Hours of Life, since my Religion will not suffer me to put an end to it!

These imaginary Ills, reply'd my Uncle, wrong thy Understanding. Would you think of Shipwreck in the Port; or refuse refreshing Sleep for fear of melancholy Dreams? No, no, the World of Happiness is in thy View; the lovely Prospect stands before thee, free from the Storms of Fortune.

Whatever my good Uncle could say to me on the joyful Subject, gave me but a gloomy Satisfaction. My dear Uncle did all in his Power to settle my Thoughts in Joy, and by degrees my Heart was so full of it, that my Eyes o'erflow'd with Transports, and I appear'd all Air and Spirits.

My dear Uncle, said I, be so good to relate some Passages of the unfortunate End of my good Father, and wicked Mother-in-law, that the Sorrow may alleviate this mighty Joy.

My Letter, reply'd my Uncle, inform'd thee of every thing concerning that never-to-be-forgotten Catastrophe. But searching that evil Woman's Cabinet, I found this Copy of a Letter she sent to *Wigmore*, with his Answer to it, which convinces me, that he was not that Penitent he pretended to be. Upon this, my Uncle took a Couple of Letters out of his Pocket, and gave 'em me to read. The first was that of my vile Mother-in-law's.

My dear, dear *Wigmore*,

I Had counterfeited Repentance so well, for our past Loves, that I almost believed I could forget thee: But
alas!

alas! that is not in my Power. *Why should we not love on? Am I the only Woman in England, false to her Husband? The Court, and the City; nay, every Town, Village, and Hamlet, in this wealthy Island, have sufficient Numbers to keep me in Countenance.*

Nay, my Love is a Virtue, if Constancy's a Virtue; for I can love none but thee. You ever reign triumphant in my Heart, and ever shall. What are these Bonds of Matrimony, that tie two People together against their Inclination, but the imaginary Line that crosses the Globe? 'Tis true, we are coupled together by Law, like two Hounds in a Slip, often tugging different Ways; but their Joys are unbounded when those Couples are unbuckled that keep 'em together. But what Law does Love obey?

I need not tell thee, that the Romans were the Conquerors of the Universe, and the wisest of all Nations; and yet one of their greatest Orators lent his Wife to his Friend, and received her again to his Bosom, without any Stain to Virtue. However, I have some Hopes my Household-Plague is upon his Journey to Heaven, for he has been long ling'ring with a happy Illness. I own, I have some Thoughts of providing him Post-Horses to carry him to his Journey's End. Oh, how happy should I be then, in the Possession of my beloved Wigmore, without the Fears and Terrors that imbitter my Life of Love and Joy, in thy endearing Company.

I have, with great Difficulty, prevail'd upon the old Woman to continue our Emissary; but if I had not inform'd her my Son-in-law, William, was gone upon his foreign Travels, she would never have consented.

I'll meet you this Evening in the Summer-House, and let you in myself. I have provided you a Key of the Back-Garden Gate, that, after to-night, you may take all Opportunities of seeing me, without Danger of being discover'd: Our Gardener is turn'd away, thro' my means, who, I thought, began to be a little too observing. My Husband's Illness (Curse on that Name!) will prevent his coming into that Part of the Garden; and I shall take care of every body else, by locking the Door after me.

I shall think Time has no Wings, till I am happy in thy loved Embraces; yet, tho' I see thee not with my corporal Eyes,

Eyes, thou art ever present to my Mind, and shalt ever possess the Body and Soul of

Thine entirely,

J. V.

When I had read the Letter, my Uncle cry'd, Heavens! how were we deceived with this vile false Penitence! Whenever I think on't, I am pierced to the Heart. But come, let us, after these Letters are destroy'd, bury all Thoughts of this pernicious Woman, and all her Machinations.

But to the other, and then commit them both to the Flames. *Wigmore's Answer* was as follows:

My Adorable,

I *Am prevented seeing you this Evening, by the violent Attacks of an Ague and Fever. Your Epistle pleases me, and vexes me. Your Continuance of Love compels my Heart to adore your Goodness; but the Imagination of using Violence towards your Husband, raises such Indignation in my Breast, that any future Thoughts upon that Subject, will, I am assured, make me hate you, for I have loved too well to despise you: Do we not injure him enough in our criminal Conversation? My Soul and Conscience, those dreadful Monitors, tell me 'tis criminal, tho' my Heart, fill'd with Love, has no room to entertain the terrible Idea.*

I promised your good Brother-in-law, and that worthy young Gentleman, that once detected us in our Crimes, to go to some other Part of the World, but was disappointed against my then Inclination: Yet our fatal Loves (pray Heaven they do not prove fatal) hang upon me worse than my Ague, and I must submit to their all-powerful Force. If you would have me love you long, banish all Thoughts of injuring your Husband, farther than our guilty Commerce (for Guilt it is, call it by what specious Name we will): The very mentioning of it in your Letter, made my Body shiver, and my Blood run cold; and, I am convinced, brought this Fit of the Ague upon me, which prevents my seeing you till to-morrow Evening, if I have any Intermission. My Body is yours; but do not load my Soul with any farther Guilt; for should you mention

tion that horrid Deed again, I would fly you, as I would the most spreading Contagion, whatever my Heart would suffer, never to see you more. Weigh well what I here write, for 'tis the Advice of a Friend, and one whom irresistible Fate has made

Your intire and affectionate Lover,
WIGMORE.

P. S. Send the Key of the Garden by the Bearer of this, seal'd up, that she may not know all our Secrets.

These two Letters said my Uncle, when I first met with them, gave me infinite Pain, when I consider'd, our Credulity in trusting that vile wicked Woman.

I thought it Wisdom to conceal this Tragical Story from the World; therefore gave it out, thy worthy Father dy'd a natural Death, his long Indisposition giving it Credit. But there was no concealing the End of that miserable Woman; therefore, to screen her Ignominy, we reported she had given her Son *Johnny*, by mistake, Physic so strong, that had purged him into another World. This, with the Loss of her Husband, we gave out, had turn'd her Brain, so that she was forced to be secured in her Closet; but in endeavouring to get out of the Window, met her Fate. Tho' many, I fear, judged the true Cause of her Death. Yes, my dear Uncle, I reply'd, that Wretch, in his Letter to my repentant Friend, hints at the true Cause of our dire Misfortunes.

But come, no more, my Child, (return'd my Uncle) turn thy Thoughts from every melancholy Subject, and look upon the lovely *Isabella* (who was then entering the Chamber) who shortly shall be thine. I was ever his, reply'd the Charmer of my Soul; and if I had wedded that ridiculous Wretch, whose End has brought us into some Trouble, it was only out of an obstinate Revenge for your supposed Falshood; but that Revenge would have fallen upon myself, for Death would in a few Days have ended my Miseries.

In the Letter the base Sir *Eustace* sent to your converted Friend, concerning the fatal Consequence of your Perfidy, he told him of my being brought insensible out
of

of the Garden: But he could not describe the terrible Agonies, Heart-breaking Sighs, and dark Despair, my Soul was fill'd with. I read the fatal Letter a thousand times over, examined well the Hand, and tho' the Direction was not in the same Character, I found the Seal and the Letter were yours.

Nothing gave me greater Proof of your Infidelity than your Silence. I would often cry, *Ungrateful Man, hast thou then forsaken me!* I even study'd Means to excuse you, but could not find the least Glimpse to hope the contrary.

I discover'd to my Mother and Aunt the Progress of our young Amours, whose Goodness never rebuked me for my Weakness, but thought as I did, that you were false. My Mother removed me to a neighbouring Lady's, of her Acquaintance, that I might not have in mind, even the Place where you first utter'd your false Vows.

With much Persuasion of your Rival, and my Friends, I fix'd the Day of our Nuptials; and, to say the Truth, his Behaviour was much mended, he seem'd to wear a more solid Air, and express'd his Love with so sincere a Freedom, that I often wish'd I could give him that Heart you held so fast.

The Night before the Morning intended for my Nuptials, was spent in the utmost Grief of Heart; and when my Mother and Aunt came in the Morning, to dress me for the Solemnity, I had not Strength to rise without Help. I was seized with a violent Fever, which confined me to my Bed for near three Months. The intended Bridegroom spent his whole Time at my Chamber-Door, and appeared inconsolable. I must own to you, I began (from his Behaviour) to give him some part of my Esteem; but my Heart was not in my Power to give, tho' I often wished it had. I thought it was a most unbecoming Weakness, to lament one who paid my Sufferings with Disdain. Therefore, once more the Day was fixed; and if all-judging Heaven had not sent your Friend that very Moment, what but my Death must have followed, when I had understood that my dear *Vaughan* was innocent?

O Heavens!

O Heavens! I reply'd, the very Thought fills me with the utmost Agony. Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, when you are once wedded, you'll begin to talk like your reasonable People; at present, your Senses are in a Hurry, and every Faculty bewildered in a Maze of I don't know what. But Time and Marriage will restore you to your Understanding.

We were interrupted by being informed Mrs. *Betty* was arrived, and begg'd to see me. When she came in, she looked wistfully upon me, and burst into Tears. She could not utter one Word, but ran up to me, took me about the Neck, and almost drowned me with Weeping. The poor Creature's Love filled my Heart with a grateful Tendernefs. When she had found the Use of her Tongue, she cry'd, O my dear Master, the Sight of you gives me more Pleasure than ever I did feel or can feel. I have not known one Moment's Joy since your Absence. She said so many kind things, that I could not refrain kissing her tenderly.

My dear *Isabella*, said I, you must allow Mrs. *Betty* some small Share in my Heart with you, whose faithful Friendship, tho' a Servant, I shall never forget, and will make it my future Study to recompense her uncommon Fidelity. That, Sir, reply'd my Uncle, shall be my Care; one Woman is enough for one Man to take care of. You are in the right, reply'd the divine *Isabella*. But, now I think on't, I have left *Fatima*, and *Eliza*, preparing to follow your Brother and *Clerimont* to the Prison, and I came to you, my dear *Vaughan*, to lay my Commands upon you to stay with your Uncle till our Return. Upon this my Adorable left us to follow *Fatima* and *Eliza*; my Uncle, myself, and *Betty*, were uttering the Fulness of our Hearts, with the utmost Contentment; when a Person that belonged to the Inn, came running up Stairs in the utmost Confusion, For Heaven's sake, Sir, said he, run into the Garden, and lend your Assistance to a Lady that some Villains are hurrying away into a Boat, against her Will.

My Uncle and I ran down upon the Instant, with our Swords in our Hands; but, O Heavens! what was my Terror and Surprise, when I discovered my dear *Isabella* in a Boat, held by Force in the Arms of a Person,

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a Stranger

a Stranger to me, and six Men rowing down the Stream with their utmost Force. The unexpected Sight took away my Senses, and had not I leaned my Back against a Tree, I must have fallen to the Ground.

There was a small Boat, at the Landing-place in the Garden, which (when I could recover my Strength) I got into so suddenly, that my Uncle could not prevent me. When I had pushed it off with my Foot, I found, too late, I had neither Oar nor Pole to manage her, so that she drove down the Stream, without my being able to stop her.

My Fury and Impatience almost took away my Senses. The Boat drove for two Hours before it stopt against a Bank, and then it was so dark, when I got out of it, I could not see my way. And notwithstanding my Impatience, I was forced to grope about to find some Path, but all in vain! therefore I was wandering about till Day-light, and then had the Misfortune to find I was got upon a little Island in the River *Wye*. I endeavoured to find the Boat again, but my Search was fruitless.

I was now plunged into the utmost Despair. A thousand times I formed Resolutions fatal to my Life. I accused Heaven, Fortune, and unlucky Stars. I could not help saying to my self, What Sins have I committed, that my Punishment in this World must be beyond Human Nature to bear! How happy did I think myself (after all my Misfortunes) but twelve Hours ago! Could mortal Man imagine, after running thro' so many various Scenes of unfortunate Incidents, and then to have the Cure of all my Sorrows within my reach, to have her snatched from me in my own native Soil, a Country famed for her wholsom Laws, by a Stranger? for I own, I could not remember I had ever observed the Face of the villainous Ravisher. I sometimes imagined it was all a Dream; but, to my cruel Grief, I was too well assured I was awake.

I waited till the Sun had made a full three Hours Course, upon the Island, in hope my Uncle, and my Friends, would find some means of following me; I could hear People talk upon the Shore, behind the Willows, but when I called to them for their Assistance, could get no Answer. My Mind was so disturbed, that
my

my Reason seemed to fly me; and my Spirits were so low and faint, that I had not Strength to walk. However, I took the Resolution of plunging into the Water, to swim to the opposite Shore; but the Weight of my Cloaths, the Rapidity of the Stream, and my Weakness, hurry'd me to the Bottom; and if I had not been assisted by two Fishermen, who were mending their Nets on the Shore, and saw me throw myself into the Water, I must have inevitably perished. They drew me into their Boat (deprived of Sense for some time) and carry'd me to their Cottage, strip'd me of my wet Cloaths, and put me to Bed. When I came to myself, I bewailed my Misfortunes in such a manner, that the Fishermen imagined I had thrown myself into the River, to put an end to them. Upon that Supposition, they began to comfort me, and inquired into the Cause of my Sorrows. But when I had informed them, one of them cry'd out to the other, As sure as can be, the Woman we heard last Night calling for Help! was the very Person this Gentleman is in quest of.

They told me, about an Hour after Day was shut in, last Night, they heard a Lady cry violently, and a Man comforting her; but the Boatmen rowed so fast down the Stream, they were soon out of Hearing. This Knowledge roused up my Spirits, and the Thoughts of Vengeance gave me new Strength. I got my Cloaths dry'd with the utmost Expedition, and dressed myself; but inquiring after my Hat and Sword, they reply'd, they knew nothing of them. I did not doubt, but I had lost them when I was in the Water, yet was distressed how to get more. The Fishermen offered to carry me in their Boat to *Chepstow*, where I might accommodate myself. I accepted of their Offer, and we got into their Boat upon the Instant. However, I borrowed a Hat of one of them, and an old Pair of Horse-Pistols, the only Arms that belonged to them. The Boat was a very old sluggish one, that did not Answer my impatient Desire of getting to the Town, and it was with much Persuasion I did not go on Shore to walk. They told me, about a Mile farther, there was a little Creek, where I might land, and walk to *Chepstow* sooner than the Boat could get there. When we came into the Creek,

we perceived a Boat, with a Man asleep in't, and I strongly imagined it was the very Boat that the Ravisher had rowed away in, with my dear *Isabella*. My Blood, at that Thought, thrilled thro' my Veins, and I was just ready to shoot the poor Wretch, as he lay asleep in the Boat.

I ordered my two Fishermen to row up close to the other Boat; but the Noise of our Oars awaked the Man, who started up to look at us. As soon as I came near enough to lay hold of the Fellow, I seized him by the Throat, and clap'd a Pistol to his Head. The Man was so scared at my manner of Proceeding, that he was ready to die with Apprehension. Villain! said I, if thou dost not this Moment declare where thy vile Master has carry'd the young Lady he took away by Force Yesterday, this Moment is thy last. For Heaven's sake, reply'd the Fellow, don't murder an innocent Man, that has done nothing but by the Command of his Master, whom he is obliged to obey. As for the Lady you mention, I know no more where she is gone, than you do. All that I do know, I'll tell you with all my Heart.

1 Sir *Eustace* landed at this Place, late last Night, with the Lady and his Servants. My Master, the Owner of this Boat, attended him, telling me he would return by Break of Day this Morning, and ordering me to take care of the Boat in the mean time. I own, I am very much in fear some Accident has befallen him. I do suppose he went last Night to *Chepstow*, with Sir *Eustace* and his Lady, whom he seized at *Monmouth*. He inform'd my Master, that the Day he marry'd her, she ran away with a young Gentleman, which I suppose to be yourself. But, dear Sir, blame not me, I am, as I told you before, but a Servant to the Owner of the Boat. Sir *Eustace*! I cry'd, is that Villain still living? or do you abuse me? Really, reply'd the Man, I know no more than that my Master called him so; and if it is the same that you mean, he is lately recovered of a dangerous Wound he received about a Month ago, by a Gentleman in Disguise.

I could not help crying out, with the utmost Transport of Fury, Yes, it is the same, and Heaven has permitted the Wretch to live, that I, with my own Hand, may
take

take sure Vengeance on such a Villain, for all the Misery he has heap'd upon my Head. I then inform'd the Man (in short) of the Villainy of that infamous Traitor, Sir *Eustace*. My two Fishermen, and he, seem'd thunder-struck at the Relation. My Fishermen were afraid to assist me any further; they did not doubt, they said, if such a base Man should hear of it, he would not stick to have them murdered; for they had often heard of his vile Actions in the Country. But when I informed them my Uncle (naming his Name) had as many powerful Friends in that Country, as he had; one of the Men cry'd, What, Sir, are you the Nephew to that worthy Gentleman? When I answered in the Affirmative, he told me, he would run the Hazard of his Life to serve me, upon his Account; nay, and answer for his Companion: We owe both our Lives to him. Notwithstanding my own unhappy Condition, I could not refrain asking the Man, which way my Uncle had been so serviceable to them?

Sir, reply'd the Man, my Companion and I were taken up for a Murder and Robbery, and tho' innocent as yourself, yet the Jury found us Guilty: Nay, we must own, the Appearances were strong against us. I'll give your Honour the Story in as few Words as possible.

About three Quarters of a Year ago, as my Partner and I were fishing in this River, we perceived a Hat floating down the Stream, which we took up. We waited some Hours, imagining some Body would come to claim it; but no one appearing, my Partner gave me half a Crown for my Share, being in more want of a Hat than myself. He wore it generally Sundays and Holidays, without any one claiming it. About the Time we found the Hat, a young Fellow frequented a by Alehouse in the Neighbourhood, for two or three Days, where my Companion and I used often to drink. One Day, while we were there, he offered to pawn a gold Medal to the Landlord of the House; he not having Money enough to spare, came to me, and desired I would lend him three Guineas upon it, the Medal weighing, at least, five Guineas: I made no Scruple, but let the young Man have the Money, with this

Agreement, that if he did not redeem it in a Fortnight, I would dispose of it, for I told him, I could not be out of my Money for a longer Time. He consented, and the next Evening disappeared of a sudden.

The following Day, as we were drawing our Nets, we perceived something very heavy; but we were very much surprized, when dragging it ashore, to find a murdered Body in it, with several Wounds upon the Head, in a light-coloured Suit of Cloaths, trim'd with a small Silver Edging. We acquainted the Country with it, and the next Day it was owned to be an old Lady's Son, who had been missing some time. The Corps was buried by the sorrowful Mother, and no Enquiry could find out the Murderer.

A few Days after this, the *Easter* Holidays came on, and my Partner and I went to see some Friends at *Monmouth*; but my chief Reason of going, was to dispose of my gold Medal. My Companion went to have his Hat done something to; while I went to a Goldsmith's to dispose of my Medal. When I offered it to the Man of the Shop, he examined it very narrowly, then looking me wistfully in the Face, asked me, how I came by it? When I had informed him, he reply'd, Very well, I'll carry it to a Person in the Neighbourhood, that perhaps will give more than the Weight of it. I seem'd very well satisfy'd.

The Goldsmith went out, but returned in a Quarter of an Hour, with the Constable and several Assistants, and, in short, charged me with the Murder and Robbery of the Widow's Son. I was instantly carry'd before a Justice, and examined; and before my Examination was over, my Partner was brought in by the Hatter, who swore, the Hat he brought him, he sold to the young unfortunate Gentleman that was murdered. These Circumstances meeting thus together, it was agreed on all Hands, that we were guilty of the Murder; and what confirm'd People's Opinion was, that the Landlord of the Ale-house, where I had the Medal, deny'd the Fact.

Upon this, we gave up ourselves for lost. I having some small Share of Education, drew up our Case, to be presented

presented to the Judges, but it did us no good, for we were condemned to die, for the Guilt of another Person.

Your good Uncle was at the Trial by Accident, and whether by our Countenance, or some Proceedings in our Trial, I can't tell, but he seemed to think us innocent. He examined us strictly about the young Man. I had the Medal from, as to his Age, Shape, Size, and what Dress he wore. When he had done that, he left us, desiring us to recommend ourselves to Heaven, tho' he own'd, he thought we dy'd for an Act we had never committed.

We prepared ourselves for Death, not having the least Hopes of Life. The Morning that was intended for our Execution, your good Uncle enter'd our Room in the Prison, first preparing, by degrees, our Spirits, to receive the unlook'd-for Change in our Condition. He inform'd us, we were at our Liberty, and brought a Surgeon with him, whom he order'd to let us both Blood.

I was (said your Uncle) convinced of your Innocency; but what made me more assured of it, was, that I had seen a young Fellow taken up at *Hereford*, where I had some Business, for offering to sell a gold Watch, that he could give but a slender Account how he came by it. I came into the Court at *Monmouth*, just as your Trial came on. After you were found Guilty, I inform'd the Judges of my Suspensions, and I thought it the Duty of every Gentleman to use his Endeavour to clear the Innocent. I immediately return'd to *Hereford* (after enquiring of you all the Circumstances of your Defence) and dealt with the Prisoner so effectually, that he confess'd every thing. He inform'd me, that he had been long a Companion to the Widow's Son, and both living a disorderly Life, he prevail'd upon him to rob his Mother of a Sum of Money, and embark for the *West-Indies*; but the Devil put it into his Mind to murder him, which he did, by first stabbing him with a pointed Hanger; and after cutting him over the Head with the same Weapon, for fear his Groans might be overheard by somebody by Accident, he took from him a Purse of sixty-four Guineas, the fatal Medal, a Diamond Ring, and

and the gold Watch he was taken up for, in endeavouring to sell it at *Hereford*. The poor Wretch was assured that Heaven would not let Murder be hid; for, as he intended for *Ireland*, he might have disposed of both Medal and Watch with Safety there. But he knew the Devil infatuated his Mind.

Your good Uncle (continued the Fisherman) made him sign his Confession; and he took such farther Measures with the Judges, that he procured our Liberty; and not only that, but made a Gathering for us among the Gentlemen of the Country, that amounted (with his own Bounty) to an hundred and thirty five Pounds.

Now, Sir, since you are Nephew to that noble Gentleman to whom we owe our Lives and Fortunes, command us what you please, as far as Honesty and our Power may carry us, and we will instantly obey you.

While we were consulting how to proceed, the Owner of the Boat came down to the Creek. My Blood rose at the Man, tho' I knew he had been imposed upon by that base Villan, Sir *Eustace*. However, I resolved to be silent, in hope I should learn something from him. As soon as he came near enough, his Man ask'd him, how he could leave him all Night in such a Place, without Victuals, Drink, or Rest? Z—ds! reply'd the Man, you have had more Rest than I, I dare swear. Never was poor Wretch so ill used, as I have been. When I came within a Quarter of a Mile of *Chepstow*, the Villain order'd his Servants to bind my Hands and Feet, and throw me into a Ditch, which, by good Fortune, proved, a dry one. The Reason why, my Friend (cry'd the Brute) I part with your good Company, is, because I would not have you know where I intend to lie to-night; perhaps, in a little Time, I shall find some Method of satisfying you for the Trouble you have been at, upon my Account. And so, Friend, I wish you a good Night's Rest!

Upon saying this, he, and his wicked Crew, walk'd away, although I begg'd to be released, promising I would return to my Boat, without following them. But he reply'd, No, no! that is one Reason why I would have you lie there all Night.

Pray

Pray Friend, said I, in what Condition was the poor young Lady, that he forcibly carry'd away? Why truly, Sir, reply'd the Man, I can't well tell, for she had mourn'd so much in the Boat, that when we landed, she did not utter a Word, but suffer'd herself to be led by her Husband, without any Resistance.

I soon undeceived him in that Particular, by acquainting him with the Truth of the sorrowful Affair. And is it so? reply'd the Master of the Boat. If I had known that, no Recompence, or Threats, should have prevail'd upon me to have lent him any Assistance in such a base Action.

After a short Consultation, I resolv'd with the Master of the Boat, to go by Land to *Chepstow*, while the two Fishermen, and the other Man, carry'd the Boats there.

Accordingly, we parted: But as soon as we enter'd the Town, the first Persons I saw were, my dear Uncle, my Brother, my Friend, and *Clerimont*, with four Servants, all well arm'd, in search after the Ravisher and me. They hired a Boat at *Monmouth*, with all the Expedition imaginable, thinking to overtake me at least, and, as we all supposed, mist me when the Boat I was in, fell in with the little Island, where I remain'd all Night. They were going, when we met them, down to the Creek, to endeavour the finding the Man that was bound, and thrown into the Ditch, being inform'd of it by the very Person that had released him in the Morning.

We came to a Resolution of separating: My Brother and I, with two Servants, to get Horses and go into *Wales*, in pursuit of them; my Uncle, my Friend, and the other two Servants, to follow by Water; my Governor to stay at *Chepstow*, or *Monmouth*, just as he thought convenient.

My Brother and I, with two Servants, set out well arm'd for our Purpose, without taking any formal Leave of my Uncle and the rest; for I was too much concern'd, to mind Ceremony. As we pass'd the Mountains that environ *Chepstow*, the Horse of one of my Uncle's Servants fell down-right lame, which gave me some little Uneasiness. But the Fellow being Running-
Footman

Footman to the last Master he served, told us, he would be at the next Town before us, and provide himself another Horse. Accordingly he left the lame one at a Cottage in the Road, and flew away as swift as a Greyhound. The Roads were so bad for our Horses, that he was soon out of Sight. After riding about four Miles, we came to a small Inn, where I was surprized to find him drinking with a Footman at the Door. As soon as we came near enough for him to be heard, he call'd out to me, Sir, for a small matter, I can have a Horse of this Man, who is a Servant to Sir *Eustace*; and as we are to go within a Mile of his Master's House, I am to leave the Horse at a Place where he has appointed, his Business not being urgent, he says he will walk the rest of the Way.

The Name of that Villain, Sir *Eustace*, and the manner of the Servant's speaking to me, convinced me there was something to be understood by it. I therefore endeavour'd to compose myself from the Ruffle the Villain's Name had caused in my Soul. I soon observed the Fellow was very much gone in Liquor, therefore was in some Hope of learning which Way my dear *Isabella* was forced. He did not seem to have any Notion of us, or our Business, therefore I told him, I intended to make a Visit to his Master at my Return. Hark ye, Sir, reply'd the Fellow, to tell you the Truth, if you do, you'll lose your Labour, for my Master is not at home at present, neither can I tell you when he will be at home. Nor does he much care, interrupted my Uncle's Man, for I find his Master and he don't set their Horses together.

I must own I did tell you so, return'd the Man, but you are to blame to let all the World know it. There's no Harm done, I reply'd; he knows I want a Servant; therefore, if you intend to leave Sir *Eustace*, and he'll give you a Character, I'll take you into my Service. A Character, Sir, (cry'd the Man, hastily) I am afraid his Character will be but small Encouragement for me to get another Master. I must conceal, if possible, my ever living with him. Sir, I must beg your Pardon, when I tell you (as one of my Master's Acquaintance)

tance) he is so wicked a Man, that I think no one, that is not as wicked as himself, would live with him.

In short, I soon found the Fellow was too honest in his Principles, for so impious a Master. And yet, one would think (continued the Servant) he should take Warning. It is not above six Weeks ago, when a Gentleman he had ill used, in Disguise, run him through the Body. We all thought he would have breath'd his last; but he recover'd in less than a Month, the Wound not being through any Mortal Part. He order'd his Servants and the Surgeon to conceal his Recovery from the Country: But we were soon let into the Meaning of it; for he went disguised, two Days ago, to *Monmouth*, under Pretence to take up the Gentleman for his supposed Murder; but it was only to take his Opportunity of running away with a young Lady, whom he says he's contracted to; which he did, and is now gone to *Bristol*, for more Secrecy and Security, where he intends to force the Lady to marry him, or perhaps worse.

I was so much disorder'd with what the Man said to me, my Passion overcoming my Reason, that I declared aloud, I would be the Death of him. The poor Fellow began to suspect something; and the Apprehension of some Ill Usage threw him into such a Fit of Trembling, that he soon became sober. He begg'd for Heaven's sake, he might not suffer for the Evil Deeds of his Master.

No, my Friend, said I, I have some Regard for thee, for thy Honesty, because I think, by thy Discourse, thou dost not approve the wicked Designs of that base Villain. Therefore, if thou wilt receive me for thy Master, be assured it is in my Nature to use every one well, that has any Dependence upon me.

Sir, reply'd the young Fellow, you seem so far different in your Behaviour from my present Master, that I shall think myself got out of Purgatory into Paradise. We soon made an Agreement, to the Satisfaction of us both.

He then informed me, his Master had dispatched him to his Castle in *Wales*, for several Necessaries for himself, and the Servants that were gone with him to *Bristol*,
which

which were privately to be brought in a Waggon; for he apprehended it was not safe to bring the Lady home immediately, not doubting, in the least, but the Gentleman that wounded him before, would pursue him, with the Company he had so much exasperated by his villainous Proceeding.

Upon the Knowledge of this, we returned back to *Chepstow*, in order to get to *Bristol* with the utmost Expedition. When we came back to *Chepstow*, we were informed, my Uncle, with his Party, had hired a Vessel to go for *Bristol*, which made us imagine he had gained some Knowledge of the Place where they were gone.

We only staid to give our Horses some small Refreshment, and set forward by Land for *Bristol*; tho' we were two Hours ferrying over.

When we arrived at *Bristol*, my new Servant told me, his old Master was at Captain — in *Radcliff* Street, over against the Church. My Brother and I disguised ourselves in our Servants Cloaths and went to the House where we were informed Sir *Eustace* and my dear *Isabella* were. The Door was shut some time; but after half an Hour's waiting, we saw the Villain coming out with the Gentleman, that we supposed to be the Master of the House. My Blood flew with such Violence thro' my Veins, that it was with much Persuasion of my Brother, I had not shot the Villain through the Head. But he advised me to use Stratagem.

Let us, said he, send for your new Servant, and by the time he comes, we'll think of something to compass our Ends, without Bloodshed. When the Servant came, we instructed him to go to the Lady, as from his Master, and with a Ring as a Token for his Passport, which I gave him, which was my dear *Isabella's*, I did not doubt but she would know it again, and come more willingly.

My new Man did his Business dexterously. He found the Chamber of *Isabella*, guarded by two of his old Fellow-Servants, who made no Scruple of letting him pass, when he acquainted them he had Instructions to conduct the Lady to his Master, in order to be marry'd that Night.

When

When he came into the Room, where the divine *Isabella* was lamenting her Condition in Tears and Sighs, upon the Floor, he, without Ceremony, gave her the Ring, telling her, the Owner of it waited for her in the Street; if she could give Credit to that Passport, she might be in the Arms of her devoted Husband in a few Minutes. She looked upon the Ring some time, with the utmost Transport of Joy (as the Man told us afterwards) and at last said, Though my terrible Misfortunes make me suspect every thing, and every Person, yet, whatever Hands I fall into, I cannot fear worse Usage than from those I have the Misfortune to be in at present.

She then gave my new Servant her Hand, who led her down Stairs, telling the two Centinels at the Door, to order a handsome Supper, for their Master would be back in less than an Hour.

When we perceived him coming with the divine *Isabella*, I trembled so much, I had not Power to stand; but my Brother, fearing my Transports might discover us, led me some distance from the House. But when my lovely *Isabella* came up to me, neither of us could utter a Word. My Brother would not let us stay to open our Hearts, but took hold of my dear *Isabella*, and hurry'd her along, while I followed, not knowing what I was doing.

As we were crossing the Bridge, we met my Uncle and his Party, they not expecting to meet us. By the Light of the Shops upon the Bridge, knowing *Isabella*, they drew their Swords; and had not my Brother discovered himself that Instant, some of my Friends had probably lost their Lives; for, in the Heat of my Fury, I mistook them, as they did us, and drew my Pistols; but the first flashing in the Pan, prevented my doing an Action that I should have for ever repented.

We had not time to congratulate each other, upon our unexpected meeting; but my Uncle and Friends, finding we had regained *Isabella*, led us back to the Boat they came in, and, notwithstanding the Darkeness of the Night, we set out from *Bristol*, so eagerly, that we forgot my Uncle's two Servants at the Inn, who

were found watching about the House where *Isabella* was confined by Sir *Eustace*, who, by Threats, got out of them, who they belonged to. A Fellow that saw our Rencontre upon the Bridge, had followed us to the Boat, and hearing Sir *Eustace* threatening my Uncle's Servants, declared what he knew concerning us.

Upon this, he got his Men together, took a Boat, and followed us with such Imprecations, that the two Servants of my Uncle's were so frightened for my Safety, not knowing their Master was with me, that they got a Guide to conduct them along the Water-side, to give us Notice of our approaching Danger, as they told us afterwards.

While we were in the Boat, my dear *Isabella* and I, mingled our Tears of Joy together. She told me when the hated Villain first seized her, she had Recourse to Tears, Sighs, and Reproaches, which drew nothing but Threats from the worthless Wretch: But at last, she thought it would be more to her purpose to dissemble her Sorrows; therefore she seemed, by degrees, to dry up her Tears, and listen more favourably to his odious Love.

This Method deceived him so effectually, that he did not doubt but she would give her Consent to the Marriage in a few Days. She had prevailed upon one of his Men to bring a Letter to me, and he was to set out on the following Morning.

We landed at *Weston*, and ordered our Boat to meet us at *Thornbury* the next Day, where we were obliged to go altogether, in a Waggon, not meeting with any better Conveniency. But having the Company of my lovely *Isabella*, with my Uncle and Friends, I was in as much Joy, as if we were riding in our Coach and Six.

When we came within half a Mile of *Thornbury*, the Fields being pleasant, we all got out to walk. I, with my charming *Isabella*, led the Way, full of the delightful Hope of possessing for ever that Beauty, who was the Treasure of my Soul.

Just as we crossed a Stile that led into the Horse Road, I observed four or five Men run into a Thicket, that led

led into the Fields, on the other Side of the Road. This alarmed me very much, and I made a full Stop till my Company came up.

By ill Fortune (expecting no Danger) we had left our Pistols in the Waggon, and the shorter Cut being over the Fields, the Waggon was a Quarter of a Mile behind us. While we were disputing what to do, the five Men came running cross the Road, with that infamous Villain, Sir *Eustace*, at the Head of them. My Friend knowing him, ran to oppose him, unarmed as he was. The Villain fired a Pistol at him, which brought my Friend to the Ground. The Sight raised such a Rage in my Soul, that I rushed upon him, just as he presented a Pistol to my Breast, and so opportunely, that I clapt my Hand between the Flint and the Lock, just as he drew the Trigger, and with struggling to wrench it from him, the Flint cut the Back of my Hand very much. I at last, with much Difficulty, wrung it from him, and shot him through the Head with his own Pistol.

As soon as he fell, his Companions in Villainy ran away, without once looking behind them; and I flew to my Friend, who, thank Heaven, was only wounded slightly on the Temple.

This was all done so suddenly, that it look'd like a Dream. When the Confusion was over, we went to examine that impious Wretch, who, notwithstanding his Villainy, I wished in my Soul he had Life enough left to repent. But alas! he was gone for ever, with all his Sins about him.

When we came to *Thornbury*, our Boatmen met us, with a Croud of People, armed with several Weapons, coming to our Assistance. The unfortunate Sir *Eustace* overtook them in their short Voyage to *Thornbury*, and by Threats made them (though unwillingly) confess where they were to take us up. As soon as Sir *Eustace* parted from them, to put his wicked Intentions in Practice, the Boatmen alarmed the Town, which we met coming to our Assistance, tho' too late.

I went to a neighbouring Justice, and declared what had happened, who took Bail of my Uncle for my Appearance at the Sessions: But I was never troubled
about

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about it. His Servants were found, who took up the Body, which was interr'd privately by his younger Brother, a worthy Gentleman, that proved as much an Honour to the Family he sprung from, as the other would disgrace it.

The next Day we embarked for *Chepstow*, and the same Evening arrived safe at *Monmouth*, to the Comfort of my Governor, *Eleira*, and the amiable *Fatima*. From thence we set out for my Uncle's.

In a few Days after, my Brother with the fair *Fatima* (after receiving at the Font the Christian Name of *Maria*, at my Uncle's Request) *Clerimont* and his *Eliza*, and my dear *Isabella* and I, joined those Hands, with the Assistance of the Priest, whose Hearts were united long before. And that we might be witness to each others Happiness, all dwelt in the same House with my Uncle.

Thus, after so many Storms of Fortune, we arrived safe in the Harbour of Delight, and tasted Joys beyond Expression. Long may our Years continue, in all the Harmony of connubial Love! All our Wishes are, to go Step by Step together; and when the hoary Winter of our Age approaches, to sink Hand in Hand into the Grave, and rest in Peace.

F I N I S.

